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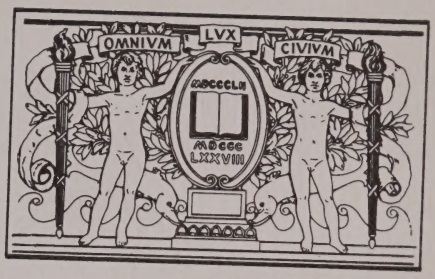

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXI.

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CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXVIII.

Art.		Page
I.	The Clubs of London	1
	The London Clubs; their Anecdotes and History, Private Rules and Regulations.	
II.	American Society	26
	The Republican Court: or American Society in the Days of Washington. By R. W. Griswold. With Twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women engraved on Steel, from Original Pictures by Woolaston, Copley, Gainsborough, Stuart, Pine, Malbone, and others.	
III.	Gymnastics	51
	1. British Manly Exercises; in which Rowing and Sailing are now first described, and Riding and Driving are for the first Time given in a Work of this Kind; as well as the usual Subjects of Walking, Running, Leaping, Vaulting, Balancing, Skating, Climbing, Swimming, Wrestling, Boxing, Training, etc. By Donald Walker.	
	2. Hufeland's Art of Prolonging Life. Edited by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S.	
	3. Prevention and Cure of many Chronic Diseases by Movements; an Exposition of the Principles and Practice of the Movements for the Correction of the Tendencies to Disease in Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, and for the Cure of many Morbid Affections of Adults. By M. Roth, M. D.	
	4. Preservation of Health and Prevention of Disease, etc. By B. N. Comings, M. D.	
	5. Home, School, and Hospital Gymnastics for Physical Development and Strength, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health. By C. E. Langdon.	
IV.	Mount Lebanon	69
	Mount Lebanon. A Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852; describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, with a Full and Correct Account of the Druse Religion; and containing Historical Records of the	

Mountain Tribes, from Personal Intercourse with their Chiefs and other Authentic Sources. By Colonel Churchill.

V. Lord Carlisle's Diary 91

1. Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Carlisle.

2. The Same. Edited by C. C. Felton, Greek Professor in Harvard University.

VI. Private Life and Household of Charlemagne . 112

1. Deutsche Geschichte von den Aeltesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Von Adam Pfaff. (German History from the Earliest to the Present Times.)

2. Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes. Von Jacob Veredey. (History of the German People.)

VII. The Persistence of Physical Laws 159

1. The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy. By Francis Wayland, President of Brown University, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

2. Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, and the Source and Modes of Action of Natural Motive Power. By Z. Allen.

VIII. Recent Records of Travel 194

1. Travels in Europe and the East: a Year in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. By Samuel Irenæus Prime.

2. Visits to European Celebrities. By William B. Sprague, D. D.

3. Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral, written from Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College.

IX. Art, its Meaning and Method: Essays of Horace Binney Wallace 212

Scenery and Philosophy in Europe. Being Fragments from the Portfolio of Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia.

X. Workingmen's College 244

Learning and Working. Six Lectures, delivered in Willis's Rooms, London, in June and July, 1854. The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization. Four Lectures delivered in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in December, 1854. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn.

XI. Critical Notices 252

New Publications Received 284

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXIX.

ART. PAGE

I. WESTWARD HO! 289

Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into Modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

II. GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF VICTOR HUGO 324

1. Œuvres Complètes de VICTOR HUGO.
2. Napoléon le Petit.
3. Œuvres Oratoires de VICTOR HUGO.
4. Châtiments. Par VICTOR HUGO.

III. FLANDERS'S LIVES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES 346

The Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. By HENRY FLANDERS. First Series: John Jay, John Rutledge.

IV. LAURENCE STERNE 361

The Works of Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Strothead.

V. SCHAMYL AND THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS 389

1. Schamyl als Feldherr, Sultan, und Prophet; und der Caucasus. Von DR. FRIEDRICH WAGNER.
2. Der Caucasus und das Land der Kosaken. Von MOZITZ WAGNER.
3. Journal of a Residence in Circassia. By JAMES STANISLAUS BELL.
4. Revue des Deux Mondes, 1853. "La Guerre de Caucase."
5. Russia and England. By JOHN REYNELL MORELL.

VI. ST. AMBROSE AND THE CHURCH OF THE WEST . . 414

1. Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographieen. Durch FRIEDRICH BÖHRINGER. (The Church of Christ and its Witnesses, or Church History in Biographies.)

2. Thesaurus Hymnologicus sive Hymnorum Canticorum sequentiarum circa Annum M D. Usitatarum Collectio Amplissima. Herm. Adalbert Daniel, Ph. Dr. Halis.

3. Die heilige Psalmodie oder der psalmodirende König David und die singende Urkirche mit Rücksicht auf den Ambrosianischen und Gregorianischen Gesang. Von Friedrich Armknecht. (Sacred Psalmody, or the Psalmist King David and the Song of the Primitive Church, with especial Reference to the Ambrosian and Gregorian Chant.)

VII. Jarves's Art-Hints 436

Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. By James Jackson Jarves.

VIII. The History of the Crimea 458

1. A Short Historical Account of the Crimea. By W. Burckhardt Barker.

2. The Crimea and Odessa. By Dr. Charles Koch. Translated by Joanna B. Horner.

3. A Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol. By Richard C. McCormick, Jr., of New York.

4. The Russian Shores of the Black Sea. By Laurence Oliphant.

IX. Diplomatic History of the War in the East . . 477

1. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Third Series. Vols. 131, 132.

2. Confidential Correspondence between the Russian and English Governments. Presented to Parliament, March, 1854.

3. Diplomatic Circulars of the European Cabinets in 1854 and 1855.

4. Papers relating to the Negotiations at Vienna on the Eastern Question. Presented to Parliament, May, 1855.

5. Speech of Earl Grey in the House of Lords, May 25, 1855.

X. Amos Lawrence 514

Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late Amos Lawrence; with a brief Account of some Incidents in his Life. Edited by his Son, William R. Lawrence, M. D.

XI. The Opening of the Ganges Canal 531

1. Short Account of the Ganges Canal.

2. The Delhi Gazette. April 12th, 1854.

XII. Critical Notices 543

New Publications Received 560

Index 565

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXVIII.

JULY, 1855.

ART. 1. — *The London Clubs; their Anecdotes and History, Private Rules and Regulations.* London. 1853.

IT is not a little singular that Englishmen, who are so generally reproached by other nations for their want of sociality, should yet have originated clubs, the very object of which is the promotion of good-fellowship. Such, however, seems to be the case, the two earliest we have on record being one which celebrated its symposia at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, and Ben Jonson's Club, which met at the old Devil Tavern, between Temple Gates and Temple Bar. The club at the Mermaid was, according to all accounts, the first established, and owed its origin to Sir Walter Raleigh, who had here instituted a meeting of men of wit and genius, previously to his engagement with the unfortunate Cobham. This society comprised all that the age held most distiguished for learning and talent; numbering amongst its members Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, Donne, Cotton, Carew, Martin, and many others who were inferior in reputation to none except those master spirits, and well worthy to sit at the same table, although at a lower seat. There it was that occurred the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which have so often excited the regretful curiosity of antiquarians,

and to which, probably, Beaumont alludes with so much affection, in his letter to the old poet, written from the country: —

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

It is greatly to be regretted that not a fragmentary record of those meetings has come down to us; a few scattered allusions amongst the old dramatists, or their panegyrists, alone attest that such things did exist; but the wit, and the lively fancies, — the gay bubbles, as it were, of the most fervid imaginations brightened by wine and social emulation, — all these have passed away with the moment that gave rise to them. What would we now give to recall even the slightest portion of those days, and thus enjoy but a single hour in the society of such men as Shakespeare and his brother dramatists, their conversation varied and tempered by the world-knowledge of Raleigh and the profound learning of Selden! One man, and one only, could, by the magic of his pen, have called up the images of such a time; but the Great Unknown — the name must never leave him — sleeps the last sleep in Dryburgh Abbey, and who is there that can hope to succeed him? Nay, we almost regret having thrown out such a hint, lest some of our popular writers — Heaven save the mark! — should catch at the idea, and, having dressed up a set of *fantoccini* puppets, should endeavor to impose them upon the world as the legitimate representatives of the Mermaid Tavern.

Ben Jonson's Club was held in a room of the old Devil Tavern, which probably from this circumstance acquired the distinguishing name of the "Apollo." A print of this room, published in 1774, appears to have been seen by Gifford, who describes it as "a handsome room, large and lofty, and furnished with a gallery for music." Over the door of it was placed a bust of the poet, underneath which were inscribed, in golden letters upon a black ground, his own verses of welcome to the comer: —

"'Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the *Oracle of Apollo;*
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle;
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the prince of skinkers,
He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'T is the true Phebeian liquor
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the *Oracle of Apollo.*'

"O RARE BEN JONSON!"

The "Old Sim" mentioned in the above lines was Simon Wadloe, who at that time kept the Devil Tavern. So at least Whalley informs us, and his account is quoted by Gifford without any expression of doubt as to the assertion.

Within the room were hung up the laws of the club, the celebrated *Leges Convivales*, drawn up by Ben Jonson in the purest and most elegant Latin. These we now give, with the old translation of them, which, however, is neither very faithful nor very remarkable for poetical merit.

"LEGES CONVIVALES.

"*Quod felix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.*

"1. Nemo Asymbolus, Nisi Umbra, Huc Venito.
2. Idiota, Insulsus, Tristis, Turpis, Abesto.
3. Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honesti, Adsciscuntor.
4. Nec Lectæ Fœminæ Repudiantor.
5. In Apparatu Quod Convivis Consuget Nares Nil Esto.
6. Epulæ Delectu Potius Quam Sumptu Parantor.
7. Obsonator Et Coquus Convivarum Gulæ Periti Sunto.
8. De Discubitu Non Contenditor.

9. Ministri A Dapibus, Oculati Et Muti,
A Poculis, Auriti Et Celeres Sunto.
10. Vina Puris Fontibus Ministrantor, Aut Vapulet Hospes.
11. Moderatis Poculis Provocare Sodales Fas Esto.
12. At Fabulis Magis Quam Vino Velitatio Fiat.
13. Convivæ Nec Muti Nec Loquaces Sunto.
14. De Seriis Ac Sacris Poti Et Saturi Ne Disserunto.
15. Fidicen, Nisi Accersitus, Non Venito.
16. Admisso Risu, Tripudiis, Choris, Cantu, Salibus,
Omni Gratiarum Festivitate Sacra Celebrantor.
17. Joci Sine Felle Sunto.
18. Insipida Poemata Nulla Recitantor.
19. Versus Scribere Nullus Cogito.
20. Argumentationis Totus Strepitus Abesto.
21. Amatoriis Querelis Ac Suspiriis Liber Angulus Esto.
22. Lapitharum More Scyphis Pugnare, Vitrea Collidere,
Fenestras Excutere, Supellectilem Dilacerare, Nefas Esto.
23. Qui Foras Vel Dicta, Vel Facta Eliminat, Eliminator.
24. Neminem Reum Pocula Faciunto.

"Focus Perennis Esto."

"RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY;
OR,
Laws for the Beaux Esprits.

"From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar, that being his Club-room.

"*Non verbum reddere verbo.*

I.

"1. As the fund of our pleasure let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot;*
For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

"3. Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,
The *generous* and *honest*, compose our free state.
4. *And, the more to exalt our delight while we stay,*
Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

III.

"5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

"8. Let 's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

V.

"10. Let our wines without mixture or stum be all fine,
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

"12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head 's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

"15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to *vary our bliss.*
16. With *mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing* conclude,
To regale every sense with delight in excess.

VIII.

"17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

"20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

"22. Like the old Lapithites with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rake-helly prank.

XI.

"23. Whoever shall publish what 's said, or what 's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine."

From these "Leges Convivales" we may infer, with sufficient accuracy, the nature of clubs at their outset. They were associations for the purpose of good-fellowship, no doubt, but it was the fellowship of men of learning and genius, who met for the interchange of ideas over the social glass. The dull man and the ignoramus were to be excluded; the learned and the cheerful were to be invited to join the club; drunkenness was forbidden, yet the members were encouraged to challenge one another to the glass in moderation; the society of females was permitted, while mirth, singing, and pleasant conversation were enjoined; a snug corner was set apart for lovers to sigh in, and think upon their absent mistresses, — no bad proof, by the by, of the gentle temper of him whom modern ignorance has designated as rough and surly; the discussion of sacred and serious things was also put under ban, the serious things including, it may be presumed, politics; there was to be no quarrelling, no breaking of glasses or windows by the way of frolic; nor was any one to plague the company by reciting bad verses, or compelling others to extemporize; and finally, he who blabbed what was said or done was to be expelled. In many of these matters, as we shall see hereafter, the clubs of our own day have changed, and certainly not for the better.

We have no means of tracing out the time when these celebrated societies actually became defunct; but we have no notice of their meetings in the time of Charles II. The probability is, that the great Revolution, which closed theatres, put down fairs, and in fact forbade everything in the shape of amusement as a sin against Heaven, dispersed also the clubs, the very essence of which was elegant enjoyment, and therefore in direct opposition to the gloomy spirit that had come over the age. But then in due time followed the Restoration, and the tide, which had ebbed so low, leaving as it were a dry and barren shore, now flowed back again with a violence that swept everything before it, not excepting decency and morals. The hatred of the recent changes, and the rage for bringing back the ancient order of things, admitted of no exception, even where the thing to be destroyed was positively good. The Cavaliers, on finding themselves once again

in their old quarters, were much in the condition of a man who should return after a lapse of years to the family mansion from which he had been ejected, and who would naturally enough fancy every change that had been made in his absence an innovation to be got rid of as speedily as possible. Hence it was to be expected that, among other revivals, so joyous an institution as that of the clubs would not be forgotten; and, accordingly, the traces of them, which are utterly lost to us in the time of the Commonwealth, now appear once again. The first of which any mention is made is the so-called *Club of the Kings*, and the name gives unmistakable evidence of the times which originated it. This association was formed a little after the return of Charles, and did not restrict admission to any quality or profession. All who had the good fortune to have inherited the name of King were entitled to this privilege, it being considered that such a designation was alone sufficient to prove the loyalty of the candidate.

Another club, that arose about the same time, was called *The Club of Ugly Faces*. It was originally at Cambridge, and held its first dinner in Clare Hall, which, at the outset, it was feared would not be large enough to contain so numerous a body as would be fairly entitled to claim admission. The result, however, disappointed these very reasonable calculations. Few of those invited would allow that they had any right or title to a seat in the ugly assembly; and a very amusing account is given in the Spectator of the excuses put in and pleaded by the various recusants. How the authorities of the club proceeded with them is not said, the want of a president having brought the whole affair to a stand still. A chaplain had indeed been provided in the person of a merry fellow of King's College, commonly called Crab, from his sour look; but no one was found who would admit himself duly qualified for the presidency by superior ugliness. The affair, it is said, came to the ears of the merry monarch, then at Newcastle, and the whole chimed in so well with his humor, that he sent them a royal message, stating that "he could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks."

Even this was a deviation, and a very material one, from

the original design of clubs, in the time of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Men's minds had been forcibly turned to politics by late events, and if this disposition to "trade and traffic with affairs of state" had seemed to sleep awhile in the commencement of Charles's reign, when everything else was forgotten in the momentary access of joy, it was soon to be aroused again with more activity than ever. Goaded by the arts of the profligate Earl of Shaftesbury, the people were well-nigh mad with terror; the spectre of a Popish Church was incessantly present to their imaginations; and three fourths of London went to bed, fully expecting, with the Irishman, to wake next morning and find their throats cut. But it was necessary to the ends of the party that the ferment should be kept up in all its vigor. If once the nation was allowed time to cool and recover from its alarm, their power, and perhaps even their safety, would be brought into serious compromise; and hence arose the institution of *The King's Head Club*, the first club in which politics were substituted for wit, learning, and companionship. There is a curious and not uninteresting account of this society in Roger North's "Examen," and as it would, perhaps, rather lose than gain by being translated into any other language, we shall give the passage in his own old-fashioned style: —

"We had a more visible administration, mediate, as it were, between his lordship and the greater or lesser vulgar, who were to be the immediate tools. And this was the club called originally The King's Head Club. The gentlemen of that worthy society held their evening sessions continually at the King's Head Tavern, over against the Inner Temple Gate. But upon occasion of the signal of a green ribbon, agreed to be worn in their hats in the days of street engagements, like the coats of arms of valiant knights of old, whereby all the warriors of the society might be distinguished, and not mistake friends for enemies, they were called also The Green Ribbon Club. Their seat was a sort of carfour [carrefour] at Chancery-Lane end, a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may yet be seen, for the clubsters to issue forth in fresco, with hats and no peruques, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and dilated throats, for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions. They admitted all strangers that were confidingly introduced, for it

was a main end of their institution to make proselytes, especially of the raw, estated youth, newly come to town. This copious society were to the faction in and about London a sort of executive power, and by correspondence all over England. The resolves of the more retired councils and ministry of the faction were brought in here, and orally insinuated to the company, whether it were lies, defamations, commendations, projects, &c., and so, like water diffused, spread all over the town, whereby that which was digested at the club over night was like nourishment at every assembly, male and female, the next day. And thus the younglings tasted of political administration, and took themselves for notable counsellors.

"The conversation and ordinary discourse of the club was chiefly upon the subject of bravour, in defending the cause of liberty and property; and what every true Protestant and Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with Popery and slavery. There was much recommendation of silk armor, and the prudence of being provided with it against the time that Protestants were massacred. And accordingly there was abundance of those silken back, breast, and head pots made and sold, that were pretended to be pistol-proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in a house, for it was impossible any one would go to strike him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of hogs in armor, — an image of derision insensible, but to the view as I have had it. This was an armor of defence; but our sparks were not altogether so tame to carry their provision no farther, for truly they intended to be assailants upon fair occasion! and had for that end recommended also to them a certain pocket-weapon, which for its design and efficacy had the honor to be called a Protestant flail. It was for street and crowd work, and the engine, lying perdu in a coat pocket, might readily sally out to execution, and so by clearing a great hall, or piazza, or so, carry an election by a choice way of polling, called knocking down. The handle represented a farrier's blood stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that in its swing fell just short of the hand, and was made of *lignum vitæ*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*."

This satirical description is in all likelihood somewhat overcharged, but it presents a striking picture of the club in question, and of the times in which it existed. Cruikshanks, unrivalled as he is in his own art, never placed the follies of his day in a more ludicrous light, even with the advantage of presenting to the eye what is here only suggested to the imagination.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

Yet dull indeed must be the fancy that, on reading this lively narrative, does not picture to itself the meeting of the club in all its reality. The grotesque fear of the weak and timid, showing itself in Protestant flails and silk head-pieces; the bravado of the natural boaster; the busy gossip, and eager hunting after alarm, of others; and the sardonic faces of Shaftesbury and his intimates, who had set the whole machine in motion, and were laughing in their sleeves at their more simple associates, — all is present to the mind's eye in this description. The extract, too, is curious in another respect; it shows the ground whereon Sir Walter Scott had been poaching in his "Peveril of the Peak," and the matchless dexterity with which he assimilated to his own text the *collectanea* of his multifarious reading.

The club of ancient times, such as we have been describing it, exists no longer, or only amongst the middle or lower classes. The aristocratic combination of our days, which is so called, is a club in name only, if the word is to be interpreted by what it was used to signify in its origin, and through a long course of years, up to a very recent period. Formerly, as we have just seen, it meant a social meeting of a select few, held at stated intervals, and at some public tavern, whereas now it has lost every one of these attributes. Some of these modern assemblages are exclusively confined to members of the army and navy, others to university men, others, again, to travellers, this to conservatives, and that to reformers; but in all, a certain degree of wealth, and a certain *status* in society, seem to be the indispensable conditions of admission. Now, too, each club has its own proper mansion built at its own cost, with every accommodation that luxury can demand, and invention, bribed to the utmost, can supply. Without, they present some of the best specimens of modern architecture; within, they are palaces for velvet-shod Sybarites.

Before mentioning them, however, we must first briefly describe a club once of great notoriety, and in many respects of an order somewhat analogous to the old tavern clubs, —

the celebrated *Beefsteak Club*, established about the middle of the last century, and arising out of the circumstance of some now forgotten peer having called upon a noted actor or theatrical artist of the day, and being so hugely tickled by the flavor of a beefsteak, which the Thespian was cooking on a gridiron, seasoned by all the wit belonging, from time immemorial, to the erratic sons of Thalia, that he invited himself to return with a friend on the following Saturday, and, the entertainment proving equally agreeable to others, it was afterwards repeated once a week. In the early part of the present century especially, this club was particularly celebrated. It was removed to more commodious premises; but the old fare of beefsteaks exclusively was still maintained, and the old custom of cooking them in the room was rigidly observed. Brougham, Sheridan, and, at an earlier period, Fox, with the celebrated Duke of Norfolk, and a host of others, were members, spicing the somewhat humble fare by their glowing convivial powers. The last-named nobleman, however, was by no means satisfied with such simple entertainment; for, after imbibing his six bottles, he would proceed to some of the taverns of Covent Garden in the neighborhood, and there order green peas and an ortolan, at a time when the former were three guineas a pint. Being by no means either refined in appearance, or nice in his habits, he was on one of these occasions mistaken by a novice of a waiter for a debauched gardener from the adjoining market, and the Garden Ganymede was on the point of kicking him to the door for his presumed impertinence, when he luckily took the precaution of informing the landlord that "that drunken cabbage-grower had ordered an ortolan." "If he orders a dozen, give him them immediately," was mine host's prompt reply; and after gloriously falling, as was the custom in those days, under the influence of sundry tumblers of brandy or bowls of punch, his Grace was, on the shoulders of six porters, borne triumphantly to bed.

Upon entering the hall of a modern club-house, you find it tenanted by the hall porter, who is seated at a desk, and an assistant servant, their business being to receive messages, answer inquiries, and take care that no unauthorized persons

gain admission. It is their duty also to take in letters, and keep an account of the postage; and, for the further despatch of this part of the business, there is a letter-box, into which the various missives are dropped, and which is only opened upon the arrival of the carrier from the regular receiving-houses. In many of the clubs two or three liveried lads are kept in waiting, chiefly for the purpose of conveying messages from visitors to any of the members. Should a stranger wish to see his friend, there is a reception-room close to the hall, where he may wait, provided his appearance should seem in the eyes of the attendants to justify so much respect; but the old Roman proverb holds good here as well as elsewhere, "*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*"; for according to the fashion of your garments are the chances of your admission into the reception-room of a club-house.

We must, however, quote briefly from our author:—

"Various doors opening from the vestibule lead to the several apartments upon the ground-floor, each of which has its peculiar object and designation. The first to be noticed is the *morning-room*, where the members meet to write letters and read the journals, which, in most of the clubs, are taken in with very little choice or restriction, except where a strong party feeling may operate to the exclusion of any journal. A republican journal, for instance, would hardly find its way into the morning-room of the Conservative; but such exceptions are very rare, and, in general, this matter is conducted with the utmost liberality. Even stationery is supplied to the members without stint or limit; and we remember to have heard of a certain popular author, now deceased, that he was in the habit of writing his novels at his club.

"The *coffee-room* differs in nothing but its superior elegance from the same apartment in any fashionable tavern. Rows of small tables project from each side, leaving a wide open space up the middle, for the convenience of passing to and fro. These are laid for breakfasts and luncheons, from a rather late hour in the morning till four o'clock, when, in stage phrase, the scene is struck, and the usual arrangements are made for dinner. Here the member who may wish to dine is duly supplied with a *carte de jour*, or, in plain English, with the daily bill of fare, from which he has the same privilege of selection that he would have at any tavern, and with the certainty that whatever he orders will be the best of its kind, and cooked in the first style of cookery. The attendants upon him are numerous and well chosen. First, there is the

butler, whose duty it is to provide him with wine; next there is the head-waiter, whose principal business is to take care that his assistants promptly attend to the wants of the feasters, and duly supply the required dishes, which are wound up from below by a sort of sideboard, called 'a lift,' very much after the fashion of that described by Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Peveril of the Peak,' where Chiffinch gives the excellent supper to Julian and his companion. Whether the romance suggested the contrivance to the clubbists, or the clubbists taught it to the romancer, verily this deponent saith not, nor is it of much consequence. Lastly, there is a clerk to make out the bills and keep the various accounts, who, upon some occasions, had need to be quick both of hand and eye."

Let us see now how they manage when they wish to indulge in a *symposium*: —

"Such being the appliances, the member, who intends dining there, fills up a form of dinner-bill with the dishes that he has selected from the *carte de jour*. This is immediately forwarded by the head-waiter in attendance to the clerk of the kitchen, when the latter marks the established price to each dish, adding a charge of sixpence, or in some clubs of a shilling, for *table-money*, the object of which is to defray the expenses contingent upon bread, butter, cheese, potatoes, table-ale, and other minor necessaries of the table. When the bill has been thus filled up, it is sent back to the coffee-room, and the butler adds to it his charge for whatever wine may have been drunk, after which it is handed over to the coffee-room clerk, who sums it up, and receives the amount from the member. In this way an excellent dinner, exclusive of the wine, may be had for little more than half a crown, — a very moderate outlay, if we consider that the meal is not only of the first kind in itself, but is served up with every luxurious accompaniment. In addition to this, the member dining at his club is infinitely more independent than he could be at any tavern; he has not to buy the civility of greedy waiters, nor has he to drink more than is agreeable to himself for the benefit of the house, as is for the most part expected by superior tavern-keepers. Then, too, he may have company, or be alone, at his option, — an advantage beyond all price, and which he cannot command in any public coffee-room. To carry out this arrangement, a dining-room is provided on the ground-floor, wherein from six to a dozen members may dine together, precisely as they would do at the private house of any one of them, and with every chance of having a much better dinner without the trouble or expense. The affair is thus managed: — printed forms are left in the coffee-room, to which those who

choose to join the house-dinner, as it is called, subscribe their names; but in this case no allowance is made for the Aberdeen man's privilege of 'taking his word again'; whoever once puts his name to this prandatory requisition may indeed choose whether he will, after all, dine there or not, but in any case he must pay his share of the reckoning, which in general amounts to seven and sixpence a head. These dinners, however, do not take place unless at least six, and in some clubs eight, members have announced their purpose of joining in them."

Now for the drawing-room or upstairs department:—

"We now ascend the stairs, and come into the drawing-room. This is for the most part elegantly, nay, superbly furnished; but it is thinly tenanted, for what is a drawing-room without ladies? It is their peculiar domain, and the few congregated in their lonely palace seem like so many mourning widowers. Things look much better in the library that is next to it. There coat and waistcoat seem to be in their proper element again, and the expenditure, which is lavish, is no more than what is right and proper. A resident librarian is in attendance, every accommodation being afforded to the reader; and we may form a pretty correct average of the resources at his command, when we hear that in 1844 the books in the Athenæum amounted to twenty thousand three hundred, the accumulated result of donations, and of a fund set apart for that purpose. In the club just named this sum is said to be five hundred pounds annually, exclusive of the money devoted to periodicals.

"A card-room stands in some houses next to the library, but games of pure chance are forbidden under pain of expulsion; and even at whist no stake is allowed beyond half-guinea points.

"We must now ascend to the third story, where we shall find one billiard-room, if not more, attended by a marker. For this, as well as for cards, a separate charge is made, upon the very obvious and rational ground that it would be unfair to make the non-players pay for the extra expenses entailed by this part of the establishment. Twelve of the clubs allow smoking-rooms, which are, as they ought to be, the worst-looking part of the whole building."

"Such," says a recent French writer, "is the modern club, a sort of private restaurateur's, with the advantages of good wine, good food, respectful attendance, and moderate prices. Much has been said of the disadvantages attendant upon them; but as all of them, being twenty-two in number, are quite full, and, in some instances, with thousands of expectant candidates on the list, it seems quite plain that their utility or their agreeableness must fully counterbalance anything that can be said against them. Their names are as follows:—

White's,	The Army and Navy,	University,
Brookes's,	Travellers',	Oxford and Cambridge,
Boodle's,	Oriental,	Wyndham,
The Union,	Carlton,	Parthenon,
Alfred,	Reform,	Erecthæum,
Arthur's,	Conservative,	Garrick,
United Service,	Athenæum,	The Law.
Junior United Service,		

"The mode of admission is by ballot. In some, one negative in ten excludes the candidate; in others, a single black ball is sufficient, — the most absurd of all regulations. The admission fee varies from its highest point of £32 11*s.* to five guineas, while the annual subscription is in most clubs six guineas, in the lowest five; and in none does it go beyond ten."

We cannot enter into a description of these various establishments, but must refer to the work itself, after briefly quoting or condensing from the author's account of one or two of the more remarkable.

And, first, of *White's*. This club, though perhaps less celebrated, is superior in antiquity to Brookes's. The original "Master White," by whom or whose patrons it was founded in 1698, was in the days of Queen Anne a renowned *hôte* of one of the old chocolate-houses, whose noted bow-window was then as famous and favorite a fashionable lounge as now. This house formed the head-quarters of the Tories, as the other did of the Whigs; but at the present day it is even less political than Brookes's, and many members, we believe, are now common to both. It is less numerous than the other, and also affords a scantier field for anecdotes; the members of that party being, as remarked by Sir Walter Scott, of a less convivial character than the Whigs, with whom, it may be noticed, Sir Walter himself always preferred to indulge when inclined for a *symposium*.

Yet White's has been the scene of display for many a *bel esprit*. Generations of wits have traversed its portals, and the gay and the fashionable still gaze from its windows, as their predecessors gazed a century and a half ago. Many a bright spirit has in the interval shot up, blazed or flickered for a moment, and been extinguished for ever; as, doubtless, many

another will, when the present fleeting race itself shall have passed. Of its early records, no memorial is now extant; but towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century — in the days of Pitt, Dundas, Rose, and Canning — it witnessed frequent convivial scenes, fewer, however, than its rival, for though some of its members, Dundas especially, yielded to none in good-fellowship, Pitt's whole life was literally devoted to his country, and when at any time he indulged in recreation, it was rather at the private residence of a friend than in any fashionable assemblage or political club. His mind, too, was so constantly intent on national affairs, that, in company, if not what is termed "absent," he was apt to revert unconsciously to the subjects of the morning, as at night he retired only to dream of the labors of the ensuing day. Fox, on the other hand, his great opponent, was never in an element more congenial than amid the pleasures of society; and when he retired to Brookes's, after the Parliamentary labors of the night, it was the custom of his rival to repair to the residence of Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) for an hour or two, before finally betaking himself to the solitary habitation which the famous Duchess of Gordon designated as "Bachelor's Hall." The anecdotes of him recorded at White's are consequently rather of a reflected nature, and bear reference less to the place, perhaps, than to the House of Commons, for which it may be said Pitt lived and died.

Yet some of the anecdotes, if not good, are characteristic. One of them has Dundas for its hero. He, though popular with the higher classes, was by no means in equal estimation with the lower orders of his countrymen in the northern division of the island; and it was during one of his visits to Edinburgh that the adventure occurred. Some act of government had recently given offence in Scotland, and to none more so than to a knavish tonsor of the city, whose services Mr. Dundas had occasion to call into requisition. The fellow was a practical jester too, and determined to amuse himself at the minister's expense. The statesman accordingly had no sooner resigned himself to the operator's hands than the following colloquy ensued.

"We 're much *obliged* to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What! you a politician? I sent for a barber."

"O yes! I'll shave you directly"; and, performing the operation on one side, he suddenly drew the back of the instrument across his victim's neck, exclaiming, "Take that, ye traitor!" and hurried down stairs.

The statesman was naturally alarmed; an outcry was raised; and half the faculty in the town were speedily in attendance, when, on removing his hand, which Mr. Dundas had firmly kept to his throat, it was discovered that the blood flowed from some artificial means which the impudent rogue had employed to give effect to his hoax, and that not a scratch was visible. The fellow consequently escaped unpunished, and his triumph was the greater, as Mr. Dundas had the mortification of being laughed at, as well as of having to pay the zealous medical attendants.

Pitt highly relished this anecdote, though it long remained a tender subject with Lord Melville; at whose expense, however, the great minister frequently enjoyed a laugh, and uttered the only *mot* of which he has ever been accused.

"How is it," said some one, on the occasion of a convivial visit to White's, "that the upper side of the sirloin is called the Scotch?"

"Can't say," replied Dundas, to whom the interrogatory was addressed.

"I'll tell you why," interrupted Pitt; "'tis because the Scotch always prefer the side that's uppermost."

Our limits, however, warn us, for the present, to have done; and premising that White's is now confined to a select and almost non-political set of five hundred and fifty members, we must merely mention Brookes's, the head-quarters of the Whigs, as White's was of the Tories, for upwards of a century. Latterly both have, in point of political importance, greatly fallen off. White's, indeed, is no longer political; and though Brookes's is still the resort of the fastidious English Whigs, it is so far out of date, that, referring to the book before us for a description of it, we shall content ourselves with quoting a few of its choicest anecdotes. Towards the close of the last century, when the club was in its zenith, the noted Selwyn was one of its principal wits. He was fond of attend-

ing public executions, and would go a distance of several hundred miles to see one. Of him we are told:—

"His wit was often of a coarse order. It was on his return from one of these excursions that a general officer who had served in the American war, after taunting him for his peculiar bad taste, turned the conversation by describing some hot and cold springs in Virginia, so contiguous that he had only to pull a trout out of one and throw it into the other to get cooked. 'I believe you,' said Selwyn, 'for when I was lately in France [where he had been attending an execution] I heard of a third spring in Auvergne, containing *parsley and butter.*'

"'Mr. Selwyn,' said the General, 'consider the improbability,—*parsley and butter!*'

"'I ask your pardon,' replied George, 'I believed your story; you surely are too polite to discredit mine.'

"On another evening at the club, when the Duke of Queensberry, in reference to Whitbread, who was then pressing the ministry hard, remarked, 'The *brewer* is making a desperate *lunge* at popularity,'—'Pardon me, Duke,' said Selwyn, 'he is only playing at *carte and tierce.*'

"It was shortly after this period, when the famed Corresponding Society was in full vigor, that Selwyn was one May-day walking with Fox, as a troop of chimney-sweepers, in their gaudy trappings, appeared in view. 'I say, Charlie,' remarked the wit, 'I have often heard you talk of the *majesty of the people*, but I never before saw any of their *princes and princesses.*'

"The Prince of Wales and Duke of York frequently, about this period, visited Brookes's; the former from congeniality of political opinion with the members, the other in consequence of his being well received, when he, one midnight or morning, in company with some of the *roués* of the day, burst open its doors by way of lark. The Prince was a joyous spirit, fully equal to most of them in point of story and repartee; and the Duke is supposed to have drawn from his visits inspiration for the only good thing he ever said in his life: 'Here, waiter, remove this *marine*,' was the unfortunate slip he made, in allusion to an empty bottle, one day in the presence of General Miller, a distinguished officer of that branch of the service. 'I am at a loss,' remarked the General, 'to know why the *corps* to which I have the honor to belong should be compared to an empty bottle?' 'No offence, my dear General,' replied the Duke; 'I mean a good fellow who has done his duty, and is ready to do it again.'"

Another celebrated character who frequented Brookes's in

the days of Selwyn was Dunning, the famous counsellor, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and many keen encounters passed between the two. Dunning was a short, thick man, with a turn-up nose, a constant shake of the head, and latterly a distressing hectic cough, — but a wit of the first water. Though he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, he amassed a fortune of £ 150,000, during twenty-five years' practice at the bar; and lived, notwithstanding, so liberally, that his mother, an attorney's widow, as some of the wags at Brookes's wickedly recorded, left him in dudgeon on the score of his extravagance. Sheridan, a more congenial wit than Selwyn, was wont humorously to depict a dinner at the lawyer's country-house near Fulham, when the following *conversation* was represented to have occurred: —

"John," said the old lady to her son, after a dinner, during which she had been astounded by the profusion of the plate and viands, — "John, I shall not stop another day to witness such shameful extravagance."

"But, my dear mother," interrupted Dunning, "you ought to consider that I can afford it: my income, you know — "

"No income," said the old lady impatiently, "can stand such shameful prodigality. The sum which your cook told me that very *turbot* cost ought to have supported any reasonable family for a week."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear mother," replied the dutiful son, "you would not have me appear shabby. Besides what is a turbot?"

"Pooh, pooh! what is a turbot?" echoed the irritated dame: "don't pooh me, John: I tell you, such goings-on can come to no good, and you 'll see the end of it before long. However, it sha'n't be said your mother encouraged such sinful waste, for I' ll set off in the coach to Devonshire to-morrow morning."

"And notwithstanding," said Sheridan, "all John's rhetorical efforts to detain her, the old lady kept her word."

Despite of Dunning's celebrity and success as a barrister, he stood himself, like most great lawyers, in wholesome fear of the law. A neighboring farmer on one occasion cutting down two of the trees on his premises, Dunning's butler, a

zealot, informed him of the trespass, and added, that he had threatened the delinquent with a lawsuit. "Did you indeed?" said his master; "then you must carry it on yourself, for you may depend on 't I sha'n't," — keeping in view, probably, the declaration of the celebrated counsellor Marriot, who, at the close of a long and successful forensic career, announced that, if any one were to claim the coat on his shoulders and threaten him with a lawsuit in the event of refusal, he would at once give it up, lest in defending the coat he lost his other garments too.

Selwyn and Dunning cherished no special regard for each other. For medicine as well as law, the supercilious wit entertained supreme contempt. One evening the counsellor and a Dr. Brocklesby were moralizing on the superfluities of life, and the needless wants men created for themselves. "Very true, gentlemen," said George, "I am a proof of the justice of your remark; for I have lived all my life without wanting either a lawyer or a physician." He was, however, at this period becoming unusually bitter. He had been brought in haste from the Continent by a rumored change of ministry, from which he might lose his place. But his wit preserved it. Appearing at court next day — a cold day in the middle of March — in light habiliments, the king remarked them, and the incongruity. "Very true, Sire, they are cold; and yet I assure your Majesty I have been in a *violent perspiration* ever since my arrival in England."

It was during this tour that he sarcastically remarked to an old French marquis, who was expatiating on the genius of his countrymen in inventing *ruffles:* "True, but mine surpass them, for they added shirts." And it was said that, a young and titled, but very giddy lady, asking him if she did not look very young, "Yes," he replied, "as if you had just come from boarding-school; but it is to be hoped that in a year or two you will be able to read, write, sit, stand, walk, and talk."

Sheridan, however, was now eclipsing Selwyn at Brookes's, though he had not effected an entrance without considerable difficulty. Selwyn perseveringly blackballed him, under the impulse of aristocratic prejudices, as, it was said, he would have blackballed George III. himself, had he not been able

to show quarterings for four generations; and it required the interposition of the Prince of Wales to baffle the opposition. Even then George was rather circumvented than fairly beaten. The Prince arriving one evening arm in arm with Sheridan, when the ballot was to take place for the third time, summoned the cynical wit from the room on pretext of having some important circumstance to communicate, and together with Sheridan detained him so long that the ballot had been concluded in the interval. Selwyn, old and morose, growled for a while; but ultimately the wit of Sheridan prevailed, and before the evening expired he bade him cordially welcome.

The *bons mots* recorded of Sheridan at Brookes's are almost innumerable. He had scarcely been installed when Whitbread, of the noted porter firm, was one evening declaiming against the ministry for imposing the war-tax on malt; and Sheridan, though he concurred with him in opinion, could not resist the temptation of having a hit at the *brewer*, as Mr. Whitbread was called. Taking out his pencil, therefore, he wrote the following lines on a slip of paper, — a proof that his humor was not, as Moore would lead us to infer, always previously prepared: —

> "They 've raised the price of table-drink;
> What is the reason, do you think?
> The tax on *malt* 's the cause, I hear, —
> But what has malt to do with beer?"

Neither high nor humble was at this time spared by his effervescent wit. Meeting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York one day in St. James's Street, as he was leaving the portico, "We 've just been discussing, Sherry," said the Duke, "whether you are *rogue or fool*." "I am between both, your Royal Highness," he replied, taking an arm of each before passing on.

Between Selwyn and Sheridan there was kept up a perpetual banter. In his latter days George had become infected with "the gentlemanly vice of avarice," but still retained a passion for personal decoration. "Can anything be more reasonable? Can you conceive how they could have let me have it so cheap?" said he in his dotage, displaying a waistcoat he had purchased at Charing Cross. "Very easily," re-

plied Sheridan; "they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it you wholesale."

But our limits compel us to close. For further anecdotes and descriptions of the various other clubs we must refer to the work named at the head of this article; merely subjoining — should any of our countrymen desire to imitate such aristocratic institutions (a course, however, which we by no means recommend) — a copy of the Rules of the *Carlton*, the most aristocratic of all. We believe it literally true, that, hitherto in the hands of the members alone, they are now for the first time given to the world, through the medium of an American journal.

"I. *The Carlton Club* shall consist of eight hundred members, exclusive of all Peers and members of the House of Commons, who are and who may be elected members of the Club.

"II. The entrance-money on admission to the Club shall be fifteen guineas, and the annual subscription ten guineas. The latter, which is due on the 1st of January, is not to be paid after the first year by such members as become supernumerary.

"III. Each candidate for admission must be proposed by one member of the Club, and seconded by another; and the names, both of the candidate and of the proposer and seconder, must, at the same time, be entered in the Book of Candidates.

"IV. The election of members shall be made by the committee as now appointed, and by ballot; twelve to be a quorum at such ballot, and two black balls to exclude.

"V. The names of candidates to be taken in the order in which they are inserted in the book, with the exception of all Peers and members of the House of Commons, who may be balloted for immediately, and ten candidates who are to be annually selected by the committee from those whose names may be in the book on the 1st of May in each year.

"VI. On the admission of each new member, the Secretary shall notify the same to him (in duplicate, if abroad); furnishing him, also, with a copy of the Rules of the Club, and requesting him to remit an order to its bankers for the amount of his entrance-money and subscription.

"VII. As the payment of these sums will entitle a member to enjoy every benefit the Club can impart, so is his acquiescence in the Rules furnished to him thereby distinctly implied.

"VIII. No newly elected member shall be eligible to participate in any of the advantages or privileges of the Club, until he has paid his entrance and subscription money.

"IX. If such new member does not, in compliance with the preceding rule, pay the sum therein specified within the space of two months from the day of his admission to the Club, if he be in the United Kingdom, and of twelve months, if abroad, the Secretary shall report accordingly to the committee, who shall cause his name to be erased from the list of members, unless he can account for the delay to the satisfaction of the committee.

"X. The name of every member failing to pay his annual subscription, due on the 1st of January, shall be placed over one of the mantelpieces of the Club, on the 1st of February, notice of which shall be sent to him, or to his banker or agent, by the secretary; and if the subscription is not paid on or before the 1st of May, the defaulter, having received this notice, shall cease to be a member of the Club, and his name shall be erased from the books accordingly. To avoid inconvenience, it is earnestly requested, that the agents of members shall be furnished with authority to pay their annual subscriptions due on the 1st of January.

"XI. Any member who may be absent from the United Kingdom during the whole period within which the annual subscription is payable, may, at his option, be considered as a supernumerary member, and be exempted from the subscription during the continuance of such absence. Upon his communicating, in writing, to the Secretary, his return to England, and upon his paying his subscription for the current year, he shall be admitted to all the privileges of the Club, until a vacancy occurs for his re-admission without the ballot. The name of every member availing himself of this indulgence must be entered in the 'Book of Supernumerary Members,' on the Secretary receiving notice of the option being made; and if his wish to rejoin the Club be not expressed to the Secretary within three months after his return to England, he is no longer to be considered a member thereof.

"XII. The vacancy of a member so becoming supernumerary shall be filled up in the manner directed by Rule IV., out of the Book of Candidates.

"XIII. All subscriptions shall be paid to Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross, bankers to the Club.

"XIV. The committee shall consist of thirty members and the Trustees; ten of the said thirty members to go out by rotation, annually, who shall not be capable of re-election for one year; and the vacancies to be filled up by ballot at a general meeting of the Club, on the 17th of March in each year. The committee list for the proposed new members of the committee shall be put up a fortnight before the general meeting at which they are to be elected, and any member proposing to

substitute any other list or names, shall put up the same a week before the general meeting. All the concerns of the Club, including the building or purchase of a suitable house, furniture, &c., and the procuring by degrees a proper collection of books, maps, and periodical publications, shall be managed by the said committee. They shall also have the power to appoint all officers and servants of the Club, and shall name their own days of meeting for the transaction of business, — at which meetings three shall be a quorum.

"XV. In the event of any vacancies occurring in the committee after the annual election on the 17th of March, the committee itself shall have the power of filling them up.

"XVI. Any infraction of the Rules and Regulations of the Club shall be taken immediate cognizance of by the committee.

"XVII. There shall be five Trustees, viz. the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Earl of Verulam, the Earl of Hardwicke, and Lord Redesdale, who shall remain in office until death or resignation, or until a general meeting of the members shall think proper to remove any of them, and to elect any new Trustee or Trustees in his or their room; and all securities shall be taken, stocks purchased, and purchases and investments made, in the names of such Trustees; the property, the subject-matter of the trust, to be nevertheless subject to the disposition of the committee: the orders in writing of three of whom, assembled at a board, and signed by the chairman of the day, and attested by the Secretary, shall be obligatory upon, and a justification to, the Trustees, as to any such purchase, sale, investment, or disposal.

"XVIII. The committee may call an extraordinary general meeting of the Club, on giving fourteen days' notice, specifying the object in the form of a resolution, and confining the discussion to that object only. In such case the notice of such extraordinary general meeting shall be signed by twelve members of the committee, and posted up in a public room of the Club at least fourteen days previous to the day of meeting. The committee shall also call an extraordinary general meeting on the written requisition of forty members, not being of the committee, under restrictions similar to the preceding.

"XIX. No new rule, or alteration of a general rule, shall ever be made at any extraordinary general meeting, unless there be at least one hundred members present, and without the sanction of a majority consisting of two thirds of the same. It shall be competent, however, for any member to propose, at the annual meeting on the 17th of March, any new rule or regulation, or any alteration of an old rule; and such proposal having been duly seconded, shall be referred for consideration to the annual meeting, to be held on the second Saturday in May next

following, when, in the event of the same being adopted by two thirds of the members then present, it shall become binding on the Club, whatever the number actually present may be.

"XX. There shall be two meetings of the Club held yearly, one on the 17th day of March, not being Sunday, (if Sunday, on the preceding Saturday,) for the purpose of electing one third of the committee for the succeeding year, and receiving a report and abstract of the state of the accounts and general concerns of the Club for the past year, from the committee, together with an estimate of the receipts and disbursements for the current year; which document shall be left afterwards at the Club for the inspection of the members. The other meeting shall be held on the second Saturday in May, for the purpose of deciding on such propositions as may have been submitted on the 17th of March, and for the purpose of passing the said accounts.

"XXI. No subject, except what relates to the management of the concerns of the Club, shall ever be proposed or brought forward for public discussion at any annual or general meeting, and the chair shall be taken at all meetings at one o'clock.

"XXII. No member shall, on any pretence, or in any manner whatsoever, receive any profit, salary, or emolument from the funds of the Club, under the penalty of expulsion, nor shall any member give any money or gratuity to any of the servants of the establishment.

"XXIII. No member shall take away from the Club, upon any pretence whatsoever, any newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other article, the property of the Club, under the penalty of expulsion.

"XXIV. No provisions cooked in the Club-house, or wines, or other liquors, are to be sent out of the house on any pretence whatsoever.

"XXV. Any cause of complaint that may arise is to be written and signed by the member so complaining, on his bill, which complaint must be specially noticed by the committee, on settling the weekly accounts; and any inattention or improper conduct of a servant is to be stated by letter, under the signature of such member, which letter being put into the Secretary's box, must be laid before the committee at their next weekly meeting.

"XXVI. All members are to pay their bills, for every expense they incur in the Club, before they leave the house; the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individuals, and being under the necessity of accounting to the committee, weekly, for all moneys passing through his hands.

"XXVII. No member is on any account to bring a dog into the Club-rooms.

"XXVIII. It shall be the duty of the committee, in case any cir-

cumstances should occur likely to endanger the welfare and good order of the Club, to call a general meeting, giving fourteen days' notice; and, in the event of its being voted at that meeting, by two thirds of the persons present, to be decided by ballot, that the name of any member or members should be removed from the Club, their subscriptions for the current year shall be returned, and he or they shall cease to belong to the Club.

"XXIX. The members of the Club are expected to communicate their addresses, from time to time, to the Secretary.

"XXX. These Rules and Regulations shall be printed, and a copy of them transmitted to every member of the Club, by the Secretary."

ART. II. — *The Republican Court: or American Society in the Days of Washington.* By R. W. GRISWOLD. *With Twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women engraved on Steel, from Original Pictures by Woolaston, Copley, Gainsborough, Stuart, Pine, Malbone, and others.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

IT is gratifying to mark the improvement, both artistic and literary, so obvious, of late years, in that large and popular class of books designed as holiday gifts. Instead of materials gathered at random embellished at a cost quite out of proportion to their value, illustrated editions of standard poets, and other works of permanent interest, have come into vogue. "The Republican Court" is the most beautiful specimen in this department that has yet appeared, and has the peculiar merit of a national subject. It consists of a fluent narrative, intended to convey an authentic and picturesque idea of social life in this country in the days of Washington. His leave-taking, both of the army and of Congress, his triumphal progress at the close of the war, his inauguration, and the ceremonies and *fêtes* incident to these public events, are elaborately described. The distinguished members of the Convention that adopted the Federal Constitution are portrayed, together with the eminent foreigners then visitors to our

shores. The party warfare, the domestic habits, the costume, and even the visiting lists of the prominent ladies of the time, are graphically revived. Indeed, the ostensible purpose of this costly memorial of the early days of the republic is to exhibit the charms and the agency of woman, during the momentous era described; and whoever is capable of appreciating her legitimate influence as a social being, will here find a more eloquent vindication of her rights, as maintained in the honored exercise of latent power, than in the direct pleas of the most gifted of her sex. The volume contains twenty-one engravings of American women, eminent from their association with Revolutionary statesmen and heroes, or on account of intrinsic graces of character. In the preparation of this elegant quarto, the memoirs and correspondence of the period have been searched, the diaries of leading members of society gleaned, the reminiscences of survivors drawn upon, and such works as Sullivan's "Letters on Public Characters," Duer's "Recollections of New York," the autobiographies of French officers engaged in the war, the Letters of Mrs. Adams, and Graydon's Memoirs, carefully examined. Whoever is even partially familiar with the scattered domestic and personal annals of the era included in these sketches will recall incidents, descriptions, and anecdotes that might have still further illustrated the attractive theme. We trust that the example will induce those who have the custody of family documents which throw light on the life and manners of this partially explored, yet deeply interesting period, and that those who can elicit from the few lingering witnesses oral testimony as to facts historically significant, yet with no repository but frail human memory, will be incited by the popularity of this national *souvenir* to garner up for American biography the materials thus attainable. Even within the limits of this work, devoted as it is to a brief space and few localities, there is enough to renew our hallowed associations with the golden age of America, and to bring home to our fond remembrance its men, women, manners, and spirit. It is an auspicious coincidence, that such a work should appear when efforts are in progress to secure Mount Vernon as national property. As the landmarks of the Revolution fade, every consecration of

its genius, in marble, colors, or type, every attempt to re-awaken the echo of its voice, should be gratefully welcomed; as the living representatives of that epoch depart, their testimony should be carefully recorded; as the precedents of those days are superseded, its noblest examples should be re-invoked.

Those of us who have, for a brief space, stood within this fast vanishing circle, feel the more keenly the moral need which exists for prolonging its conservative spell by all the means that art and letters can afford. A few summers past, it was our lot to sit beside an ancient dame at the hospitable board of a family of manorial celebrity, on one of the most beautiful domains that adorn the banks of the Hudson. The bowed and silent figure was the personification of comfortable old age; listless, inert, and mechanical, yet serene, the torch of life seemed flickering towards gradual extinction, and awaiting only a breath to disappear. Through the open window played the breeze of June, and the swaying tendrils of a venerable and lofty elm made a checkered and shifting light on the smooth oak floor; the trill of a locust resounded in the warm hush of noon; massive plate of antique mould gleamed on the high sideboard; portraits of Revolutionary heroes were arranged on the wall; and the entire scene, the atmosphere, and the tranquillity concurred to induce that mood when the sense of Nature's glory is chastened by a feeling of human vicissitude. Suddenly a strain of martial music rose on the air. The old lady quivered, raised her eyes, clasped her hands, and exclaimed: "Ah! all intercession is vain; André must die!" The chords of memory had been struck; she was thinking of the execution of the gallant British spy. Our host made signs for us to listen, and with nervous rapidity her colorless lips breathed the names of English officers who had paid their devoirs to her maiden beauty, renowned in its day; she described her lofty head-dress of ostrich feathers which caught fire at the theatre, and repeated the verses of her admirer who was so fortunate as to extinguish the flames; she dwelt upon the majestic bearing of Washington, the elegance of the French, and the dogmatism of the British officers; the bywords, the names of gallants, belles, and

heroes, the incidents, the questions, the etiquette, of those times seemed to live again in her tremulous accents, which gradually became feeble until she fell asleep. It was like a voice from the grave; and we could not but feel how precarious was the tenure and how imperative the duty by which the personal details that give such life to history are to be rescued from oblivion. The same conviction subsequently rose to our minds on a winter evening at the fireside of Mrs. Madison; and more recently at the funeral of Mrs. Hamilton.

The memorial before us inevitably suggests a comparison between the past and present of American society. The whole philosophy of social life in the days of Washington is hinted by an incidental remark in one of his familiar letters: "Mrs. Washington's wishes coincide with my own as to simplicity of dress and *everything which can tend to support propriety of character without partaking of the follies of luxury and ostentation*"; and an enthusiastic admirer of the candid manners of the New York Colonists observed, that among them there were "no degrees excepting those assigned to worth and intellect"! It was indeed the prevalence of the modest virtues that insured the triumph of the republican cause, and distinguished the character of our ancestors. The two central figures in the immortal group, Washington and Franklin, are grand through consummate prudence and practical wisdom; and it is, perhaps, the most noticeable disparity between the present and past moral life of the country, that these very qualities are as deficient now as they were prominent then. The physical and financial catastrophes—the legitimate results of reckless enterprise—which have so often sent a thrill of dismay through the land, during the last twenty years, have obtained for our civilization, from the French writers, the significant adjective, *effrayante*. We are deemed, as a people, the least prudent on earth. The self-control which gave such dignity and promise at the starting-point abandons us in the race of gain and ambition, so that more and greater alterations of individual fortune mark our brief national career in peace, than older countries have known even amid the exigencies of foreign war and internal revolution. To be satisfied with a competency, to retire from affairs

when secure in means and reputation, to enjoy with serene gratitude the exercise of private taste, to retain social confidence and respect, and to find in a tranquil meridian compensation for the anxiety and toil of early life, is a common and delightful spectacle in England and Southern Europe, but an anomaly in the United States. The ideal of success has totally changed with the blandishments of prosperity; it has been transferred from the realm of consciousness to that of the world, from the domain of content to that of display, from the resources of character to the artifices of wealth. In American life, when its aims, however personal, were sublimated by patriotism and made clear and noble through simplicity and earnestness, there was a "daily beauty" which renders the conventional bustle of our day "ugly," and soon reduces the dreams of youth to the level commonplace of selfish utility. To succeed, with our fathers, was to maintain integrity of manners, of action, and of sentiment, to harmonize the elements of life by self-reliance, and to acquire social distinction through natural force of mind. Success, as a general rule, with us, is external and material. With the great increase of travel there has been a diminution in that local and family attachment which is the best guaranty of public spirit; as the population of our cities has enlarged, municipal negligence and corruption have been developed; as the area of the national territory has spread, enterprise has manifested itself in a reckless disregard of both economical and honest principles; with the advance of material prosperity, culpable indifference to life and to legitimate industry is displayed; as we have become more known to foreign nations, the character of our representatives has been less considered in diplomatic appointments; and in the ratio of our mechanical triumphs has been the decline of our moral superiority.

It is the cant of the day to repudiate the past; but the law of compensation prevails in the social as well as in all other aspects of human destiny. We perceive that the limited horizon of daily existence, in former years, by concentrating the attention, enhanced the efficiency of our progenitors. If they had fewer appliances for social enjoyment, they had more of its true spirit. Genial companionship atoned for homely

furniture; hospitable feeling gave a zest beyond the arts of French cookery; the plain Dutch stoop was hallowed by the grasp and tone of welcome; the stately minuet borrowed grace from honest faces; inexpert service was made attractive by domestic loyalty; marriages were less of financial contracts, and oftener initiated by honest affection and sanctioned by mutual faith; "frank and tender hearts had nothing to fear from the perfidy of men; the vows of love were believed"; * neighborhood was a heart-felt bond, and *stranger* a holy name. The general welfare was not abandoned by the wise and prosperous to trading politicians, but enlisted the judgment and feeling of every citizen. Public spirit was universal. For this very reason, there was in social life far less of machinery and infinitely more of soul. The ceremony which attended a levee, a wedding, or a funeral, had a positive and genuine significance. The divine charm of earnestness pervaded not only the discussion of political questions and religious dogmas, but the courtesies of intercourse, the functions of office, and the loves, friendships, counsels, pastimes, and duties of home. Society was, therefore, pregnant with sentiment; it had the vitality which springs from character; and its spirit, instead of exhaling in forms, or being lost in manœuvres, kindled the mind and warmed the heart.

Somewhat of this elevated social tone was derived from the possession of land, which then was obtained on easy terms. The manorial character always exhibits more generous instincts than that fostered by trade. Another incidental cause of disinterestedness may be found in the special concern all felt, and the actual part each took, in public affairs. There was a consciousness of being engaged in a great political experiment; the leading spirits of the Revolution survived, and imparted their own patriotic aspirations to the rising generation; recent events and dominant questions enlisted sympathies which are now devoted to personal interest; the common welfare was, therefore, more of an individual object; the example of Washington and his brave compeers was fresh, if not to the view, at least in the memories, of their countrymen;

* Memoirs of an American Lady.

independence was a prevalent sentiment, a new fact rather than an idea and a tradition; and it became an element of character as well as a national aim. Add to these considerations the simple habits, the robust self-dependence, the conquest of nature, incident to pioneer life, and the more immediate need of mutual fellowship and combined action which arises from sparse neighborhoods and widely divided settlements, and we easily recognize the circumstances which shaped the people and the manners so graphically delineated by Cooper, Paulding, Tudor, Mrs. Grant, and Hawthorne.

Faction made capital of social life in those days. There was "a jealousy of the paraphernalia of courts"; at the South, foreign modes were not so palatable as in the Eastern towns; and slight circumstances of official distinction, such as the raised sofa on which Washington and his wife sat at an assembly, Hamilton's advocacy of titles, the degree of obeisance paid to the new President, were exaggerated into aristocratic precedents. The French revolution enhanced this suspicion. A young Girondist, who afterwards perished on the scaffold, visited Boston to learn how to be a republican; and Freneau, at the instance of Jefferson, recorded in his Journal every incident, real and imagined, in the behavior of the head of the nation, which might be construed into exclusiveness or monarchical affinities. Even on Washington's return to Mount Vernon, when followed by the veneration of a whole people, the fact that he lodged in Maryland at the house of an old friend, who was known as a Tory, was perverted into an imputation on his patriotism. To such miserable expedients will partisan malice descend. Yet these constant and base attacks on the fair fame of the Commander-in-chief served, by eliciting his magnanimity, self-possession, and firmness, to shed new lustre on his character, and to deepen the faith of the nation in him.

Those were the days when Newport journals warned their readers to exert themselves that their town might not be excelled in commercial prosperity by New York. The historian in those times was Jeremy Belknap; the poets, Joel Barlow, Philip Freneau, and Mrs. Morton; the artists, Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart. On the small book-shelf were to be found Richardson, Addison, and Milton. The arrival of the mail-

coach was the event of the day. Phillis was the cook, Cæsar the coachman. Jacobin, Angloman, and Monarchist, were the ultra party watchwords. The inhabitants of the agricultural districts, whose leases of goodly acres were available "while grass grows and waters run," we are told, "without the pride of property, had all the independence of proprietors." The young men of the more prosperous families were sent to Oxford or Edinburgh to be educated. Many of the Philadelphia belles passed their school-days at the Moravian institution at Bethlehem. Theatrical entertainments, though outlawed in New England, were not infrequently of a high order, Shakespeare and the old English comedy not having then been forestalled in public estimation by the meretricious absurdities of the Continental stage. The condition of the roads in spring and winter rendered journeys tedious, and the circulation of news precarious. Spangles and hair-powder were essential commodities. Wall Street was the fashionable quarter of New York.

The sectional characteristics of the land already began to develop themselves; at the North, such thrift and practical morality as Poor Richard advocates, and at the South, a "keen sensibility on points of personal honor." Talleyrand at once beheld in the fisheries a nursery for seamen. The French noblemen, while they extolled in their letters the simplicity of manners and the candid tone of the people, noted also that tendency to extravagance in dress which has always been remarked in American women. The equipages were few, but handsome. So comparatively infrequent was an arrival from the Old World, that to the man of letters a new book, and to the belle a new fashion, were rare blessings. The social traits of Boston reminded the Continental visitors of Geneva. The favorite summer excursion of New Yorkers was to Albany. Every town had its common pasture and its surburban lanes. In the North, slavery was patriarchal in its character; children were taught by their female relatives; field-sports were the favorite pastime of youth; servants were identified with families; the discipline of households was strict; and the life so charmingly painted by Goldsmith in the Deserted Village was often realized in the rural towns of New England.

The broad and easy staircase; the panelled wall; the spacious and gleaming sideboard, on which were displayed the old silver tankard and caudle-cup with armorial bearings; the white-robed and high toilet-table; the Scripture prints on the chamber wall; the low ceiling with its projecting cross-beam; the crackling wood-fire and polished andirons; the family portraits in ruffles, wigs, stomachers, brocade, velvet, and shoe-buckles; the laboriously wrought sampler, framed as a memorial of female industry; the spider-legged round table, glistening with years of friction, and sacred to tea-drinking when that meal was "a perfect regale," and to countless games of whist and cribbage, the former played in grave silence and "according to Hoyle"; the massive punch-bowl, the secret of whose mysterious compound was known only to a few choice spirits; the venerable dame in mob-cap, the oracle of the neighborhood, the idol of children, ensconced in a huge arm-chair by the fireside, and for ever plying her knitting-needles; the heavy, brazen-clasped Bible on the quaint little stand beneath a mirror whose thick plate-glass so truly reflected every object; the thick and gay-tinted Turkey carpet, grateful to slippered feet and purring cat; the precious tea-caddy of lacker-wood; the diminutive panes which gave back the crimson glow of sunset or transmitted to the wanderer's eye the hospitable fire-gleam; the open face of the venerable clock at the head of the stairs, or in the kitchen corner, with the moon rising over the dial-plate; — these and many other tokens of still life in our ancestral domiciles may offer but a homely contrast to the more gaudy and intricate arrangements of modern households; yet they are delightfully associated with domestic comfort, and over an unperverted fancy still exert a conservative spell.

The absence of everything melodramatic in these closing scenes of the war enhances their moral sublimity. It is truly impressive, in contrast with the abortive declamation and theatrical pomp that have ushered in the transient civic eras of modern Europe, to mark the unconscious greatness, the noble simplicity, with which our country was inaugurated into the family of nations. The perspective of time adds to this effect. The calm, unexaggerated, and profoundly sincere

words of Washington on every occasion, the extraordinary wisdom exhibited in the counsels that framed the Constitution, the individual and original force of mind and honesty of purpose each leading spirit manifested, their mutual respect and elevated sense of personal responsibility and great aims, throw over conclave and festival, oath and argument, manner and act, a beautiful solemnity. When we compare with these events, fraught with such hope to the world and indicative of such faith in humanity, the coronations, the revolutionary assemblies, the rhetorical displays, of the Old World, which breathe of false excitement and histrionic inspiration, we feel as if breathing the primeval air of national life, and anticipating the golden age of free government. The triumph of American arms, in the moderate language of the Commander-in-chief, had secured to us "the opportunity of becoming a respectable nation." His own part in the achievement was regarded as a mission for which he was consecrated by a higher than earthly power. "If my conduct," he says, "has merited the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and has been instrumental in obtaining for my country the blessings of peace and freedom, I owe it to that Supreme Being who guides the hearts of us all, who has signally interposed his aid in every stage of the contest, and who has been graciously pleased to bestow on me the greatest of earthly rewards, the approbation and affection of a free people." The spirit of this address is that of the country and the epoch; it was eminently religious, conscientious, thoughtful, and disinterested; and to it is referable the unaffected, dignified, and generous tone which then elevated social life.

Locomotive facilities have greatly altered social relations. So fused has become the life of the country, that what is characteristic in widely separated communities rapidly disappears. There is no opportunity to form local attachments, and the individual, whether born in Maine or Georgia, is too restless to acquire that "bundle of habits" which a fixed residence induces. De Quincey thinks it easy to detect the precise nativity of the English people by their faces; but the nomadic habits of Americans accustom their physiognomies to so general an expression, that such a test here would be inadequate.

The distinctive traits of north and south, east and west, are yearly becoming merged in one another by the interchange of opinion, and by mutual interest and communication. This genius of locomotion, indeed, is changing the face of the world. The squire and the parson, immortalized by Fielding and cited by Macaulay, have disappeared before it; and the French peculiarities of the last century are scarcely discernible; but the extent of our country and the imperative need of easy transit from the vast interior to the long range of sea-coast, have rendered this modern principle of civilization infinitely more available here than elsewhere. Our villages are no longer the nooks where quaint characters flourish, and it would be difficult now for the most imaginative writer to assign any spot for such a legend as that of Rip Van Winkle, so entirely do actual contact and daily inspection lay open to the common view every haunt of nature and man throughout the whole extent of the continent. The circumstances that mould and the influences that individualize social life are thus diffused. Communities once isolated are now brought into mutual and intimate relations. Spheres of action and of thought are indefinitely enlarged. The machinery of life is far more complex and varied. The morning paper has become a chart of the world's activity. Steam and the electric telegraph so rapidly herald events of public interest, that the mind is crowded with exciting facts gleaned from the entire area of the world. A revolution in Spain, an epidemic in Bermuda, a shipwreck on the Atlantic coast, a momentous debate in the British Parliament, a fierce battle in the Crimea, the speech of an Hungarian political exile on the state of Europe, an Indian massacre near the Rocky Mountains, a stroke of diplomacy in the Austrian cabinet, an affray in the Sandwich Islands, the treaty of an American commodore with Japan, a skirmish between the old and new factions in China, the proceedings of an ecclesiastical conclave at Rome,— these and such as these are the themes unfolded by the daily press, amid its chronicle of municipal and Congressional affairs, party discussions, local incidents, and musical and literary critiques. The effect of such a matutinal programme, compared with the sparse news and limited topics

which occupied our ancestors, may be imagined; its indirect tendency is to render the sympathies and thought of each member of society, according to his endowments, cosmopolitan, to scatter his attention over a large space, and to make his mind versatile and active, but his knowledge superficial and fragmentary.

The spirit of trade has encroached rapidly with the growth of the country, and has modified essentially its social character. The merchants of the Atlantic States, when comparatively few, occupied a position and exerted an influence unknown at the present day. They were eminent for integrity, hospitable living, and public spirit. The elders among us, who can recall the leading men of towns on the seaboard of New England half a century ago, will appreciate the change in the mercantile character which time has wrought. The few great capitalists engaged in the East and West India trade, and in the first expeditions to the Northwest Coast, represented a phase of maritime enterprise which was associated with no common personal dignity, energy of mind, high-toned manners, and liberal instincts. It was a princely order, such as approached that of the old Genoese and the ideal English merchant, and partook of the enlarged sentiments native to Commerce, in contradistinction to the narrow calculations and local habitudes of Trade. The latter economy has long since gained the ascendant. It has not only broken up the prestige which formerly belonged to the merchant, in the highest and original acceptation of that term, but it has identified him with the stock-broker. It has also invaded the sacred province of art, letters, and professional life, so that money-making by all means and at every hazard has gradually lowered the standard both of ambition and of honor. There was, in early American society, a pride of character based on family, talent, and probity, to which the thirst for gold was often and cheerfully sacrificed; and the popular divine, physician, and lawyer enjoyed a social consideration which atoned for their moderate estate. At the present day immediate success is the exclusive end; there is an unblushing reliance on charlatan expedients in medical practice, in the courts of law, and in authorship, which public

sentiment, in former times, would have indignantly repudiated; and in mercantile life what are called "tricks of trade" are resorted to even by the respectable votaries of traffic, while swindling operations have become familiar in connection with some of the most honored names in the land. This spirit of trade has been the great demoralizing principle in social as well as commercial life. It prompts the devotion to appearances which has taken the place of substantial resources; it justifies the extravagant style of living; it countenances, by deference to mere wealth, the prevalent outrages on good taste; it compromises the moral dignity of social life, by tolerating within its most refined circles men of acknowledged rascality in affairs; it lowers its own privileges, by failing to honor the mental superiority that shrinks from the "thrift that follows fawning"; it initiated what has been justly called "the era of upholstery," and has induced the material estimate of persons, of life, and of manners, so destructive at once to the generous in sentiment and the elevated in thought. In the reminiscences of the days of Washington, no social trait is more obvious than the distinction yielded to character. The grades of that circle were instinctively awarded to deeds, to mind, to patriotism, and to the domestic virtues. It was a wholesome awe that our peerless chief inspired; it was an improving intelligence that the scientific discussions of Franklin exercised; it was an elevating tone which the high-bred courtesy of Hamilton exemplified. That such men were regarded as models argues a state of society infinitely above the sordidness and display to which after generations, in the same relative sphere, are devoted. To make use of the convenient nomenclature of Phrenology, it would appear that, from the Revolutionary epoch, the organ of acquisitiveness has been enlarging in the American cranium, and the organ of reverence diminishing. To "poke about for pence" has become almost universal, and to venerate intellectual and moral greatness rare.

Another striking change in American society is the diminution of sectarian influence. In name we have many of the identical lines of demarcation in religious opinions that existed before the Revolution; but these divisions are less marked;

it is more difficult to trace them in the manners, garb, and tone of mind; points of difference are not so emphatically announced as of old; and in what is called good society, members of all sects waive even the indirect expression of their creeds. It is the same in politics. A more liberal and urbane spirit chastens the asperities of opinion; but the effect of this is to diminish the salient evolution of character, — to subdue the tone, while it elevates the spirit, of intercourse. To the French officers who sojourned at Newport, Rhode Island, during the war, the beauty and simplicity of the fair Quakers was enhanced by the homely neatness of their garb and the candid earnestness with which they quoted Scripture against the profession of arms. To the few English gentlemen who did justice to American patriotism and valor at the peace, the dignified self-respect that characterized the manners of the Federal leaders, and gave them the prestige of an aristocratic minority, was a distinctive charm. The Puritan opposition to amusements, the manorial hospitality of Virginia and Western New York, and the formal benignity of the Friends in Pennsylvania, were attractive, because peculiar, to foreigners; and they sprang more or less from the comparative asceticism or liberality of religious and political creeds.

The fanaticism of religious and political zeal is now banished to the extremes of civilized society; popular ideas have so multiplied as to lose in intensity what they gain in number; and the violent leaders of faction, in the early days of the republic, appear to our retrospective gaze like monomaniacs. We of to-day have too many subjects to think of, and too many things to do, for party exclusiveness and concentration. So many vistas are opened to our eyes, that they refuse to settle doggedly on a single question; our reading, observation, and talk embrace such a variety of themes, that it is rare to find men of one idea either in the science of government or the forms of religion. In a word, as society has widened the scene of its action and the subjects of its interest, individuals have grown less emphatic; a certain uniformity has levelled the superficial conduct of life and tone of manners; a principle of assimilation has usurped that self-assertion which, in times of less movement and intellectual activity, gave promi-

nence to the gifted and the graceful, and rendered character more picturesque and society more dramatic. Gibbon, in summing up an eventless reign, says that its very paucity of material for the historian shows it to have been comparatively a blessing to man; and, for the same reasons, the absence of great social interests often proves the lull of violent passions and the activity of humane sentiments.

In no particular is the change more striking than in literature. Few and cherished were the books, and meagre the journalism, familiar to our progenitors. Yet it may be fairly doubted whether the abundance of intellectual nourishment now supplied by the fecundity of the press does not sate mental appetite, and make reading too superficial. When Philip Schuyler brought from England the first copies of the Spectator, of Paradise Lost, of Windsor Forest, and of Cato, they passed slowly from house to house in Albany, were studied, read aloud, critically eulogized, committed to memory, and regarded as priceless stores of wisdom, imagination, and grace. Many a romantic maiden and gifted youth caught inspiration from them. If the literary banquet was scant, it was at least thoroughly digested. The rarity of books deepened the appreciation of readers; contemporary English authors were regarded with profound reverence and sympathy; and lettered genius became a part of the inward life of the intelligent Colonist. He knew but few great writers, yet that acquaintance was thorough and sympathetic, and it sufficed to mould vigorous judgments, to train refined feelings, and to initiate manly eloquence, as well as to touch to finer issues the rude discipline and simple habits of primitive civilization.

The original communities, if not blended into a perfectly homogeneous population, have lost by the assimilating influence of intercourse and proximity their distinctive character. A Swedish church yet exists on the banks of the Delaware; many Huguenot names still indicate the French extraction of certain families; and in parts of Rockland County, New York, the Dutch language and customs prevail; but these are only incidental facts, and are landmarks of colonial isolation. In no civilized land on the globe does the traveller find a more remarkable identity of habits, manners, and even per-

sonal appearance. The tendency of our institutions and pursuits is towards uniformity of both thought and action. Life in the United States is so gregarious as to be almost fatal to individuality. There is an absence of the picturesque in the social aspect of the country, which renders the impression monotonous to the stranger. The works of fiction which are woven from native material find their strong points chiefly in the young and adventurous society of the newly settled regions of the West. An English novelist who sought among us new specimens of human character expressed his disappointment, after a long sojourn in Boston, that scarcely a feature was discoverable which he had not previously found at home. The sternness of the Puritan, the simplicity of the Quaker, and the elegant manners of the Cavalier, instead of existing, as of old, in permanent social types, must be looked for now only in special cases, or mingled with and partially lost in other traits. Here the mass, not less than individuals, to use the quaint expression of Lamb, are "dragged along in the procession." Hotel life, which forms so prominent a feature of American habits, the throngs that continually pass over our railroads and rivers, and the sameness of purpose and bearing incident to trade, serve to mark the whole people with a unity of action, tone, way of thinking, and general expression, nowhere else so obvious and defined. Artists, men of letters, and all who are not directly engaged in politics or affairs, constitute so small a minority, that their agency is scarcely perceptible. The absence of rank tends to the same result; the exigencies of republican life associate as equally wealthy, gifted, or enterprising, the obscure and the illustrious in origin, too often to allow of any fixed lines of demarcation. To keep apart from the crowd is next to impossible. We admit no exclusiveness theoretically, and in practice the idea is very difficult of realization. With no centralization there can be little prestige. A President's levee is open to every citizen, and wealth is as precarious as official distinction. The *parvenu* of to-day may become the arbiter of fashion to-morrow; and vicissitudes increase in the ratio of facilities. The arena of success is open to all, and the chances of advancement unlimited by any hereditary condition.

Sagacity, perseverance, and assurance achieve what, under a more fixed and conventional system, would appear miraculous. Hence the prescriptive laws of society are, in a great measure, repudiated. Superior intelligence, taste, and character will, indeed, assert themselves whenever and wherever occasion permits; but scope is not afforded to natural prerogative except through individual action. The field is too wide, the competitors too numerous, the age too busy, and the game too free, to win any suffrages except such as experiment boldly tried insures. For these reasons, it is a peculiar injustice to form an opinion of American society at a fashionable soiree or a public ball. The true ornaments of the social circle are seldom conspicuous; the noble few are often cast into the shade by the ostentatious many, and the more richly endowed are as frequently repelled as allured by promiscuous assemblies.

The discussion recently excited by the re-appearance of some of our officials at foreign courts in the original citizen's dress which won admiration for Franklin at Versailles, shows how traditional abroad has become the republican distinction of simplicity. The organization of political factions for the special object of counteracting foreign influence at home, is an impressive token of the mongrel character of our population. The existence of so many journals among us published in the languages of Europe, is a striking evidence of the vast increase in the tide of immigration. The renewed consideration of the naturalization laws is an equally significant indication. There are vine-growers from the Rhine in Ohio, whole counties of German agriculturists in Pennsylvania, an Hungarian colony here, a Mormon settlement there; in the post-office at Chicago a Polyglot clerk is indispensable; the suburbs of Boston contain a large Irish community; and in New York are French coffee-houses, Sunday dances, like those of the Vienna commonalty, a guild of Italian street-organists and peripatetic image-venders, and anniversaries are duly celebrated of Polish revolutions, Roman assemblies, and Parisian republics. These, and countless other signs of the times, point to the fulfilment of that destiny which geographers and philanthropists have predicted for our country, as

the refuge of the nations, the asylum of the oppressed, the promised land of the indigent, and the home of the exile. Whether national traits and American policy, the sentiment and the character initiated by our Constitution, are to be overlaid and superseded by these agencies, depends on public spirit and individual loyalty.

The happy influence of American institutions is, therefore, more obvious in the general prosperity, the unremitted activity, and the comparative intelligence of the working classes, than in any peculiar development of social talent and refinement. The philosopher, however, will not seek in vain for the noblest effects of habit, of self-reliance, and popular education upon the individual. The instances of humble toil rising in the social scale to the honors of art, literature, political genius, inventive skill, and sagacious enterprise, are innumerable; and this is our grand and enviable distinction, that society, far from impeding, extends the hand of fellowship to merit. Not, however, in metropolitan saloons or suburban villas should the candid inquirer seek for the social fruits of republicanism, but in rural life, the Eastern village, the expanding Western town,—in those localities which are least invaded by artificial influences. Let the sated European enter a fisherman's house on Cape Cod, see the robust housewife prepare dinner, and then hear her talk, at the board her own hands have furnished and spread, of the last sermon, lyceum lecture, or new book, and he will recognize the progressive principle insured by social equality, religious freedom, and common schools. Let him become the guest of a Kentucky planter, and the fearless, cordial, ingenuous tone of manners and conversation around him will offer the most refreshing contrast to the conventional and heartless atmosphere he has known at Paris and Vienna. Let him talk with the farmer or mechanic at his side in the rail-car, and he may chance to acquire a new idea of the honest dignity and general information which free citizenship secures to humanity. It is these and similar instances—the way-side, the casual, the popular manifestations of social life—which attest the liberal and enlightened spirit of American society in its broadest and most authentic sense.

In its more prescriptive meaning, what is called society is

very much the same everywhere. The identical follies which provoke the satirist at Saratoga and Newport are enacted at Baden-Baden and Bath. At all places of public resort, where cards and the polka are the regular means of social pastime, vulgar wealth, coxcombical pretension, and affected refinement will inevitably find their way. The watering-place, the fashionable hotel, and the receptions of public functionaries and private aspirants for notoriety, are the chosen fields of social caricaturists, all the world over. The "hits" of some of our own writers, who have adventured in this sphere of literature, are, with scarcely an exception, of universal application, and have no local significance except what is derived from geographical names. Similar absurdities are recorded by Goldoni and Horace Walpole, Sir Richard Steele and Molière, Bulwer and Thackeray, Lever and "Peter Schlemil in America." To men and women of earnestness and intellectual resources, the ball-room, the *casino*, and the tea-party have always been precarious means of social refreshment. Good society, in the legitimate meaning of the word, is everywhere the exception, not the rule; hence the renown which attends it. Madame Récamier's *salon*, the famous dinners at Holland House in the days of Pitt, the breakfasts of Rogers, matutinal promenades in Landor's villa garden at Florence, Jane Austen's German *soirées*, the literary circle at Weimar, and a table-talk with Mackintosh or an evening at Charles Lamb's, are memorable, because such feasts of reason and such flow of soul are proverbially rare. Gray, the poet, sat apart and eat ices at a Roman ball; Alfieri shut himself up in disgust; the Lake bards retired to Westmoreland; and the biography of every superior intelligence and ideal aspirant indicates that the persons whose companionship brings solace and elevation belong to that peerage of the mind and that aristocracy of character the very essence of which consists in a select culture or a remarkable idiosyncrasy alien to the promiscuous association and frivolous aims of what, in common parlance, we intend by the word *society*.

Our inference from these premises is, that it is as unphilosophical as useless to expect the highest social privileges in merely fashionable spheres anywhere; and that, in this coun-

try, from the causes already suggested, the most valuable and attractive social materials are so scattered,—lost in the crowd in some instances, and isolated by choice or necessity in others,—that it is in the highest degree unjust to seize upon the grotesque and humiliating traits common to all indiscriminate gatherings, and to stamp them as American; while it is the obvious alternative of those who cherish an ideal of social life, to realize it by a wise and independent exercise of free-will and intelligent affinity, for which no country affords greater scope or more available resources than our own. We protest, also, against the violation of social confidence which recent literature exemplifies. The world of print has grown as wanton as that of tongues. It is derogatory to the true aim and real dignity of letters, that private life and individual experience should be reported without the least regard to good taste or honorable feeling. Vapid egotism fills the columns of journal and magazine with personal details, not only uninteresting and unimportant in themselves, but, not infrequently, offensive and disgusting. Authors seem to have become a corps of reporters, to whom nothing in life or nature is sacred. The casual remark of a partner in a waltz, the colloquy overheard on a steamboat, the costume of some unconscious visitor encountered at a *soirée*, the state of the writer's digestion or the precocious wit of his child,—in a word, the veriest trifle which comes under his observation, is dressed up for the public knowledge. If literature was once too stilted, it is now grossly familiar; and if, in the days of our ancestors, it failed of effect through excess of dignity, it is now in imminent danger of contempt through total want of self-respect. And this brings us to the noticeable fact, that the prevalence of this very quality elevated, in its day, and hallows to us, early American society. With all their faith in human equality, our ancestors were loyal to what has been justly called the first requisite of a gentleman,—independence. They respected the rights of man incarnate, as well as in the abstract. They were jealous of encroachment on personality. The opinions and actions of each received consideration from others. There was a deference spontaneously awarded to age, to great services, to high culture, to courage, ability, and

honor, which fostered these redeeming qualities of our common nature into glorious development. The radical spirit which had its birth in political zeal seldom broke through the intrenchments which a dignified tone of manners had established. Natural superiority failed not of emphatic recognition; the sacred debt of reverence was graciously paid; character prevailed over fortune; and the leaders, in that day of sacrifice and of triumph, exhibited a Roman consistency and self-control which are invaluable as social precedents.

To a scientific observer the variety of climate and occupation, with the enlarged possibilities incident to liberal government, would indicate this country as a rich and diversified social nursery. The ethnologist, in view of the mixture of original races, the constant tide of immigration, the universality of enterprise, and the abundant means of intercourse, would confidently predict a peculiar and auspicious social development. No philosophical mind can resist the conviction, that in this respect there is extraordinary promise, however defective its present fulfilment. Our social critics should never lose sight of the fact, that we, as a people, are in a transition state; that the elements of civilization are, as yet, unequally distributed; and that life is experimental, and, on that account, more or less crude in many of its phases. The alternations of temperature in our climate are so great, as to produce the most striking changes in the nervous organization; and, within the limits of the confederacy, we have the languid influence of tropical, and the hardihood of arctic latitudes. Such opposite scenes as a sugar-plantation in Louisiana and an ice-quarry in Maine; such diverse elements as the Creoles of New Orleans and the Saxon blood of New England, the agricultural pursuits of the Middle States, the cotton-growing of the South, and the commerce of the seaboard, the hunter of the prairie, the whaleman of the East, the farmer of the West, and the merchant of the Atlantic cities, — include all the discipline and natural influences which have moulded older nations and given birth to vigorous character. Here they are combined and intermingled over a vast extent by a great political unity, a common language, and identity of interest. The society which results from these

agencies naturally offers more that is undefined and grotesquely blended than in small, fixed, and traditionary communities; there is less conventional similarity, a less exacting standard of manners, and a more inharmonious and ineffective organization; but, on the other hand, the latent resources of mind and action, the full expression of whatever the individual has of will, capacity, or thought, more certainly finds its way to the surface. There is less reason for concealment and hypocrisy; no espionage chills and no etiquette of rank formalizes social life; it may run wild, as in the new settlements, or voluntarily hamper itself with foreign precedents, as in the old; it may blossom in all the luxuriance of native impulse, or pervert all independent instincts by sycophantic conformity and artificial expedients. The snob, the toady, and the adventurer have full range, as well as the magnanimous, the refined, and the chivalrous. High culture and vulgar arrogance, fanaticism and philosophy, are equally at liberty to elevate or to degrade the social atmosphere. In the drawing-room, as in the legislative hall, we depend for conservative principles upon the individual conscience. As there are patriots enough in the one to control any fatal arts of the demagogue, so there are gentlemen enough in the other to keep social enormities in check.

There is one characteristic of American social life which is a fair subject of gratulation,—the universal deference to women. In the great excursion to the Upper Mississippi, during the last summer, when more than a thousand guests of a railroad company, embracing every species of character and position in life, were transported from the Atlantic seaboard to the Falls of St. Anthony, one of those occasions by no means uncommon in this country presented itself, for a just estimation of the average manners and spirit of American intercourse. An intelligent English gentleman, who was one of the excursionists, after dilating upon the noble scale of hospitality indicated by such an expedition, the beautiful precedent of inaugurating a great enterprise by such an ovation, the grandeur of the bluffs and the majestic course of the vast inland stream, the free and courteous association for days together, in the midst of such glorious scenery, of men

high in office or fame and citizens of the humblest vocations, — fair rustics and city dames, the clerk, the mechanic, the farmer, the man of genius, the rich and the poor, — added an emphatic reproach of what he called the absurd sacrifice of comfort and precedence to the females of the company, without the least regard to their comparative refinement or social grade. He professed his entire willingness to yield his state-room, or wait until dinner was cold, for a *lady;* but deemed it a hard and unwarrantable requisition in behalf of a woman simply as such. We called his attention to some rough specimens of his own sex, and inquired what he imagined would be the effect, in a promiscuous and crowded assembly like this, and in a land where we called no man master, — where no ranks or established etiquette regulated "the order of our going," — if the universal sentiment awakened by the presence of woman did not subdue and keep in check the less polished and the lawless. He acknowledged the force of the plea, and recognized in this trait of social feeling, with all its inconveniences, an invaluable conservative principle, as well as a manly instinct of character.

If we analyze society as the arena of human intercourse, we find that the basis or elemental principle upon which it rests is that heart of courtesy, that instinct of honor, which is a quality of blood more than of breeding. Whatever external refinement marks the association of men and women, unless this intuition reigns, there is no reliable ground for high social character. This has been recognized under different names in all civilized ages, and the knight of the past is the gentleman of to-day. We have always deemed it one of the most noteworthy facts in human life, that no process of culture, imitation, or manner can take the place of this gentle blood. Sooner or later its absence is revealed, and neither the trappings of wealth, the artifices of vanity, nor the perceptions of genius can atone for or hide the essential deficiency. We remember sailing down the Hudson in the same steamer which carried the West Point cadets to their vacation freedom. It was the first day of liberty they had known for two years, and, released from the stringent discipline of the military school, the outbreak of youthful spirits was in the ratio

of previous restraint. That hour of revel exhibited every phase of character. These young men were from all quarters of the land; some had walked from the Illinois River to present themselves as candidates, and others had left sumptuous homes on Carolina plantations, or the intellectual circles of New England towns; and the scene before us, as well as the testimony of a Professor, gave evidence that there was the greatest diversity in the instinctive sentiments of these juvenile representatives of the nation. With some an appeal to honor, a frank confidence, was more effective than any reprimand, while others were insensible to any discipline but that of external punishment. In a word, there was clearly revealed the difference of blood in the only institution of the country specially adapted to rear a race of gentlemen. What is thus observable on a narrow scale is equally true of the nation at large and the world in general. The individuals who have the natural qualifications for society, in its best sense, are scattered; they are as numerous here as elsewhere, but the institutions and customs of the land are less favorable to their exclusive association. What is called the democratic spirit, and still more the influence of wealth, political equality, and community of pursuits, tend to generalize social life; it is not easy to apply any system of discrimination; and the consequence is, that, in the large assemblies in our cities, people meet of every conceivable degree of breeding and intelligence. It is not unusual to find elegance and vulgarity, rustic and courtly manners, the fop and the scholar, at the same *fête*. The highest style of manners and the truest ornaments of society exist among us. In each of the local gatherings which may be considered as representative of social life in America, are found more or fewer of the desirable elements of the best society. At a Washington party, towards the close of a session of Congress, a political veteran full of suggestive reminiscences and strong original points of character presents a salient contrast to the European interest of the diplomatic corps or the ethereal beauty of the younger fair. At a literary dinner in Boston are exhibited a variety of attainments and a tone of culture such as endear the recollection of similar entertainments in London

or Edinburgh. Epicurism, scientific chat, and the presence of distinguished strangers, enliven the "Wistar parties" of Philadelphia. All the Continental graces may be seen at a ball in New Orleans, while the traditional hospitality of the Dutch colonists is annually renewed on the first of January in New York, in combination with the most costly elegances of modern luxury.

It is, however, next to impossible to isolate and organize the choice elements. We need central figures,—a nucleus for crystallization. The intelligent and independent American, however, cannot reasonably complain of the social life of his country. In doing so, he accuses his own social qualities. There is material enough, but it must be sought under the guidance of rational sympathy, not according to the dictates of fashion. There is mental cultivation and originality in abundance; but it must be elicited by a kindred development. There are women of the noblest and most gentle aspirations, and men of the most vigorous thought and humane sympathies; there are, in fact, all the elements of the most delightful and elevating society; but they exist in solution,—they cannot be found in any one *salon* like the Hôtel Rambouillet, or around a single table, as at Holland House in the olden time, or at the literary *soirées* of a favored city, such as Edinburgh was in the days of Henry Mackenzie. The restless spirit, the wide ambition, the devotion to affairs, and the material tastes of our people, scatter and dissipate social gifts and graces; they can be reached only through an eclectic habit. In every metropolis and village there are wise old men, noble youths, and cultivated women; there are families whose hearthstones are as altars; and to these and such as these the social aspirant must have recourse in simplicity and affection, and he will infallibly reap a priceless harvest.

ART. III. — 1. *British Manly Exercises; in which Rowing and Sailing are now first described, and Riding and Driving are for the first Time given in a Work of this Kind; as well as the usual Subjects of Walking, Running, Leaping, Vaulting, Balancing, Skating, Climbing, Swimming, Wrestling, Boxing, Training, etc.* By DONALD WALKER. Philadelphia: Thomas Wardle. 1836. pp. 285.

2. HUFELAND'S *Art of Prolonging Life.* Edited by ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1854. pp. 328.

3. *Prevention and Cure of many Chronic Diseases by Movements; an Exposition of the Principles and Practice of the Movements for the Correction of the Tendencies to Disease in Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, and for the Cure of many Morbid Affections of Adults.* By M. ROTH, M. D. London: John Churchill. 1851. pp. 303.

4. *Preservation of Health and Prevention of Disease, etc.* By B. N. COMINGS, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. pp. 208.

5. *Home, School, and Hospital Gymnastics for Physical Development and Strength, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health.* By C. E. LANGDON. Cincinnati. [Unpublished.]

THOUGH mankind have inhabited the earth for at least sixty centuries, it is not a little remarkable how imperfectly as yet they have mastered the philosophy of life, as applied to the most common matters. They are, even under the august names of Civilization and Christianity, still but a species of larger children, — crude, impulsive, and far from having reduced their existence to order and comfort. They are veritable "strangers on the earth," in another sense than the theological one. And what is even more remarkable, that part of the philosophy of life which appertains to their physical well-being, though apparently the most tangible and manageable, is quite as rude and unsettled as any portion of their knowledge and their practice. They do not yet know how to eat, drink, dress, dwell, travel, sail, work, exercise, breathe, after the

true dictates of nature. In these arts the civilized nations are often farther from the order of the physical constitution than the wild Indian. Myriads in the European and American capitals yearly fall victims to each one of these necessary processes of our animal life, because they have not yet been brought into complete harmony with, and subordination to, those mighty elements and energies of the natural world in which we are embosomed, and which seem to be on the alert, like a vigilant pursuing force, to pick off all stragglers from the regular rank and file of the army.

If, again, we were to name any part of physical training and habitude as having been specially neglected or ignored by physicians, educationists, and religionists, we should specify Gymnastics, or muscular exercises, as the field of the sluggard, overgrown with briers and thistles. In modern education the intellect is the chief concern, and enthusiasm for progress is drained off in that channel. In medicine and surgery the grand idea is the cure, rather than the prevention, of disease; and the cure too from without, by the application of certain external remedies, rather than the cure from within, by summoning into action those latent forces of the constitution which have lost their normal operation. In ethics, in like manner, almost exclusive attention is bestowed upon specific rules and principles of conduct, and external habits of the moral and social nature, without taking into account the antecedent and underlying condition of the body and the soul, or those tremendous and Cyclopean powers from beneath, which can, and do, with unexpected volcanic explosions, overthrow the stateliest intellectual and moral fabrics, upon which a world of pains has been exhausted; for vice, we are well convinced, is often a habit which complicates itself with some morbid action of the bodily functions, while it lays a polluting hand upon the sacred altar of conscience and the heart. Our nature, however we may divide it off and parcel it out, is still, in a strong sense, one mysteriously combined, married part to part and power to power, and vibrating under the breath of the same consciousness from the very cuticle to the inmost shrine of the immortal spirit.

We are inclined to think, indeed, that the ancients were

much in advance of modern civilized nations in their philosophy of life, so far as it pertained to the necessity and value of physical culture, and the instrumentalities by which they produced a healthy and vigorous state and development of all the corporeal limbs and powers. The Greeks were the most beautiful, and the Romans were the strongest race, that have yet appeared on the earth; and thus both "strength and beauty were in the sanctuary" of pagan worship, as an offering to the Creator of our fearful and wonderful frame. After we have made all due allowance for the transcendent and incomputable gifts of genius which were lavished on the immortal leaders of thought in Greece, and on the mighty men of action in Rome, we find in their vigorous and systematic gymnasticism, carried through centuries, and incorporated into the lifeblood of the people, one source of that unconquerable and immortal energy which glowed in the soul of Plato, and nerved the arm of Cæsar. It is the rule of nature, that we shall have what we work for, and a purer blood was arterialized in Grecian veins, a more electric thrill ran through Roman sinews, than is vouchsafed to sluggard nations. The ancients thus cultivated one means of power which we have sadly neglected and discountenanced; and the eminent and honorable features of noble manhood in the sons of even a pagan age, we are confident, are attributable in no slight degree to the diligent exercises of the palæstra and the gymnasium. We very well know that those institutions were not always pure or high-toned in their moral influence, especially in the later ages of the ancient civilization, but on the whole they were fountains of great vital force. To tell the truth, in these modern times many men are not strong enough to be either good or great, or to do the good and the great. By what a set of morbid poets, irritable philosophers, unwholesome politicians, contentious theologians, crabbed moralists, and soured educationists has the world been filled and afflicted, because, along with other reasons, they have not possessed an harmoniously developed and healthfully working physical constitution! Milton says, "The mind is its own place," and it is a sublime truth; but then for most purposes, and in the ordinary uses of our being, we feel that the body

is the mind's place, and that upon the body's welfare the mind materially depends for its growth and peace. Man is to himself a complex equation, and he cannot work out its solution, unless he uses all the terms which belong to the problem.

We confess that the too paramount object of the ancient gymnastics was to train soldiers for war, and skilful gladiators for the amphitheatre; but the peaceful citizen, and the man of letters and of affairs, shared in the common advantages of so universal and systematic a physical education. The agencies that imparted to the body a more perfect development of beauty and strength, oxygenated the blood, and energized the brain with a purer circulation. The philosopher had a keener wit for his dialogue, and the orator a fuller roll to his eloquence, from the same force that gave Leonidas and his three hundred their terrible energy in battle, and that crowned Cæsar and his legions with the garlands of countless victories.

The origin of Gymnastics is not known, though they were attributed to Æsculapius; but they first appear in an organized form in Sparta, where they were chiefly turned to a military use. They were adopted in Athens, and there were more intimately blended with the objects of general education and the refinements of philosophy and poetry. There the gymnasia became the resort of artists of all kinds, and whatever was most wise or cultivated in Grecian life was assembled in the gymnastic halls, which were constructed with architectural beauty, and adorned with pictures and statues. The festivals of the great games, the Olympian, Isthmian, Nemean, and others, also contributed to cherish these exercises, by which the combatants were prepared to display almost incredible feats of strength and skill. The bearing, too, of such a bodily development upon success in intellectual pursuits was distinctly recognized. Thus, after Demosthenes had failed in his first oration before his critical countrymen, and was wandering dejected in the Peiræus, a wise old man by the name of Eunomus, the Thriasian, met him, and remonstrated thus: "You have a manner of speaking very like that of Pericles, and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity

and cowardice. You neither bear up against the tumults of a popular assembly, nor prepare your body by exercise for the labor of the rostrum, but suffer your parts to wither away in negligence and indolence." Cicero, we are also told, "was of a lean and slender make, and his stomach was so weak that he was obliged to be very sparing in his diet, and not to eat until a late hour of the day"; but he resorted to the schools of Greece, and Plutarch informs us that "his body was strengthened by exercise, and brought to a good habit."

Rollin says: —

"The Greeks, by nature warlike, and equally intent upon forming the bodies and minds of their youth, introduced these exercises, and annexed honors to them, in order to prepare the younger sort for the profession of arms, to confirm their health, to render them stronger and more robust, to inure them to fatigues, and to make them intrepid in close fight, in which, the use of fire-arms being then unknown, the strength of body generally decided the victory. These athletic exercises supplied the place of those in use amongst our nobility, as dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, &c.; but they did not confine themselves to a graceful mien, nor to the beauties of shape and face; they were for joining strength to the charms of person."

Grote quotes from Aristotle, that

"The Spartans brought to perfection their gymnastic training and their military discipline, at a time when other Greeks neglected both the one and the other: their early superiority was that of trained men over the untrained, and ceased in after days, when other states came to subject their citizens to systematic exercises of analogous character or tendency."

Thucydides, in his History of the Peloponnesian War, says: —

"The Lacedæmonians were the first who performed their exercises naked, (hence the term *gymnastics*,) stripping themselves in public, and anointing themselves with oil before they entered the lists; though before, the custom had prevailed at the Olympic games for the champions to wear scarfs about their loins; and it is only a few years since they were quite disused. But even yet, amongst some barbarians, more especially those of Asia, where the matches of boxing and wrestling are in repute, the combatants engage with scarfs around their loins."

Grote says: —

"These public Syssitia, [mess-tables,] under the management of the Polemarchs, were connected with the military distribution, the constant gymnastic training, and the rigorous discipline of detail, enforced by Lycurgus. From the early age of seven years, throughout his whole life, as youth and man no less than as boy, the Spartan citizen lived habitually in public, always either himself under drill, gymnastic and military, or a critic and spectator of others."

"Xenophon, a warm panegyrist of Spartan manners, points with some pride to the tall and vigorous breed of citizens which the Lycurgic institutions had produced. The beauty of the Lacedæmonian women was notorious throughout Greece. . . . . It is in this universal schooling, training, and drilling, imposed alike upon boys and men, youths and virgins, rich and poor, that the distinctive attribute of Sparta is to be sought, — not in her laws or political constitution."

The Gymnasium was the name of the general institution for physical education and public resort; the Palæstra, of the particular portion of it devoted to games and feats of strength, as boxing, wrestling, running, leaping, throwing the discus, and other exercises of a like character. These just named were in fact the celebrated Pentathlon, or five games of Greece.

Eschenburg says that "the corporeal exercises, especially in the early times, were viewed by the Romans as a more essential object in education than the study of literature and science." The system of athletic sports was connected not only with education in the ancient commonwealths, but also with religion and the interests of the state. It was discerned by the founders of civil order, that a thorough physical growth, and a sound state of body among a people, were inevitable elements of power in a political organization. These manly exercises and games of strength did something to redeem for a season the republics from the vices of overgrown power and luxury, and only when they were perverted to the nourishing of profligacy, and to the cruel pastime of the gladiatorial shows, did moral corruption and political decline keep even pace, and hurry on the downfall of pagan civilization. The evil was not in this feature of the ancient life, but other causes converted even this boon of the finest bodily development into a bane.

Besides the gymnasium and palæstra, where the youth were trained to vigorous exercises and sports, — a system sustained in Sparta at the public expense, and compulsory on every citizen, — there were various games, like the Olympian, to arouse the utmost emulation between both individuals and states, and to reward proficiency in physical culture with the most brilliant and coveted honors. The simple crown of oak or pine leaves, set on the brow of the victor, was hailed as a symbol of renown all over Greece, and almost stood for immortality of fame; while both beauty and letters lent their presence and charms to these state occasions, the poet reading his lyric or epic, and the historian his world-enduring narrative before the assembled thousands of their countrymen at the great games.

Some of the old Asiatic nations were not wholly devoid of physical discipline as a part of their education, and even among the rude tribes of North America the young warrior was early trained by diligent exercise to hurl the spear and bend the bow adroitly. Xenophon, in his Cyropædia, in describing the Persian education, says: —

"The boys who frequent the public places of instruction pass their time in learning justice; and tell you that they go for that purpose, as those with us, who go to learn letters, tell you that they go for this purpose. . . . . They learn, besides, to shoot with the bow, and to throw the javelin. These things the boys practise till they are sixteen or seventeen years of age; then they enter the order of youth. . . . . The tribes that remain at home pass their time in practising the things they learned while they were boys, in shooting with the bow, and throwing the javelin. These they continue exercising in emulation one against another, and there are public games in these kinds, and prizes set."

It was in such a discipline that Cyrus the Great, the hero of Xenophon's historical romance, was trained, and taught, as the two most princely accomplishments, to speak the truth, and hurl the javelin. This may seem to be a rather meagre programme of education in our days of numerous and distracting studies; but whatever of dignity naturally associates itself with the name of Persian in history is derived in no small measure from these two elements of a moral and a

physical athletism, both of which we have, perhaps, too much lost from sight in our overweening devotion to intellectual power.

Vitruvius gives a description of the Greek gymnasium. One part was devoted to the Pentathlon, or five games, and other parts to seats, promenades, and places of instruction. Besides the palæstric exercises, there were the orchestric, or those which pertained more to the culture of grace in manner, as dancing and gesticulation.

The exercises of the Romans were specially designed, either to train a nation to bear arms, or to prepare combatants for the gladiatorial exhibitions. They took many hints from the Greeks, as it was their national characteristic to follow whatever they found good in any other people. The originality of the Roman civilization consisted, indeed, in its composite order. There were, according to Lipsius, three principal species of exercises for the Roman soldier; namely, of burdens, of work, and of arms. Under the first it was no light task to carry his food, his utensils, his means of fortification, and his weapons of war, offensive and defensive. His labors were often arduous almost beyond credibility, in pitching the camp, digging trenches, throwing up fortifications, building bridges, and digging military mines. Besides all these there were specific exercises of walking, running, leaping, swimming, the *palaria* or sham-fight, hurling the spear, javelin, dart, and arrow, and vaulting. The gladiators were exercised and dieted under regular teachers, and trained in the most severe and careful manner, by a great variety of movements, both with and without arms, to be expert and powerful, both in attacking men and beasts, and in defending themselves against assault. Thus the gymnastic art, which in its origin was designed as a branch of education, and was taught and practised almost as among the fine arts, came at last to the ignoble uses of mere brute strength, and deeds of cruelty and bloodshed. It was, undoubtedly, this desecration of physical culture which has so largely indisposed the modern world to the revival of the gymnastic art. Men are not willing to believe that any good can come out of the gymnasium and the palæstra. Christendom remembers with bitterness the ten

Roman persecutions, and the awful orgies of amphitheatrical martyrdom.

Still we cannot doubt, as we have said, that these splendid nations of antiquity owed not a little of their eminence above the average historic level to muscle as well as to mind, and to mind through muscle. They gymnasticized themselves into power, and all the dynamical forces of both soul and body were immensely accelerated in speed, hardened into endurance, fortified by habit, made nimble and expert by unceasing practice, and multiplied by skilful combinations. Both Plato and Aristotle required that boys should be trained in the bodily exercises of the gymnasium for several years before entering upon their studies, and that such exercises should not then be remitted. The former says: "The excess of corporeal exercises may render us wild and unmanageable, but the excess of arts, sciences, and music makes us too trifling and effeminate; only the right combination of both makes the soul circumspect and manly."

Testimonies are also given to the value of these exercises in curing and in preventing disease, as well as in physical education. Herodicus, the celebrated teacher of Hippocrates, cured himself and many others of diseases by means of gymnastics, and lived to the age of one hundred years. Galen, the great medical philosopher, who was feeble until he was thirty years old, became strong and healthy by devoting several hours every day to gymnastic exercises. He said that the best physician was he who was the best teacher of gymnastics.

The athletic and dietetic advantages of this system were indeed insufficient to avert that awful lapse and subsidence of society, the decline and downfall of the Greek, and subsequently of the Roman civilization. Not possessing the conservative, and at the same time reformatory, element of the Christian faith, that splendid development of human genius and power had no sufficient rampart against the incursions of the lower passions and appetites. But "fair weather came out of the North"; uncorrupted tribes from the forests of Germany grafted a healthy scion on the tree of humanity, and renewed the hope of the world.

One of the earliest writers after the restoration of letters, who discussed the subject in question, was Mercurialis, whose work, in six books, on "The Celebrated Gymnastic Art of the Ancients," was published at Venice in 1569. Yet earlier, Albert Durer, the engraver, had written a work, still in manuscript, entitled, "Reflections on the Handling of Arms," which had some reference to physical training. But the most voluminous writer upon gymnastics was Guts-muths, in the eighteenth century, in Germany. He was an assistant teacher in the school of Salzmann in Thuringia, a clergyman, and the first modern instructor of youth who taught bodily exercises, as running, leaping, swimming, climbing, balancing, as a regular part of education; and the very remarkable fact is stated, that during thirty-two years, in which three hundred and thirty-four pupils from various nations were educated in the establishment, not one death occurred among them.

In the Middle Ages, the tournament, hunting, and war, among the nobility and gentry, and agriculture, mechanics, and sailing, among the common people, supplied the chief resources for physical invigoration. All nations, however, had their manly sports and games of skill and strength, which did something to save the youth from enervation. But not until quite recently has any considerable attention been given to the transcendent value of physical education, and even now it is almost ignored as an art by the most ancient and influential institutions in Europe and America. The very term of Gymnasia itself, applied in modern days to schools of a higher order in Germany, has ceased to convey the idea of bodily exercises as necessarily a part of the course of discipline. The intellect has

> "So got the start of the majestic world,
> And bears the palm alone."

But this decline of the ancient wisdom of education has not been suffered to proceed without strong protests, and earnest efforts at reformation, the most successful of which have come from the more active nations of Europe, — the Swedes, the Germans, and the English.

Many elegant writers have indeed borne emphatic testimony to the value of the gymnastic art; but few positive efforts

have been made to embody their sentiments in working institutions, that should mould the rising manhood and womanhood of the age. Rousseau says: "The body must be healthy to obey the soul: a good servant must be strong: the weaker the body, the more it encumbers and weakens the soul." He also says: "If you wish to develop the mind of a pupil, develop the power which that mind has to govern, exercise his body, make him healthy and strong, that you may make him prudent and reasonable." He makes the exceedingly important observation, that "all sensual passions are found in effeminate bodies; the more they are roused, the less they are satisfied." "The body and mind," is the aphorism of Sterne, "are like a jerkin and its lining. If you rumple the one, you rumple the other." Addison remarks, that "Gymnastics open the chest, exercise the limbs, and give a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish," he adds, "that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves." Montaigne puts the case thus: "It is a soul, not a body only, which we must educate; it is a man of whom we must not make two; we must not train the one without the other, but must guide and lead them like a pair of horses harnessed to one shaft." Hufeland advises to "let the child, till the seventh year, pass the greater part of the time in bodily movements and gymnastic games of every kind, and mostly in the open air, for that is most healthy." Frederic Hoffman says, that "strong bodily exercise is often a real and uninjurious preventive of the beginning of many diseases." Rothstein remarks, that "we employ a scientific horseman to train a valuable horse, but let the development of the human body go."

To come home to American writers, Cleveland, in his excellent Essay on the Classical Education of Boys, says: —

"First of all, I would recommend those exercises which strengthen the frame systematically, as gymnastics of every kind. I am aware that these are in use among us, but they are rarely insisted on as a duty; children are left to their inclination, and this is a country where

the excessive heat in summer, and cold in winter, induce to want of energy, and inactivity. I wish that an hour a day might be set apart and rigidly kept for these exercises. The results of such an education are truly astonishing. . . . . It is melancholy indeed, in our institutions for learning, especially our colleges, to see so many puny-looking young men; hollow chests, round shoulders, and bending body are characteristics of our students, and premature old age or consumption carries off but too many of our most gifted men."

Horace Mann has the following passage, in a description of a gymnastic hall in Boston:—

"It is a pleasure to look upon this scene when the room is well filled, the apparatus in full use, and the gymnasts passing round from one piece of the apparatus to another, to give the requisite variety to their exercises, and to allow each different part of the body to take its turn. It is not the vigor, the agility, or the quickness; it is not the length of the leap, nor the height of the vaulting, which alone delights us in contemplating this scene. To a reflecting mind there is a deeper pleásure than could be derived from beholding any mere exhibition of strength, though it should equal Samson's, or of fleetness, though it should emulate that of Mercury. We know that every leap and spring aids in renewing the substance of the body, and therefore in giving greater hilarity to the spirits, and superior vigor to the intellect. Every motion helps to construct a fortification against disease, and to render the body more impregnable against its attacks. It requires indeed no very strong imagination to see the horrid forms of the diseases themselves, as they are exorcised and driven from the bodies, which were once their victims, and are compelled to seek some new tenement. Those prodigious leaps over the vaulting horse, how they kick hereditary gout out of the toes! Those swift somersets, with their quick and deep breathings, are ejecting bronchitis, asthma, and phthisic from the throat and lungs. On yonder pendant rope, consumption is hung up like a malefactor, as it is. Legions of blue devils are impaled on those parallel bars. Dyspepsia lost hold of its victim when he mounted the flying horse, and has never since been able to regain her accursed throne, and live by gnawing the vitals. There goes a flock of nervous distempers, headache and tic-douloureux and St. Anthony's fire; there they fly out of the window, seeking some stall-fed alderman, or fat millionnaire, or aristocratic old lady. Rheumatisms and cramps and spasms sit coiled up and chattering in the corners of the room, like Satanic imps, as they are; the strong muscles of the athletes having shaken them off, as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his

mane. Jaundice flees away to yellow the cheeks and blear the eyes of my fair young lady, reclining on ottomans in her parlor. The balancing-pole shakes lumbago out of the back, and kinks out of the femoral muscles, and stitches out of the side. Pleurisy and apoplexy and fever and paralysis and death hover round; they look into the windows of this hall, but, finding brain and lungs and heart all defiant of their power, they go away in quest of some lazy cit, some guzzling drone, or some bloated epicure at his late supper, to fasten their fatal fangs upon them. In the mean time, the rose blooms again on the pale cheek of the gymnast; his shrivelled skin is filled out, and his non-elastic muscles and bones rejoice anew in the vigor and buoyancy of youth. A place like this ought to be named the Palace of Health."

But the theory of gymnastics, however scientific or plausible, has rarely been carried into full and patient execution in modern times. The Greek fire is extinct. In Denmark, as early as 1803, national attention was given to the gymnastic art, and many schools were established. In 1811, Dr. Jahn instituted his gymnasium at Berlin; in 1824, Mr. Völker founded one in London; and one was established in the same year by Captain Clias, at Chelsea, in the royal military asylum. In 1825, Dr. Beck, afterwards the honored Professor of Latin in Harvard College, a pupil of Dr. Jahn, commenced the first American gymnasium at Northampton, Massachusetts. The lamented Dr. Follen had charge of gymnasia in Boston and Cambridge in 1826 and 1827. Similar institutions now exist in most of the larger European and American cities.

But the most original and successful movement of this kind in modern times was made by Ling, who was born in Smaland, Sweden, November 15, 1766, and died May 3, 1839. His principle was, that "an harmonious organic development of the body, and of its powers and capacities, by exercises, considered in relation to the organic and intellectual faculties, ought to constitute an essential part in the general education of a people." His curative bodily movements were first employed in Stockholm, in 1813. His gymnastics were introduced many years ago, not only into all the military academies of Sweden, but into all schools, colleges, and universities, even into the orphan institutions and village schools.

"Sweden," says an authoress, "will never be able to acknowledge all it owes to the great art of Ling." This system has enjoyed the official support of the government for forty years, and has also been introduced into Russia by the proper authorities. The Prussian government delegated a physician to inquire into its merits, and, in consequence of his favorable report, a central model institution has been established at Berlin. Similar gymnasia, embodying his principles, have been founded at Vienna, Stettin, and Dresden. The exercises in his system are generally conducted without apparatus, and are admirably adapted to hospitals, and to persons of enfeebled sedentary life, who might sink under the more violent exercises of ropes, weights, pulleys, masts, and parallel bars.

We have met with no system that is better suited to the wants of modern times than that of Mr. Langdon. It comprehends the essential requisites of adaptation, variety, safety, efficiency, portableness, cheapness, physiological fitness, and facility to be learned and practised by every sex, age, and calling. The great prejudice which lies against the art, as tending to produce coarseness of manners and a combative disposition, and to raise up a generation of prize-fighters and bullies, is entirely obviated; for the exercises are not of a warlike character, either offensive or defensive. A rod of six feet in length, and two clubs of moderate size, with handles, constitute the outlay of expense for apparatus. The difficulty of being obliged to resort to a distant gymnasium is avoided; for the exercises can be carried on at home, in a yard, or study, and practised by children at their odd moments of leisure, or by the student, merchant, or artist in the fragments of hours that fall between the changes of occupation, or the visits of friends. The movements reach and exercise every limb and function of the body, and strain no one part excessively, but give play, vivacity, circulation, and energy to every portion of the trunk and the extremities. They are fitted to prevent and cure disease, to develop a manly and vigorous frame, and to resist the natural tendency of city and sedentary life to deteriorate the race. They come within the means of the poor as well as the rich, and com-

bine graceful pastime with their substantial offices in promoting energy and robust health. They do not endanger the invalid by tasks beyond his ability, or constrain the young to feats of emulation that expose them to a broken limb, a ruptured bloodvessel, or an incurable sprain. We should consider the introduction of such a system into faithful and habitual practice in our country as one of the most hopeful features in education, and as fitted to add twofold power to all the intellectual and moral means provided for the culture of children and youth. Besides, we should deem such a system a curative instrument of vast efficacy in the various hospitals, often more potent than all the pills and powders of the materia medica, or the remedial arts of the physician and the nurse.

Our schools, academies, and colleges, as at present conducted, are deficient in some of the most important instrumentalities for creating a sound mind in a sound body. Indeed, they are guilty of misdemeanors and high offences against the majesty of human nature, from which they can be exonerated in part only on the plea of ignorance. But in nature, as in the state, ignorance excuses no one, and hence we witness a large number of those who entered our seminaries of education with high hopes of improvement and usefulness returning erelong, it may be with the most brilliant honors and prizes of successful competition, but shattered in health, the hectic planted on the cheek, and dyspepsia or bronchitis fastened as a chronic habit upon the vital organs of life. Only one institution, and that unfortunately is a military one, can honestly boast of sending forth its alumni stronger and healthier than it received them, fully armed and equipped with better than shield and spear for life's great struggle, even with the panoply of a vigorous sheathing of muscles upon a rock-like groundwork of bone, operated by untrembling nerves and steadily beating pulse. But what a pale, cadaverous, and prematurely aged set of youths are assembled as graduating classes, even in our most venerated universities! O for a touch of the Olympic games, rather than this pallid effeminacy! O for a return to the simple Persian elements of telling the truth, and hurling the javelin, instead of the bloodless cheeks, and flesh-

less limbs, and throbbing brains of our first scholars in Harvard, Yale, or Princeton! But there is a medium, doubtless, between the ancient and modern discipline, by which we might secure the benefit and exclude the vices of both. And until some measure of this kind is adopted, we must continue to have our hearts agonized by the spectacle of brilliant scholars, dragging out a miserable existence in unstrung and dilapidated systems, the mind, with all its tastes, faculties, and energies, tuned like an angel's harp, and performing all its fearful and wonderful operations to a charm, while its earthly companion seconds its high functions in the feeblest manner, and jars and grates with its crazy aches and ills in harsh discords amid the sublime concert of intellectual and spiritual harmonies. In truth, how many a glorious idea has been stillborn from physical prostration! How many a fine rhyme has come halting off from the blunted sense of an aching brain! What bitter drops of gall have flowed from the pen of the dyspeptic! What dark views of human nature, and what censorious estimates of character, have been shaded by the sombre gloom of the jaundiced eye! What insane theories and morbid tastes have been engrafted on the stock of literature by the non-digestion of a dinner, or a twinge of neuralgic pain! Such, to be sure, are the magnificent resources of the mind, and its daring spirit of independence, that it will often vindicate its inborn and indestructible capacity in spite of disease and pain, reign lord of the ascendant, no matter how agonizing the tension of the nerves, and work on with almost preternatural energy, though sinews crack and bloodvessels burst; but how much more sound and beautiful would the masterpieces of literature have been, had they proceeded from healthy minds in healthy bodies, instead of being born, as has often been the case, of gin and genius, of fancy and headache, of blindness and seraphic imagination, of angelic fancy and a broken heart!

In the early history of this country, the Olympic games of our people were hunting, woodcraft, and Indian, French, and Revolutionary wars. The wild forests developed the muscles of our fathers, and cottage toil strengthened noble mothers of heroes and patriots. A hardy life in rural pursuits in the

open air is still the mighty rampart of our nation against an army of diseases, and the effemination of a whole race of men. But unfortunately, as our cities grow, as civilization waxes complex and luxurious, and the classes addicted to professional, mercantile, and sedentary life are multiplied, the physical stamina are in danger of succumbing under the fascinations of easy dignity, and busy idleness, and physical indulgence, even when free from the blight of vice. It needs to be rung into the ear of every educator, as with the peal of a trumpet, that the body cannot be neglected with impunity; that in its effeminated capacities the most morbid and monstrous passions will hold their saturnalia; and that only in its vigorous exercise and expansion, as well as in the development, culture, and equipment of the intellect, and the enriching and purifying of the heart, can the world have "assurance of a man." No school or college with any pretensions to be level with the spirit of the age ought to proceed upon the old system of drugging the intellect to satiety with knowledge, and leaving the physical and moral powers comparatively uncared for, since only as all the capacities are harmoniously unfolded can any one of them attain its maximum of strength, usefulness, and happiness. The ancient philosophers can yet teach us many a lesson of high wisdom; but they can give us no more significant symbol of the fine balance of their systems than the lovely walks of the gymnasium, the arena of active sports for innumerable youths, musical with the voices of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

Nor is the whim to be tolerated, that nothing will benefit the child in education, or the patient in disease, except what he fancies and likes, and that, if bodily exercises are distasteful, they will prove fruitless. The child has many a lesson set to learn against which he relucts, but the very energy called forth in overcoming his dislike proves a wholesome discipline to his forming character. And the patient must take many a pill which his soul loathes; but what is bitter in the mouth becomes sweet in the stomach, and matures into health in due time. So, in this office of the physical man, a walk, a game, a run, a ride, or a feat of strength may not always accord with our inclinations, and if it does not, it

will doubtless be entered into with the less spirit, and result in the less good. But it needs to be known, both by educator and physician, that exercise is good, however distasteful at first, — that we cannot stretch out an arm or a foot, or walk, or run, or leap, without freshening the life-currents of the system, sending new flashes of electric warmth along the nerves and muscles, and scattering a cloud of those blue and black devils that buzz around the ears of poor sedentary students, stayers at home, and women imprisoned in nurseries, and amid their household cares. Dryden long ago sung: —

> "The first physicians by debauch were made,
> Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.
> By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
> Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
> But we, their sons, a pampered race of men,
> Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend:
> God never made his work for man to mend."

Many a poor, pining invalid needs but to shake himself free from the palsying incubus of imagined inability to move, and to plunge into the open air, Heaven's tonic bath of ether, and, as he gets strength by gentle and judicious repetition, to mount a horse or to practise the gymnastic movements; and a sense of returning health would soon seat itself in every sense and limb. Many a wanderer to distant climes for health, has a fountain of Hygiene in his own bosom, which needs but the magic wand of the gymnast to unseal it, and he would drink healing and vigor from its sparkling waters. Many a life is worn heavily and wearily away, a burden to the possessor, a sadness to friends, and a drawback from the happiness of society, which requires but the old homely prescription of Galen or Celsus to give it "beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Whatever may be thought of the theory of Kinesipathy as a mode of treatment for disease, we cannot doubt that the kneading processes of vigorous muscular movements, the invigoration of repeated exercises, the deepened inspiration and the quickened perspiration of rapid play with the Indian clubs, or the

dumb-bells, are the legitimate preventive and cure of a score of diseases. Nothing should be done rashly, or without the consultation and permission of one's physician; but with this proviso the way is clear. The use of drugs and medicines has but a limited range at the most, — is an evil invoked to overcome a greater evil, one thief set to catch another. But the beauty and perfection of the gymnastic cure is that it chimes in with the continued normal state of the body, and creates health while it is itself health.

We look to see, therefore, the old art redeemed from the foul uses to which it has often been put, and employed in qualifying man to act well his part, as a body made of the earth, and as a soul destined to immortality. Strength, health, and beauty are to be quarried out of the rich materials stored away in human nature by a bountiful Creator. The greatest and the best lie near us, and humble herbs grow at our door, that can calm the fiercest diseases. There is required but the application of a normal, natural education even to our dyspeptic, deformed, and degraded race, to create new wonders of physical grace and vigor, equal to those of the Grecian time, adorned and sanctified by a coronet of Christian virtues never known to the Porch or the Academy.

ART. IV. — *Mount Lebanon. A Ten Years' Residence, from* 1842 *to* 1852; *describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, with a Full and Correct Account of the Druse Religion; and containing Historical Records of the Mountain Tribes, from Personal Intercourse with their Chiefs and other Authentic Sources.* By COLONEL CHURCHILL, Staff Officer of the British Expedition to India. London: Saunders and Otley. 1853. 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 390, 398, 399.

THE road from Damascus to Beyrout across the ranges of the Lebanon is annually followed by travellers enough to form a caravan. It usually finishes the winding line of a Palestine

pilgrimage, and joins the most wearisome physical experiences to the most glorious impressions of natural scenery. Most travellers hurry over it, possibly diverging for a day or two to see the ruins of Baalbec or the Cedars, — call hastily upon the Consul of their nation, draw largely upon their bankers, square accounts with the dragoman and the mule men, and take the steamer next morning; forgetting, in the rapture of being "homeward bound" and finding Christian comforts, to inquire anything about the region they have traversed. There is no end to "Itineraries" of Palestine and Egypt. If the Via Dolorosa, with its stations, be not as well known as the Strand and Broadway, with their theatres and shops, it is the fault of readers, and not of writers. A Bostonian can find in his public libraries more about Mount Zion than about his own Beacon Hill, more about the Arabian Desert than the Back Bay flats; and the Jewish University of Tiberias has hardly fewer visitors who tell its shows and methods, than the Christian Universities of Cambridge in Old and New England.

In this endless succession of "Travels in the East," the Lebanon is, we venture to think, unduly neglected. It is a too important region of Syria to be dismissed in a dozen concluding pages, which tell how the way-worn traveller was caught in snow-banks, was cheated at last by his servants, and felt his heart beat joyfully at getting away from the land of infidels. There are other things worth recording besides the measurements of the huge blocks of the Heliopolis temple, with wise conjectures about the miracle of their raising. The old grove of Cedars — albeit it justifies a pleasant paragraph about Solomon and Hiram, and the new "House" on Mount Moriah, with appropriate reflections — does not exhaust the forest wealth of the mountains which it crowns. Nor are we quite satisfied to have the Christian condition and Christian sects of the region confined to a brief statement of what the American missionaries have done or are trying to do. In vain we look, in nineteen twentieths of the books of travel, for any valuable information about this part of Syria. Dr. Robinson seems to have become faint with over-exertion before he reached the latitude of the mountains, and gives us his inten-

tions rather than his discoveries there, — what he learned at Beyrout, rather than what he saw on the hills. Silk Buckingham parades his adventures in the Lebanon with the usual admixture of profound disquisition, which readers skip; while they will do well also to make large allowances for the imaginary facts of that modest writer. Burckhard is learned, accurate, and thorough, — capital in copying inscriptions, measuring ruins, recording names and places, estimating distances, and the like, — but is rather dry to a general reader. Volney's book, translated nearly seventy years ago, remains still, in spite of its inaccuracies, the most instructive and entertaining account of the Lebanon in the English tongue. The German travellers have treated more of the geography of the region than of its history, its commerce, or its religions.

The author of the work before us writes, not as a mere traveller across the Lebanon ranges, but as one long resident there. Among the illustrations which adorn his volumes is a picture of his own mansion at Howarra. The motives of his ten years' sojourn among these mountain-tribes he does not tell us, and we learn nothing more about him in the body of the work than is contained in the title-page, and in the dedication where he speaks of himself as the "faithful and obliged friend" of the Duke of Wellington. That he is a man of thorough education and refined taste, the style of his writings sufficiently proves. Disclaiming the credit of an historian, he has produced a work which has the order, the substance, and the value of a history, with the freshness of a novel. His scanty and unmanageable materials are arranged with singular skill, and each volume of the series preserves its own unity. The ulterior object of Colonel Churchill in publishing such a work is patriotic. He wishes England to be aware of the value of this Syrian territory, that, when the Turkish empire is dismembered and the Turkish power overthrown, as it must speedily be, England may avail herself of her growing popularity in the East to assume the protectorate, if not the ownership, of the Lebanon. He urges this for military as well as for commercial reasons. "Lebanon is the great natural fortress which stands midway between the Eastern and the Western world." Nor does he omit the still higher

philanthropic and religious plea; but eloquently prophesies that the English occupation of the mountains and the commercial intercourse resulting from it will "draw together and unite the hitherto divergent races of mankind in the humanizing relations of fraternity and peace."

The glowing description which Colonel Churchill gives of the natural scenery of the Lebanon is not exaggerated. It is the union of Alpine grandeur with Oriental beauty. There is all the wildness of a mountain region with all the richness which poets ascribe to the gardens of Arabia. The highest peaks are crowned with perpetual snow. Beneath the long white line, which for half the year lies dazzling under an ever-shining sun, vast ledges and bald crags belt the hills with a grayer girdle. Below these are forests of fir and oak, the hiding-place of wolves and jackals, and, according to the natives, of tigers and hyenas; but it is fair to say that the last-named animals are rarely seen, and more rarely killed. In the gorges, the black volcanic rocks contrast finely with the silver threads of innumerable brooks and cascades, and the green, in various shades, of the orchards of fig and mulberry and olive. In the higher portions of the mountain, the sides of the hills are extremely steep, and the pathways are but zigzag steps along the precipice. Lower down, the slopes are more gradual, fair pastures appear, and there are valleys of exuberant fertility, where tropical plants grow almost spontaneously, and where the increase of the earth is amazingly swift and redundant. The vegetables and fruits of the East and West are here brought close together, the orange ripens by the side of the apple, the pomegranate blooms above the potato, and the coffee-berry and the tobacco-leaf are joined in their culture, as they combine in their subsequent use to perfect the bliss of the homes of the land.

In vineyards, the sides of Lebanon rival the terraced slopes of the Pyrenees and the Rhine-land. Less labor is required in their training, and the vines grow even more luxuriantly. Sometimes they are appended as a graceful ornament to the mulberry-orchards, and grapes are gathered from the same bending branches which have already furnished the silk-worms with their food. Oftener they cover the swelling cone of

some low hill, weaving with their matted tendrils over the whole surface a fantastic embroidery. If the clusters of Lebanon do not reach in magnitude the reported dimensions of the clusters of Eshcol, which would burden two men with their weight, the fame of their juice is as wide, and its flavor is as delicious to travellers who have been dosed with the bitter acids that bear in Judæa the name of wine. The wine of Lebanon has to-day a flavor which justifies the symbolic description of its fragrance by the old prophet Hosea.* If it be not now the sign of a renewed people, it restores a traveller's nearly exhausted faith in the virtues of the generous vine.

It is difficult to determine, in the landscapes of the Lebanon, which is most prominent, the work of nature or of man. The industry of ages has to such a degree corrected the irregular forms and developed the latent capacities of these hills, that the art upon them is quite as striking as the rugged features which no culture can change. In their whole length they are densely peopled,—more densely, it is probable, than any other mountain region on the face of the earth, and, according to their proportion of arable land, more densely than any other region whatever. The proper extent of the Lebanon is not more than one hundred miles from north to south, and, if the Antilibanus be excluded, not more than thirty in its greatest breadth. Above the latitude of Tripoli, its summits fall away, rising again some hundred miles farther north, where they approach and mingle with the ranges of Mount Taurus. The district technically called "the Lebanon" lies between the summits of Mount Turbul on the north and Mount Reehan on the south, the Bekaa or Cœle-Syria on the east and the Mediterranean on the west. A little beyond its southern extremity, the Leontes empties into the sea near Tyre, and at no great distance from its northern frontier its traffic reaches the Orontes and the decayed city of Antioch. It includes a considerable portion of ancient Phœnicia, and its principal marts are those which were important in King Hiram's reign, three thousand years ago. Sidon, with a scarcely changed name, remains a port of entry and departure for the traffic of

* Hosea xiv. 7.

the mountains; and many of the same wares which once stocked the markets of the ancient Berytus are still to be seen in the bazaars of modern Beyrout. In the northern portion of the region the peaks are highest, attaining an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. The loftiest peaks of the Antilibanus, which bound on the eastern side the valley of Cœle-Syria, are not more than six thousand feet above the sea. The same physical character belongs to this opposite mountain range which belongs to the Lebanon. A history, too, of one range is in substance a history of the other. The eastern hills have shared the political fortunes of the western.

The exact number of inhabitants of the Lebanon it is very difficult to reckon, or even to estimate. The villages are so numerous, the method of living so patriarchal, and the jealousy of Frank intrusion so quick and sensitive, that, even if a foreigner could find his way through the intricate passages of the mountains, he would gain but little correct information from the natives. The Turkish authorities at Sidon, Beyrout, and Tripoli are unable to tell the population of the region which pays them tribute. Their dealings are with the Sheiks and Emirs, not directly with the inhabitants. Estimating the average number of each of the twenty-one districts at about twenty thousand, the whole population of the Lebanon may be reckoned at somewhat more than four hundred thousand. Of these the Maronites are most numerous, making about one half of the whole. The Druses, nearly equal in political and military importance, are far inferior in numbers. In the Lebanon proper, their communities do not exceed thirty thousand souls, and in all Syria they are not more than sixty thousand. There are in the low lands on the borders of the Bekaa and the sea some thirty thousand Moslems, and the remainder of the people are chiefly Greek Catholics, with a few of the Orthodox Greek Church. The Maronites are found throughout the whole length of the range, but have exclusive possession of the northern districts, especially the region back of Tripoli and Djebail. The Druses are the hereditary owners of the southern districts. Their principal towns are on the hills between the latitudes of Sidon and Beyrout. The Greek Christians, who are, however, mostly

Syrians in language and descent, are found in the larger trading cities, especially those on the roads from Damascus to the Mediterranean.

We shall not attempt to follow Colonel Churchill in his comprehensive account of these twenty-one districts, to pronounce the names of which correctly is no small trial to English vocal organs. Most of them are interesting, if not for their commercial or religious importance, at least for some historical association, remarkable adventure, or distinguished person connected with them. In the Jibby Bisherry, the loftiest, wildest, and most secluded of all the districts, the Maronites have their cities of refuge and their most sacred shrine. This is the convent of Kanobin, situated deep down in the gorge of one of the mountain torrents, in a hollow so dark that only the midday sun is able to reach it. Like the convents of the Nile and of St. Saba in Judæa, it is hewn partly from the solid rock. Dating back to the time of Theodosius, it owes its first important endowment to the Sultan Saladin, who here received food and shelter from the hospitable brethren. For several hundred years, it was the summer retreat of the Maronite patriarchs, who could remember how these strong chambers had received and protected one of their own sacred line, flying for his life. Legends of cruelty belong to the convent of Kanobin, which are fit to be classed with the stories of Inquisition tortures. The fate of Assaad Shidiak, who ventured to read for himself the Bible, to preach openly its doctrines, and even to argue from its pages against the orthodox views of the Maronite Church, is a warning to all heretics not to trust the kind words, or heed the invitation, of the brethren of this convent.

The district of Djebail was renowned in ancient times for its temple of Venus, where human sacrifices reddened the waters. It is known now all over the East for its fragrant tobacco, prized above all other varieties of the delicious weed. In the Arab degrees of comparison the Nile leaf is good, "Latakia" is better, but "Jebelee" is superlatively best, — to be smoked only in a bowl of generous size, and through an amber mouthpiece. In this district, too, there is a fine illustration of the democratic spirit of the age, which is lifting

trade and the *bourgeoisie* into ascendency over the privileges of birth. The government of the Lebanon is mostly a feudal aristocracy, guarded with extreme jealousy, and supported by the universal sentiment of loyalty. But here, where the wealth of the people comes from its foreign traffic, a merchant, who twenty-five years ago was a common peasant, has risen to be equal in influence to any lord of the land. No Sheik owns so large an estate, or has so many tenants, as Michael Toobea.

In the romantic district of El Metten is the castle of Kurneille, the scene of the bloody tragedy in the family of the Prussian Consul-General, which some of our readers doubtless remember. On a neighboring hill are the game preserves of the feudal lord, where the sport of partridge-shooting is enjoyed in a style scientific in its exactness and Oriental in its laziness. To *chase* bird or beast in hunting is beneath the dignity of an Arab Emir, nor is he content to bring down an insignificant brace at a single shot. The style which he prefers involves no fatigue or exertion, and he may sit on his divan, and puff at his pipe, while the birds are gathering at their feeding-place to receive his murderous discharge. The sport has a strong resemblance to the Yankee way of catching pigeons. All that is necessary is a long board covered with barley, a hut of stones or bushes, with a loophole to watch the game, a gun loaded to the muzzle, an early start in the morning, and a faculty of lying still. One discharge is a full reward. The servants pick up the birds, and the Emir goes back to his coffee.

In the Metten are mines of coal and iron of considerable value, and here are given wages for labor approaching to the European standard, and amazing to the Arabs, who look upon a piastre (five cents) as a fair average pay for a day's work. In the town of Shweir in this district is an intermittent spring, where is well illustrated, not only a frequent peculiarity of the springs in Syria, but the fanatical superstition of the people. The water dries up at the beginning of summer, and flows again about the 1st of September, sometimes even before the rains have commenced. This singular property is wholly unaccountable in the eyes of the

people. The spring has, therefore, been placed under a tutelary saint, who is supposed annually to trouble the waters.

"On the day of their expected reappearance, the whole village is in commotion; the bells ring, the priests assemble in their different churches, from whence, leading forth a numerous and solemn procession, with uplifted crucifix and floating banner, they go down to the cave, which is by the side of the road, and await the accomplishment of the miracle.

"Should there be any delay, the saint is loudly invoked; hundreds of lighted tapers flaunt about in all directions; clouds of incense ascend; votive offerings are dedicated; supplications are poured out. Presently the water begins to ooze, — it bubbles, — it flows. Frantic shouts of rejoicing fill the air; bottles are speedily filled with the sacred element, to be corked up and carefully preserved. At length the crowd, pleased and gratified, disperses; the priests assured of the efficacy of their prayers, the people congratulating themselves on the strength of their faith. The enthusiasm of ignorance and superstition has had its burst." — Vol. I. pp. 114, 115.

We may here say a few words upon the faith and character of this Maronite people, who claim to be rightful masters of the whole of the Lebanon, and who rule almost absolutely in the northern half of its range, paying only a reluctant and indirect tribute to the Turkish Pacha, and tolerating no Moslem in their villages. They boast that they are as orthodox in their origin as they are in their present devotion to the Papal See; that "Mar Maroun of Mount Koros," a recognized saint of the fifth century, was their founder, and that they keep the faith which he delivered. History, however, does not verify their boast, but will have it that a heretic Maroun of Epiphania gathered a sect together to whom he left his name and his Monothelite notions, and that these notions were for four centuries preserved, diffused, and honored. Persecution did not reconcile them to the Catholic belief; but when they were pressed by their Moslem adversaries, they were glad, by concessions to the faith of the invading Christian hosts, to secure the protection of these powerful allies. The Crusaders received from them "tender sentiments of fraternity," as well as valuable assistance in finding the way to Palestine, and the Latin Patriarch of Antioch in the year 1167

heard their formal recantation of the heresy of their patron saint. They did not cease to reverence this holy man, but managed conveniently to forget the exceptionable portions of his creed. Mar Maroun has still his regular feast-days in their chapels.

At present they are most bigoted adherents of the Papacy, allowing not merely the claim of his Holiness, as head of their Church, to dictate their creed, but submitting also to his paternal government in matters of discipline. They prize beyond measure any mark of favor or remembrance from the seven-hilled city. At the local councils, a Papal Legate usually "assists." In point of fact, however, the Roman Church interferes very little with the religious customs and practices of the Maronites, and is content to receive their submission and return its occasional blessing.

In the reckoning of their bishops, the Maronites keep to the consecrated Scripture number. Twelve are appointed and hold the honor, while only eight have special charges and fixed places of residence. The twelve are a college to choose the Patriarch; who, though nominally a spiritual viceroy of the Pope, is in reality almost the absolute sovereign of the people. His election in the conclave of bishops, the seclusion, the long debates, the ceremonies when the vote is declared, the wide rejoicings, the congratulations from the several dioceses and the various feudal houses, the bonfires and illuminations, are the counterpart to the election of St. Peter's successor at Rome. The Patriarch's office is not a sinecure, though he is not burdened with any great weight of political cares. He has numberless disputes to settle, and visitors to receive. He has to outwit the Turkish Pachas, to overreach the intriguing Patriarchs of the other Catholic sects, of which there are no less than four in the Lebanon, to restrain by skilful management the hatred of his tribes to the Druses, their hereditary foes, and to farm judiciously his own revenues, which are neither few nor small.

The income of the Patriarch, beside the "sixth" which he receives from the bishops, is about the same as the salary of the President of the United States. It arises chiefly from the rents of landed property. The bishops receive their tithes of

the income of the real estate, with very numerous fees for special services. The inferior clergy are paid by voluntary contributions, are almost always poor, but are never in want. The reverence paid to the clergy is extreme, and so long as the peasant has a "medjidi" in his purse, or a loaf in his wallet, the priest shall not want for money or food. The affection of the people for their spiritual guides is fostered by careful training, and manifested in every possible way. As soon as the mass is finished, the whole congregation, old and young, rush forward to kiss the priest's hand or his garments; when he walks in the streets, the children follow him at a respectful distance; all the secrets of the people are intrusted to his charge; his word is law, and his frown is terror; next to the earthquake, his threatened hell is the most dreaded; and the lots in heaven, which he sells "by the yard," find ready purchasers. Colonel Churchill gives a curious extract from the Maronite Catechism.

"*Question.* If you were to see an angel and a priest walking together, which should you adore the most? — *Answer.* The priest.

"*Q.* And how would you show your adoration for the priest? — *A.* By falling down and kissing the ground on which he is walking.

"*Q.* Why is the priest to be adored more than the angel? — *A.* Because he is so vastly superior to the angel.

"*Q.* Why so? — *A.* Because the angel is a minister and servant of God, whereas the priest can *command God* to descend from heaven, as in the mass." — Vol. III. pp. 83, 84.

Like the other Oriental sects, the Maronites allow priests, after taking holy orders, to retain their wives. The higher clergy, however, must be celibates; and for this reason, the bishops are chosen exclusively from the monastic orders. In no part of the world is monachism more popular, more flourishing, or more powerful than in the Lebanon, and in no sect of the Lebanon is its relative influence so great as among the Maronites. They have at least fifty convents, most of which keep full their complement of brethren. These convents occupy the most beautiful sites, commanding wide and picturesque views of the mountains and the sea. Their seclusion is in their inaccessible position. The way to their lofty walls is not easy to find, and except in the case of the more ancient,

which are frequented as shrines, the monks are not vexed by a crowd of visitors. They send messengers down from time to time to the villages to procure supplies and to dispense blessings. These brethren make their angel visits from house to house, exhibit the sacred pictures for the kisses of the faithful, receive the votive offerings which testify love for the saints, and carry back the prayers and the money of their grateful hosts. They have excellent taste in the selection of presents; and it is a common saying at Beyrout, that if you want to get nice fare and find the best of everything, you must go to the convents. What the gardens of the convent fail to produce is supplied from the town bazaars. And when a Sheik dies, the religious house adjoining his estate is very likely to become his heir, — especially if he have a large score of sins to pay off.

There are three orders of Maronite monks, the Lebanines, the Aleppines, and the Antonines. Of these, the Antonines are the strictest, and the most honored by the people. They retain more than the others the ancient rules of discipline, and keep the localities which have been sanctified by tradition. At Koshaya, where three hundred monks reside, St. Anthony himself spiritually dwells, and works miracles for the healing of maniacs and the confirmation of the doubting. The treatment of the insane is quite scientific, and resembles in many respects that of our improved asylums; but the monks disclaim all credit for the cures which it works, and refer the happy change to the direct agency of their heavenly patron. The Antonines are to the Lebanines proper what the Franciscans of Italy are to the Dominicans. There is no order in the Lebanon which corresponds to the Benedictines. The scanty scholarship of the monks is confined to a bare comprehension of the offices of the mass and the sacraments, with the addition of a few ecclesiastical legends. With the exploits of St. George all are of course familiar. He shares with the Virgin their distinguished consideration, and they take pride in the reflection that his most brilliant victory was gained on their territory. A couple of miles north of Beyrout, they point out the spot where he slew the dragon. Rev. Alban Butler, in his life of the saint, treats the legend as emble-

matic and typical, — a suggestion which the Maronite monks wrathfully reject. Colonel Churchill naïvely remarks, that "the tradition is evidently spurious," and that the people themselves do not really believe it.

In fanatical devotion to "the Mother of God," the Maronite monks and people reach even the standard of his Holiness, Pope Pius, or the editor of Brownson's Quarterly. The pictures of Mary which adorn their chapels are tawdry and disgusting, and not at all improved by the stains of innumerable kisses. They resemble, in their style of art, the altar-pieces which St. Luke, the Evangelist painter, has left so fortunately to the Roman Church, and they reward a curious eye about as well as that Bologna Madonna, which one must climb three miles of stairs and inclined planes to see.

The Maronites have a military renown which vies with that of the Hospitallers or Templars. They value this hardly less than the praise of orthodoxy. The pretext of their early and constant military training is the defence of their faith, and they have rarely fought in any other than the cause of their religion, which they identify with that of their country. Their hereditary enemies are the Druses, who long disputed with them the sovereignty of the mountain range, and still keep possession of its southern portion. The Moslems have over them a rule which is hardly felt, and is recognized only by the indirect tax which goes through the Sheiks to the Pachas, and thence to Constantinople. In their own region they are not annoyed by the sight of Mahometan symbols. Instead of the minaret and the muezzin is the bell in its little turret, which greets the sunrise with its daily music, as its call is caught up from village to village, and echoes from hill to hill. The green robe, which no Christian in Egypt or Palestine may wear without danger, is fearlessly worn in the Lebanon. The Porte dares to send no recruiting sergeant into the land of these mountaineers. The foreign power which they most respect is France; but the influence even of this gracious protector has of late years fallen off. The hope, which has for some centuries been handed down, of deliverance from the tribute now paid to the Moslems, is becoming weakened by its long delay. Colonel Churchill gives two curious docu-

ments, entitled "Letters of Protection," granted by their Majesties Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to their dear children, the Maronites of Mount Lebanon.

We regret that our space will not allow us in this article to speak at length of that remarkable people whose name, with both Christians and Moslems in Syria, is the symbol of utter godlessness. Very little has heretofore been known about the Druses, except that they were a rude, warlike, and troublesome clan of infidels and robbers. Their mysteries have been concealed with a vigilance which has defied all scrutiny. Their numbers have been exaggerated by fear; and even now travellers who pass through their country find it hard to get any correct information as to their belief, their strength, or their policy. To this singular race, Colonel Churchill has devoted a large and a most interesting portion of his work. His account of their religion is mainly translated and condensed from the elaborate dissertation of De Sacy, which was compiled from manuscripts brought by the fortunes of war to the libraries of Oxford, Rome, and Paris. Some of these manuscripts are also in possession of the American missionaries in Syria, and furnish them with the means of understanding the faith of a people among whom they have taught schools for many years without learning one syllable of their hereditary creed, from either children or parents. The secrecy which the founder of the religion enjoined has been faithfully kept for more than seven hundred years. The same ethical code which insists upon *truth* as the first and great commandment, and forbids any concealment or prevarication among Druse brethren, makes it the duty of every believer to hide and deny his faith before heretics and unbelievers.

A long residence among the Druses, and a familiarity with their customs, their industry, their Sheiks, and their people, have enabled Colonel Churchill to correct entirely the popular judgment concerning them. They are evidently much more to his liking than their rivals, the Maronites, and far superior in the nobler elements of character. Their ardent patriotism, their unity of sentiment, their fraternal spirit, their simplicity of life, their reverence for the aged, their exemption from

superstition and priestcraft, their treatment of the female sex, so much in advance of the tribes around them, the splendid abilities and chivalrous valor of their aristocracy, all combine to refute the slanders which their enemies are never weary of repeating. The scheme of their secret religion is more rational than the creed of any Moslem or Christian sect in Syria; and the lives of their "Ockals," who are the "initiated,"—not the *priests*, but the *wise men* of the body,—are much more consistent and saintly than the lives of dervishes or monks in the Lebanon region. The disgusting explanation given by Buckingham* of the symbol of the horn, which in the mountain villages the Druse women continue to wear, is more true to the tastes of the writer than to decency or fact. If the custom loses influence year by year, it is owing to the example of Frank fashions, which prove that a woman can be beautiful and respectable without copying in her person the front of the unicorn. The custom is local rather than religious, and once belonged to all the Lebanon tribes.

The Druses number in all Syria less than one third as many as the Maronites of the Lebanon, yet they can bring into the field a larger army of fighting men, better disciplined, and more inured to the fatigue and privation of mountain warfare. Their Sheiks and Emirs have always been the ruling spirits of the mountain. The houses of Maan, Jumblatt, and Shehaab have furnished a line of princes who would be remarkable in more civilized lands. Colonel Churchill relieves the monotonous detail of feudal jealousy and strife, family intrigues, wars with the Pachas at Sidon and Damascus and with the Turkish and Egyptian generals, by numerous personal sketches of the more celebrated of these native rulers. His account of the rise of the house of Maan,—of the Emir Fakaradeen, his genius, his attainments, and his shifting fortunes,—is exceedingly graphic. This Emir, in despair of resisting the rapacity of his Turkish masters, which in the beginning of the seventeenth century was at its highest point of insolence and extortion, took the desperate resolution of quitting his native land. The story of his departure, his voy-

* Travels among the Arabs, p. 394, London edition.

age, his landing at Leghorn, and his reception and honor at the luxurious Tuscan court; his scruples about the heathen food of his entertainers; his sharpness in baffling curious inquiries about his own private affairs and about the numbers of his people; his dignified answers to the kings of France and Spain, the latter of whom promised him a better government than he had left if he would only become a Christian; his filial obedience to his mother's summons, bidding him come back again to Syria; his laconic answers to the Grand Duke, who sought to hinder his departure, and, finally, his dramatic start, with a barrel of gunpowder, which he caused to be put in the vessel, and threatened to explode if any one attempted to prevent his sailing; his enthusiastic reception by his friends and subjects after five years' absence; — this singular story makes one of those pleasant episodes which abound in the work before us.

In the account of the Emir Fakaradeen (some portions of which we are able to verify from our own recollection) is a fine passage, which may be quoted as a fair example of Colonel Churchill's descriptive powers.

"The space of ground occupied by the tent of an Arab Emir is nearly a hundred yards in length. From the centre rises conspicuously the awning, which covers in the rooms more immediately set apart for himself and his family, surmounted by a glittering gilt ball, out of which rises a spear's head with pendent horse-tails. The guest-room, which is at the farthest extremity of the tent, is laid down with Persian carpets of the richest manufacture; along three of its sides runs a divan, the seating and cushions of which are made of the softest wool, curiously wrought into a variety of patterns, and expressly made of a thickness and durability calculated to stand the wear and tear of continual removals. The rest of the tent is partitioned off into divisions for the reception of the various stores of corn, rice, barley, oil, butter, etc., in which consist the Emir's wealth and consideration.

"Around him, as far as his eye can reach, rove his flocks of sheep and camels, accompanied by groups of thorough-bred mares and horses, the latter occasionally bestridden by perfect infants, gambolling on the bare backs of those mild and tractable animals, which seem, as it were, to return the caresses of their innocent playmates, and to acknowledge a mutual charge, by the gentleness of their paces and the docility of their movements; but which, when a stronger hand reins them in, and

urges their course, suddenly display the fiery and indomitable energies of their nature, 'pawing in the valley and rejoicing in their strength.' Then does this gentle Arab steed become beautiful in his greatness, and 'the glory of his nostrils is terrible.' . . . . .

"As the shades of evening close in, the wanderers, in gradually lessening circles, approach the patriarchal tent, and every nightfall brings along with it those various incidents of pastoral life, that make even its very monotony a continual round of fresh-recurring and pleasurable emotions, which the Arab would not barter for the pomp and glitter and riches of an empire. The early dawn again renews the grateful scene. Amidst the bleating of his flocks, the neighing of his steeds, the lowing of his herds, and the tinkling of his camel bells, the Arab Emir wakes from his slumbers, and, spreading his carpet, sits in the door of his tent, surrounded by his children, his slaves, and the principal members of his tribe. The dew-covered plains sparkle before him like a spangled robe; the morning breezes impart a cooling and delicious fragrance to all around; a still and melodious harmony seems to reign over the boundless tracts which melt away into the distant horizon; and, child of Nature by his wants, sympathies, and tastes, he knows no joys but what she affords, and appreciates no gifts but what she imparts.

"Every hour taken from such exhilarating moments as these, except, perhaps, the more stirring periods of a distant foray, when he leads out his tribe in search of a disputed pasture, or in retaliation for wrongs incurred, is one of unmitigated disgust."—Vol. II. pp. 376–379.

It is fair to observe, that this sketch is considerably overwrought, as describing either the tastes of a Druse Emir or the retinue of a Bedouin Sheik. A spectacle of this kind is witnessed only on those rare occasions when the mountain lords choose to pay a short visit to the plains around Damascus, or to make a spring encampment in the Bekaa. The Druse Emir prefers his palace in the hills, with its gardens, its groves, its fountains, its magnificent prospects, its stately ceremony, and the stirring life of the Meedan, to the monotonous pastoral routine of the plain. All the great families of the Southern Lebanon have been seized, at some time or other, with the mania for palace-building. In this respect, Deir el Kammar, the chief city of the Druses, is quite as remarkable, in proportion to its size, as Damascus or Genoa. The comical threat of the Emir Fakaradeen, which Mr. Churchill

translates into an English jingle no less ludicrous, was literally fulfilled, and the stones of the castle of Akkar are still shown in the archways of the Governor's house at the Deir. The anecdote is pleasantly told.

"A marriage had just been concluded between a daughter of Fakaradeen and a son of the Emir Yousuf of Akkar. This Emir, having never seen the great man of whom he had heard so much, took it into his head to pay him an unannounced visit. When he arrived, the son was out hunting, and he entered the Emir's divan just as he was taking his midday slumber. Turning to his daughter-in-law, who was present, he remarked, 'Is that your father? Why, I could tie him to a bunch of keys and put him in my pocket,'—alluding to his diminutive stature. The Emir Fakaradeen overheard the sarcasm, and immediately arose. Without waiting to exchange the usual formalities and courtesies with the Emir Yousuf, he ordered his horses to be saddled and his men to get ready for departure. Entreaties, expostulations, and excuses were alike unheeded. This apparently trifling observation rankled in the Emir's breast with all the bitterness of premeditated insult and contempt, and as he turned his mare's head to the south he flung a scroll amongst the crowd containing the following distich in Arabic verse:—

'I am small, but my foes see me great, and stand in awe;
Ye are like the poplar-wood; I am the wood's saw.
By Teeba and Zumza, and the Prophet, I swear
The stones of Akkar shall build my palace at the Deir.'"

Vol. II. pp. 369, 370.

The most elaborate sketch in Colonel Churchill's volumes is that of the Emir Bechir Shehaab, who in all the early part of the present century ruled the native tribes of the Lebanon with a dictatorial sway. This extraordinary chief manifested in excess at once the virtues and the faults of his race. He was as strict in his justice as he was severe in his discipline; as courteous as he was cunning; as gentle to captives as he was implacable to foes. His tyranny was balanced by his generous condescension. Simple in his own private tastes and habits, he kept always at his court the state of a monarch, awing by his dignity, and dazzling by his magnificence. No friend of the people could be more conciliating in his address; yet the greatest Sheiks trembled when they stood before him, and his guests at dinner were so paralyzed by his terrible presence, that they lost the power of swallowing, and

were unable to remain. Acts of the basest cruelty stain his rise to power, while acts of the noblest charity adorn his administration of it. His treacheries are fit to be classed with those of the famous Djessar, the "Butcher" of Acre, whose patronage laid the foundation of his fortunes. His wise foresight anticipated the wants of his people, while his enterprise developed to an unprecedented degree the resources of the land. He was for years emphatically first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. In the consolidation of his own splendid tyranny, he freed the people from the more galling oppression of their feudal masters. A secret conversion to Christianity, known to the Maronite priests, but not believed by the Druses, made him popular with the tribes of the North. His own brethren sustained him who had carried so high the honor of their house; and the Moslems honored one who, from the beginning, was careful that the rules and the prayers, the feasts and the fasts, of the Prophet's religion should be observed in his own palace, and in the villages under his command. By his spies he was made acquainted with all the secret conspiracies which were formed against him, and his firmness in dealing with plotters even of his own family made men see that he was no respecter of persons. His vicissitudes of fortune in early life gave him a large knowledge of human nature, so that he knew when to dissemble, when to bribe, when to flatter, and when to threaten. With consummate art he made of his masters, first patrons, then allies, and then vassals. And he has left a name in the Lebanon which suggests at once commanding genius, terrible energy, comprehensive wisdom, and perfect equity,—a name which all the people are proud to remember and prompt to honor.

Though there are schools in all parts of the Lebanon, even in the hamlets, the standard of education, both among Druses and Maronites, is low and narrow. The priests have little more than the meagre knowledge necessary in their profession; the convents are not seminaries of learning, and the wisdom of the Ockals is the fruit of meditation more than of study. A few of the Sheiks covet the fame of scholars, and add one or two of the languages of Europe to their stock

of luxuries. A moderate knowledge of Arabic literature and legends belongs to a gentleman's accomplishments, and the tales of the Caliphs find their place in the still life of the mountains, as of Cairo and Damascus. Magic is not despised in a land where it was once almost a science. Some of the Sheiks are skilful "mediums," and assist in performances closely resembling the "rapping" phenomena of our own region. The Sheik Bechir Talhook, of the "Upper Ghurb," is a master in this department. With no help but the Koran and the Psalms of David, he sets jugs to spinning, animates sticks, causes boiling eggs to leap from the water, and endows New Testaments with the faculty of spontaneous gyration. In the diagnosis of diseases he is particularly gifted; and he has a number of familiars in the spirit-world, who are always on hand to help him cast out demons. The traditional faith of the people aids his pretensions. Every one believes in the existence and the influence of supernatural beings. There are haunted houses and haunted neighborhoods which the bravest fear to visit, and no priest is furnished for his work until he has learned how to exorcise bad spirits. Some suppose that the Psalms furnish a key to the science of necromancy, and endeavor by study of their obscure passages to find the secret of spiritual intercourse.

Colonel Churchill gives a more flattering account of the success and influence of the American missionaries than we had gathered from their own statements in public and private. Their work thus far has been rather in exciting the people to more interest in education than in making converts from any of the religions. The Syrian mission has now been in existence some thirty-two years. It has six stations, four of which are in the Lebanon, one at Aleppo, and one at Mosul. There is also a station at Damascus, at which English and American missionaries labor together. The central station is at Beyrout, where the society own a large building just outside the walls, in which are a chapel, a library, and a printing-office with a steam press. A considerable number of elementary and religious works in the Arabic language have been issued from this press, and the publication of the Arabic Bible, under the supervision of the translator, Dr. Eli Smith, who

has resided in the country more than a quarter of a century, is nearly or quite completed. At Abeigh, a Druse town about twenty miles from Beyrout, there is a Protestant College for young men, directed by two of the missionaries, which has already done much to stimulate inquiry and sow the seeds of future religious change. Converts are made very slowly, and the communicants in the native Protestant churches are very few. The size of congregations, especially in the Druse mountains, is no indication of the actual success of the preachers in their work. The Druses are more ready to listen than the sects which are governed by priestcraft, but are not more open to conviction. The most formidable opposition to evangelical truth, if the anniversary discourse of Rev. Dr. Thompson of Sidon, which we happened to hear, may be received in evidence, comes from the intrigues and falsehoods of the Romish priesthood; and he contended that the great work of the mission was to fight with this enemy of God.

The missionaries place their chief reliance on the gradual distribution of the Bible and the indirect influence of their schools, while they in no wise neglect the gift of preaching. Most of them hold Sunday services in the Arabic language, and in the summer season make short excursions to villages, where congregations can be gathered. They are generally treated with respect, and are judicious enough to refrain from needless conflict with the prejudices of the tribes. The Turkish government is disposed to favor rather than hinder them, though of course they are not allowed to operate in any way upon the faith of Moslems. Occasionally, however, they meet with an uncomfortable reception. The neighborhood of the famous "Cedars" is less friendly to "Bible men" than the districts around Sidon, and it is desirable for visitors in that region to keep their Protestantism to themselves. We close our imperfect notice of Colonel Churchill's volumes, by extracting his account of one of these missionary adventures.

"Among the remarkable spots of the Jibby Bisherry is the village of Ehden, situated at about three hours northwest of the Cedars. With its waving chestnut-trees, and its pure and abundant springs, it affords a most attractive retreat from the heats of summer. Two years

ago, the American missionaries residing at Tripoli proposed to themselves to pass a few months there. A house sufficiently commodious having been procured, they proceeded with their families to take possession of their new residence. They arrived, and alighted in safety. The mules in due time followed and unloaded. The shades of evening were fast closing in, when all of a sudden the tocsin was sounded, the village bells pealed incessantly, the peasants gathered tumultuously together, arming, sounding the war-cry, rushing to and fro like the inhabitants of a town besieged. The priests were seen hurrying here and there with crucifix in hand, as if leading on to an imaginary assault. The Americans wondered what on earth had happened, and essayed to go out and make inquiries. In a twinkling of an eye they found themselves thrust back into their house, the door blockaded, the roof scaled, the windows smashed in, while the most awful imprecations filled the air. Fruitlessly they endeavored to parley, to remonstrate, — all in vain. 'No Bible men here,' was the universal cry. 'Not an hour in the village; away with you; this is no place for heretics!' — 'But let us pass the night, and early on the morning we will be off,' was the very moderate and humble demand of the affrighted missionaries.

"An appeal to the rocks would have been as reasonable. The priests would hear of no terms, no delay. The Americans had placed before them the simple alternative of leaving the place on the instant, or having the house burnt about their ears. The firebrands were already lighted, the incendiaries were standing by, only waiting for the signal. Under such circumstances, to hesitate would have been madness. In the dead of the night, amidst the wildest confusion, surrounded by a furious mob, by the lurid gleam of torches, the missionaries and their families took their departure from Ehden and descended again into the plains. Such an outrage could not of course be allowed to pass by unpunished; — representations were made to the Turkish government, by the American ambassador, upon the subject, and a firman was promptly procured, giving the required satisfaction. It was difficult, however, to persuade the mountaineers that they were under the Sultan's jurisdiction, in such matters as these. 'The Patriarch is our Sultan,' was the haughty reply to the summons of their local authorities, demanding compensation for the losses incurred by the missionaries in their midnight flight. And, indeed, in this expression may be seen the essence of the Maronite religion." — Vol. I. pp. 56 – 59.

ART. V.—1. *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.* By the Right Honorable the EARL OF CARLISLE. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854. 16mo. pp. 353.

2. *The Same.* Edited by C. C. FELTON, Greek Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855.

LORD CARLISLE'S Diary has attracted much attention in England, if we may judge by the numerous reviews of it which have appeared in the British journals. The rank of the author, and his general and well-deserved popularity among his countrymen for virtues and talents which win respect and admiration, no doubt contributed in the first instance to call earlier attention to this volume than it would have received had it proceeded from an obscurer person. The Earl of Carlisle is better known in this country than most English noblemen, having when Lord Morpeth travelled through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies, and having become personally acquainted with a large number of the leading citizens. His intelligence, candor, and amiable manners made everywhere the most agreeable impressions; while his decided opinions on agitating subjects, never obtruded, yet never dissembled, left no doubt as to the side he took on every question which involved the progress of society, or the liberty of individual man. In England he is of course universally known as a distinguished member of the British peerage, and the worthy inheritor of a great historical name. In a narrower circle, he is honored as the beneficent landlord, well-nigh adored by a numerous tenantry. In social life, as a gentleman of genial qualities and rare intellectual accomplishments, he has perhaps no superior. He takes an active part in promoting the intellectual improvement of the people, not only by lending his support to institutions for the diffusion of knowledge, but by personal exertions as a popular lecturer. His lectures on the United States, and on the Poetry of Pope, were not only interesting as embodying the well-considered opinions of a cool and impartial judge, but were marked by literary excellences of no common order.

The Diary is a journal of about a year's travel, in countries and seas always interesting, and at the present moment concentrating in an extraordinary degree the attention of the civilized world. Lord Carlisle left London, June 3, 1853, and the last entry in his journal is dated May 20, 1854. He crossed from Dover to Calais; then went by way of Lille to Cologne; ascended the Rhine; passed through Germany, visiting Frankfort, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna; embarked on the Danube; and on the 22d of June entered the Euxine. Two days later, he reached Constantinople. After passing several days in examining that city and its most picturesque and interesting neighborhood, he visited Broussa. In July he went down to the fleet, then lying at Besika Bay, where he remained long enough to examine the objects and places of literary and antiquarian interest in that historical region. Towards the end of July, he returned to Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and on the 24th of August embarked on board the Firebrand, which had been ordered to visit several ports in the Archipelago. The ship proceeded to Smyrna, and thence to Rhodes, reaching this island on the 29th. At Rhodes the noble traveller was taken ill with the small-pox, which unpleasantly interrupted his researches in that interesting island. On the 4th of October he re-embarked on board the Firebrand, returned to Smyrna, and on the 10th rejoined the fleet at Besika Bay. Having remained some time longer in this neighborhood, he returned again to the centre of interest, Constantinople and the Bosphorus. In November he once more left the Turkish capital, and revisited Smyrna; sailed through the Cyclades; rounded the foreland of Sunium; and on the 18th of November reached the Peiræus, and "drove up to Athens," where he remained until the 6th of December. From Athens he returned to Rhodes on board the Wasp screw-ship, which was commanded by an accomplished young officer, Lord John Hay; and thence passed along the coast of Asia Minor, and to Egypt, intending to make the usual tour of that country and the Holy Land. He was compelled by illness to abandon his projected tour of Egypt and Syria, and early in January took passage for Malta. On this delightful island he passed the month, and on the 1st of February embarked for Corfou.

After a visit of twenty days, well spent in social enjoyments, in examining the island, and making excursions to the neighboring islands and the opposite coast of Epeirus, he could "not resist taking another run down to Athens," and arrived there on the 1st of March. On the 18th, he set out on an expedition to the Argolid, which occupied only two days; on the 24th, he embarked on board the Highflyer, which, with the French ship Gomer, was to proceed "to the Macedonian and Thracian coasts, to show the ag, encourage the Turks, and prevent any improper communications from Greece," and from this expedition he returned to Athens on the 2d of April. From Athens, once more he turned his face to Constantinople, arriving there on the 7th, and remaining there or in the neighborhood until the 24th. Four days afterwards, once more he "arrived at the Peiræus," and on the 2d of May took a final leave of Athens. He embarked on board the Austrian steamer for Calamaki, crossed the Isthmus of Corinth, ascended the Acrocorinthos, took another Austrian steamer at Lutraki, arrived at Corfou on the 4th, and on the 7th took passage for Trieste, which he reached on the 9th. From Trieste he went the next day to Venice; and thence, by way of Verona and Milan, crossed the St. Gothard Pass to Switzerland, where the journal terminates.

We have taken the pains to sketch this "skeleton" of Lord Carlisle's tour, to show how different was the procedure of the noble traveller from that of most tourists. The general plan of travelling is so to arrange the routes as not to pass over the same ground or visit the same place twice, it being supposed that the grand object of travelling is to "do" as many places and as many objects of interest as possible in the shortest time; and a record of the things thus done is generally kept by marking with pencil the passages in Murray's Hand-book, where the things in question are referred to or described. Such was not the system of Lord Carlisle; and those who desire to gain sound and valuable knowledge will adopt his plan rather than follow the "skeleton tours" in the guide-books. Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, were revisited by him again and again; and we venture to say that the last visit was always the best and most profitable. Repeated

visits to such places are absolutely necessary to compare and correct successive impressions at different times, under different circumstances, and with a greater number of objects of comparison. The American traveller, arriving in London, is amazed at the diminutive size of the world-renowned Thames; reaching Rome, he is still more amazed that such a streamlet as the yellow Tiber, should have made so much noise in the world; sweeping past the shores of Troy, he can scarcely believe his eyes, as he looks upon the broad and boundless Hellespont of Homer; landing at the Peiræus, he hurries impatiently to Athens, and before dining walks out to refresh his sight and delight his imagination with the charms of the Cephissus and Ilissus, the former of which he can jump over at its widest place, and the latter scarcely furnishes water enough to quench his thirst. All these streams, so famous in history, he compares with the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, which have always been his standard of measurement. He must change his standard; accordingly, as he returns from the East, he crosses Italy perhaps from Ancona to Rome. He comes upon the Tiber forty or fifty miles from the Eternal City, and is amazed by its size. All the rivers of Greece would hardly supply its mighty currents; and old Father Tiber regains to his imagination the imposing grandeur of which the Ohio and Mississippi had before robbed him. So, when the traveller revisits London, the Thames is no longer the insignificant river it once appeared. It is a mighty and majestic sweep of water, worthy to bear on its bosom the wealth and the commerce of the British empire.

Lord Carlisle's Diary is a record of impressions and observations during a tour which brought him into scenes of the highest historical interest in the past, and among persons engaged in transactions which will fill the most memorable chapters in the history of the present age. His finely cultivated mind was open to all the charms of association suggested by the former, and his position and character gave him the readiest access to the latter. The journal is written in a simple and manly style, and the topics naturally suggested by what he saw and heard are discussed with singular clearness and impartiality. At the present moment, when the political

relations of England and the complicated questions growing out of the Eastern war might naturally bias the judgment of an Englishman who travels in Turkey, Lord Carlisle sees things in a light uncolored by prejudice, and dares to speak his mind as freely as if Turkey were not the favored ally of England. While writers and statesmen at home enlarge upon the progress of Turkey in civilization and in liberal sentiments, and utter eloquent invectives against the Greek subjects of the Porte who ungenerously and piratically seize the time of war to rid themselves of the Moslem yoke, Lord Carlisle, though maintaining the justice of the war as the struggle of European civilization against the impending barbarism of the North, is always true to facts of observation, and follows them to just inferences and inevitable conclusions. He sees the fallacy of hopes founded on any schemes of reform in the decaying and death-smitten empire of the Sultan; he penetrates the causes which have undermined the foundations of the national power; he understands the effects of long-continued vices in domestic life, and of a religion founded on imposture; and he does not hesitate to express himself plainly on these topics, although his countrymen have been generally induced to look upon Turkey with hope and complacency. He was not blinded by the pomp of military preparations, and the stately movements of the allied fleets in the Turkish waters, to the fact, that the Turk is essentially ignorant, fanatical, indolent, and voluptuous; that the progress which some suppose to have taken place in the empire is local and superficial, while the diseases which are rapidly destroying its vitality are deep-seated and incurable.

The classical associations with the spots he visited are never absent from Lord Carlisle's mind. While at Besika Bay he reads the Iliad through, and, comparing the language of Homer with the features of nature that still mark the plain of Troy and the ruin-covered hill of Bourna-baschi, he sees that this plain and this hill, and the mountains that rise behind it, are no other than the scene of that immortal tale. While traversing the Argolid, and standing under the Gate of Lions at Mycenæ, he recalls the mighty creations of Æschylus, which still seem to haunt these solitary walls, and to walk

those silent streets. At Athens, he does not forget that Demosthenes pointed out to his hearers those magnificent structures, the Propylæa and the Parthenon, whose glorious ruins fill his own mind with their grandeur as he wanders around and upon the Acropolis. At the hill of Colonos, whose gleaming summit meets the eye as he looks northward from Athens, he recalls the tender images by which Sophocles has consecrated the spot. When the clouds hang upon Parnes and Pentelicus, he remembers that those "shower-laden maids" live in immortal youth in the wondrous verse of Aristophanes. And, to the Christian traveller more interesting still, as he climbs the crumbling steps that lead up to the "midst of Mars' Hill," he reverently reflects that the great Apostle went up these same steps, and, in the presence of the splendid temples and marble gods of the Acropolis, declared to the philosophers there assembled, with memorable eloquence, the great truths of Christianity with which his own soul was inspired.

These illustrious associations give to travelling in Greece an indescribable charm; and the bright reflection of this charm makes the book of Lord Carlisle a delightful one. None of them escape his notice or fail to touch an answering chord in his bosom; and his style breathes the fragrance of the classic flowers that still bloom upon the soil of Hellas.

But Greece is not only the land of past associations. It is inhabited still by the Hellenic race, speaking the Hellenic tongue. Greece is poor in worldly goods. Her agriculture is in a low state, her commerce is small, her means of communication imperfect, her material progress inconsiderable, and her politics are injuriously mingled with the complicated relations between the Western powers and the East; but the ancient intellectual vivacity still marks the living race. Political eloquence is again heard in the city of Athena. Schools are thronged by the eager youth of the kingdom, and by young Greeks who are expatriated or are still subjects of the Porte. The halls of the university are filled by hundreds of students, listening daily to the learned lectures of Greek professors, whose language brings back strangely to unaccustomed ears the words of Plato and Xenophon. These features of the present life of the Greeks are scarcely less deeply

interesting than the august associations of the past; and the only regret we feel in reading Lord Carlisle's book is, that he has not devoted a larger portion of it to the education, literature, and poetry of the Greeks of to-day. Not that he is insensible to their love of learning: on the contrary, he mentions some striking facts which illustrate remarkably the intellectual tendencies of the Greeks, and gives them their full weight in estimating that gifted, but still unfortunate nation. Yet this topic comes in only incidentally. We could have wished that a cultivated intellect like his had carefully investigated the present condition of Hellenic letters, language, and general intellectual development, and given the world the benefit of his conclusions on a matter so curious and interesting.

We have touched upon the main points that have been suggested by the reading of this agreeable and scholarly book. It would be easy to connect with it a discussion of many profoundly interesting questions that are now agitating the Eastern world; but our object is to give our readers a sketch of the book itself, and not to make it a peg on which to hang our own speculations. There are, however, two or three remarks we desire to make. *First*, the Greeks in the European provinces of Turkey have been most unjustly dealt with by the English press generally, on account of their attempt in the spring and summer of 1854 to throw off the Turkish yoke. Their submission to the condition of subjects of Turkey was an enforced one; and but for the treaty which settled the boundaries of the Hellenic kingdom in 1832, they would long since have achieved their independence. The protocols of 1826 and 1827, and the treaty of 1832, not only re-established the Turkish power in these provinces, but made the state of the Greeks there worse than it was before, by giving a powerful guaranty to the Turkish empire. They did not, however, extinguish the natural right of the Greeks to vindicate their liberty and independence by an appeal to arms, at any moment when a chance of success might dawn upon them; and the war between Turkey and Russia presented in their judgment the desired opportunity. Their mistake was in not seeing that the alliance of France and England with Turkey made the inter-

ference of those powers certain, if not justifiable, to put down an insurrection apparently in the interest of Russia, their common foe.

Secondly. However unwise the movements in the kingdom of Greece in support of the insurgents may have been, for the same reasons, we cannot wonder much at them when we consider that the insurgents were the kindred of the subjects of the Hellenic kingdom; that brothers, cousins, fathers, were engaged in the struggle; that not only the affections of blood, but material interests and hopes of future political greatness were at stake. The Northern boundary line not only left a large portion of the Hellenic race under the besotted rule of Turkey, but sometimes divided estates in such a manner that one half became a portion of Greece and the other half remained Mahometan territory. A few years ago, we had some experience of the force of "sympathy" on our northern border. In the condition of the Greeks within and without the kingdom, the grounds of sympathy were a thousand-fold stronger than any which could have existed between our borderers and the insurgent Canadians. We do not say that the action of the Greeks on either side was advisable; but we do say that it was not unnatural, and, setting aside the slight probability of success, under the peculiar circumstances of Turkey, in such close alliance with France and England, (and the probability of success is always an important element in the justifying causes of insurrection,) we do not see on what ground any censure can be cast upon the proceeding. On the other hand, we do not see how England and France could decline to interfere in behalf of Turkey, and to put down, by force of arms, if needful, these insurrectionary movements, and the co-operation of the subjects of Otho therein. But it was an awkward thing for these two great Christian nations to do; and it is one of the painful paradoxes of their position, that they found themselves compelled to use their power in riveting anew the breaking chain by which a Christian people is still held under the despotism of another race, another religion, and a system of social life utterly at war with Christianity and the civilization of this age. We trust that an honorable and satisfactory solu-

tion of the perplexity is among the ends to be gained by the Russian war. Notwithstanding the apparent determination of the allies to uphold the integrity of the Turkish empire, we venture the opinion, that the true settlement of the Eastern question can be attained only by the restoration of the Hellenic race to the independence which is their right, for which they have never ceased to hope, and which they are resolved to achieve. By uniting to the kingdom of Greece the Turkish provinces of Thessaly, Epeirus, and Macedonia, four fifths of the population of which are Christians belonging to the Greek Church, and a large part of them Greeks by birth, a Christian kingdom may be erected of sufficient power to hold the Russians in check, and without sufficient power to disturb what is called the balance of Europe; and that, in our opinion, is the only way to protect the Christians who are now the subjects of Turkey. Whether Lord Carlisle would agree with us in this opinion, we do not know; but it is very plain, from many expressions in his book, that he has no faith in Turkey.

We pass over his pleasant description of the voyage down the Danube, and commence our quotations with the following notice of a Turkish dinner.

"I had brought letters to Dr. Sandwith, who is a physician here, for the present a correspondent to the 'Times,' above all, a Yorkshireman. He very sensibly told me, that if even I did dine at any great repast given by some Turkish Pasha or minister, I should probably only find a reproduction of European customs, knives and forks, &c.; so he undertook to show me a genuine Turkish house and dinner. We went today; our host was the chief physician of the Sultan. We arrived at his house in Scutari about half an hour before sunset; and as we could not dine during the Ramazan till after it, neither food nor pipes being allowed between the rising and setting sun, we sat in the garden with our host, who, not in good keeping with his art, plied us with unripe fruits. A young Circassian girl, of about twelve, and so not of an age to prevent her appearing before Franks, was sent from the Seraglio, that the state of her health might be examined. At last the cannon fired: —

> 'Hark! pealed the thunder of the evening gun;
> It told 't was sunset, and *we blessed* that sun.'
>
> *Corsair.*

"There was quite a rush to the meal. The party amounted to nine: there was a Priest or Imaun in a violet robe; but the person who was the best dressed, and seemed to be made most of, was a perfectly black gentleman from the Seraglio. Our host talked some French; the rest, nothing but Turkish, in which Dr. Sandwith is very fluent. All sat down on low cushions upon their legs: this I could not quite effect, but managed to stow mine under the small, low round table. Upon this was placed a brass or copper salver, and upon this again the dishes of food, in very quick and most copious succession: we all helped ourselves with our right hands, except that just for the soup we had wooden spoons: this is not quite so offensive as it sounds, since they hardly take more than one or two mouthfuls in each dish from the part immediately opposite them, so the hands do not mingle in the platter: it seems to me, however, that the first advance in Turkish civilization to which we may look forward will be the use of spoons, and then, through succeeding epochs, to knives and forks,—

The diapason ending full in *plates*.

I must say that I thought the fare itself very good, consisting in large proportion of vegetables, pastry, and condiments, but exhibiting a degree of resource and variety not unworthy of study by the unadventurous cookery of Britain. We drank sherbets and water. Some of the company had become so ravenous for their pipes, after the long abstinence of the day, that they could not sit out the meal. We transferred ourselves to another room, where we all tucked up our legs on the divan, which, however, soon gave me the cramp; but I was kindly encouraged to stretch out my feet. This portion of the evening was very long, as coffee and pipes were incessantly brought in; occasional relief was effected by the black gentleman condescending to sing, with rather a cracked voice, to a tambourine. I was given to understand that he was one of the Sultan's favorite musicians. Our host talked with regard of the Sultan, and seemed much pleased by his having assured him that he might treat him quite fearlessly, and not be afraid of the responsibility. Dr. Sandwith appeared to think this was not wholly a superfluous recommendation, as lately our friend had called him into a consultation upon the rather grave case of some Pasha, and upon Dr. S. advising some calomel or other efficient treatment, his Turkish colleague expostulated, 'O, but this is a very great man.' All were extremely courteous to me, and wished to impress upon me the great military ardor that now exists against the Russians, not at all relishing the opinion I expressed that there would be no actual war at present; upon which our host pertinently inquired, 'Will the Russians, then, pay our ex-

penses?' Upon our return home, it was a very pleasant transition from the divan and pipes to the caique on the perfectly smooth Bosphorus, under the still sky, with all the minarets of the wide city around illuminated for the Ramazan, and a military band playing under one of the Sultan's kiosks or pavilions." — pp. 43 – 46.

The visit to St. Sophia is well described, and the reflections with which it closes are natural and suggestive.

"We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople, — the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation, ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself, — the bold simplicity of plan, — the noble span of the wide, low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, 115 feet, — the gilded roofs, — the mines of marble which encrust the walls; — that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, — that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed? The hymn to the Latoidæ! The chant to the Virgin! The Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high-altar to the East, but must be turned in the exact direction of Mecca? Must we always dimly trace in the overlaying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even if by conflicting causes, — by old Greek memories, by young Greek aspirations, by the ambition of states and sovereigns, by the sympathy of Christendom, by the sure word of prophecy. One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the ardor of Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahometan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it wears a striking appearance of simplicity: you see in their mosques many worshippers engaged in solitary prayer; you see attentive circles sitting round the

teacher or Imaun, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now, it is difficult to take one's stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without, in fancy, seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance, with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the righteous providence of God, that when Christianity re-establishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a purer ritual and more spiritual worship." — pp. 53–56.

The passage on Trojan topography is excellent. Lord Carlisle looks at the scene with the eye of the poet and scholar, and feels the reality of at least the framework of nature, in which the pictures of the Iliad are set. We think the more scholars study the Homeric poems on the spots where the scene of the action is laid, the more they will be convinced that they have a substratum of truth; and, we will add, the more they will be satisfied that one transcendent poet was the author of the Iliad and Odyssey. Critical scepticism is disarmed in the presence of the vivid nature which poured its inspiration three thousand years ago into the heart of the Ionian singer. The long beach, on which the multitudinous sea was beating when the angry priest went away dishonored from the presence of the King of Men; the spreading plain, crossed by the Scamander, with Simois in his neighborhood, ready to pour in his auxiliary stream when the mountain storms swell the current and send it tumultuous on its way; the line of shore on which the ships and tents of the Grecian host were drawn up so long ago; — these and every other feature of the groundwork of the tale of Troy divine fill the eye and gratify the imagination with a sense of the truth and reality of Homer, which all the learned dissertations in the world cannot overcome. As we stand there, Homer in hand, we know that Homer is a present and living guide; that every epithet has its prototype in the world around us; that his eye rested on the same objects which fix our eager gaze; and that yonder streams are the streams which rose in their wrath and checked the slaughters of the son of

Peleus. This delightful sense of truth and reality in the wondrous work over which we have pored for so many studious hours, is the present charm of the plain of Troy; and Lord Carlisle's scholarly pages bring back the charm in all the force and freshness of its fascination. We will only add, that the careful researches of Forchhammer and Sproat — the one measuring the plain of Troy by the Iliad, as Lord Carlisle did, and the other with chain and compass — led them to the same conclusion that the scholarly tact of his Lordship and his just poetical sense divined. Now to pass one moment from old Priam's kingdom to a very interesting touch of practical life at Troy: —

"*July* 18*th*. — Set off again with Captain Lushington at six; found our horses at the watering-place by the Scamander; soon afterwards crossed the Simois, and rode twelve miles to a country-house of our consul, Mr. Calvert. This was over the northern part of the Troad, — through a much more cultivated and cheerful country than we had seen. We found the consul's house — one formerly inhabited by a Turkish Aga, in the midst of the small village of Eren-keuy — airy and spacious enough in itself, with a very wide and glorious view over the Hellespont, the Ægean, and the islands, — all the waters in intense blue. I was very greatly pleased with my host. Besides this villa, he has two large farms, one in the Chersonese, on the European side, the other on the plain of Troy, — the last of three thousand acres. He holds them in the name of his wife, as the Turkish law does not allow males, not Mussulmans, to hold land. This example may possibly lead to a relaxation of this rule: the payment due to the state is a land-tax of about ten pounds a year, and a tithe of the produce; under the former proprietor, even the land-tax was in arrear, and the tithes nil; in the third year of his occupancy, Mr. C.'s tithes alone amounted to £150. He represents the resources of the country, both in vegetable and mineral productions, as inexhaustible. He can get Turkish laborers for three pounds a year wages, besides their keep; but he finds it more profitable to employ Greeks at ten pounds a year: there is the present history of the two races." — pp. 76, 77.

And a little farther on, a few sentences more, upon the same subject: —

"*July* 23*d*. — The morning was spent in very pleasant inaction. Mr. Calvert is beginning to form a museum, which will have much interest from the fragments he is gradually picking up; and as he proposes to

drain extensively, the utilitarian and antiquarian operations may materially assist each other. There are already several small vases of the so-termed Etruscan appearance, which he assigns to about the time of Philip of Macedon. We dined at half-past three, and then took a delicious ride, only that the horses were slightly too skittish for deliberate enjoyment of the picturesque; but the sunset aspect of the Hellespont, the Gulf of Saros, and the islands, especially Samothrace, which looks most majestic when you see it rise from its water base, was very beautiful. We passed a graceful, small grove, where the Greeks have still the custom of sacrificing an ox or bullock once a year, and then eating it, with song and dance, afterwards. The only deficiency is generally that of well-grown trees. We saw some fine silver ash: the air is made fragrant by large thickets of Agnus Castus. The interior of this household is not less rich in attraction than all one has to see outside of it, and it is of a still higher kind. It has been of late much clouded by sorrow. Mrs. C.'s mother, Mrs. Abbott, retains a most remarkable degree of beauty, though she has had sixteen children. It does not fall within my purpose to dwell upon domestic details, among those whom I may meet or visit; but it is impossible to have even had my short insight into Mr. Calvert's way of proceeding with the untutored races among whom his abode is fixed, — his gentle energy, his wise benevolence, his inventive utilitarianism, — without feeling that such a class of men would be more real regenerators of this bright, but still barbarous region, than either fleets or protocols. He is gradually introducing the stock and implements of Europe upon his Chersonese and Troad farms, to which he is now meditating to add another, on the site of the ancient Dardanus. He dispenses advice and medicine among the villagers, and has even gone so far as to set a leg; he has lent them money to pay off a debt for which they were paying interest at twenty per cent, and now they are in a fair way of repaying the whole to him. I ought to mention that these are all Greeks; he has found, by damaging experience, that it is desperate to lend money to Turks." — pp. 96, 97.

We close our extracts from the Diary in the Turkish Waters, by the following striking summary, the fidelity of which we can vouch for.

"We set off at sunset; and I am now, for a time at least, leaving the Turkish waters. I am tempted to throw back a momentary glance on the remarkable empire which they bathe, at this portentous moment of its fortunes. Even independently of the direct alliance which now unites it with our own country and with the civilization of Europe, and

which makes their quarrel one, we must necessarily admire the high and even heroic spirit with which the Turkish rulers and people have now thrown themselves upon the issue with that enormous power, which, reckoned sufficiently colossal by the rest of Europe, must have tenfold threatening proportions for them. Moreover, in this fearful struggle which they have thus not shrunk from encountering, it is impossible not to admit that the justice of the cause is wholly on their side. In giving this opinion, I do not so much allude to the actual propositions of Prince Mentchikoff, for which in the outset some plausible and even some substantial grounds might be alleged; on the contrary, I do not think it well for any Christian state to leave its co-religionists to the uncovenanted forbearance of Mussulman rulers; but the just condemnation of Russia lies here, that in the course of the long subsequent negotiations and proceedings, both Turkey and Europe have given, and are still giving her abundant opportunities for preserving, with honor and advantage to herself, the peace of the world, but which in the obstinacy of her pride she has slighted and set at naught. At the same time, while our sympathy, our admiration, and our conscience are thus co-enlisted on the side of Turkey, I think that no calm observer should be misled either respecting her present condition or her probable prospects; and this not with the view to what may be required of us in immediate action, but in order to make us cautious in calculating upon remote results, or in entering into new and inapplicable guaranties.

"Among the lower orders of the people, there is considerable simplicity and loyalty of character, and a fair disposition to be obliging and friendly. Among those who emerge from the mass, and have the opportunities of helping themselves to the good things of the world, the exceptions from thorough-paced corruption and extortion are most rare; and in the whole conduct of public business and routine of official life, under much apparent courtesy and undeviating good-breeding, a spirit of servility, detraction, and vindictiveness appears constantly at work. The bulk of the people is incredibly uninformed and ignorant: I am told that now they fully believe that the French and English fleets have come in the pay of the Sultan; and when the Austrian special mission of Count Leiningen arrived in the early part of this year, and led, by the way, to much of what has since occurred, they were persuaded that its object was to obtain the permission of the Sultan for the young Emperor to wear his crown. Upon the state of morals I debar myself from entering. Perhaps the most fatal, if not the most faulty, bar to national progress is the incurable indolence which pervades every class alike, from the Pasha, puffing his perfumed

narghilé in his latticed kiosk on the Bosphorus, to the man in the ragged turban who sits cross-legged with his unadorned tchibouque in front of a mouldy coffee-shop in the meanest village. In fact, the conversation of every man whom I meet, who is well informed on the state of the population, with very few exceptions, might be taken down as an illustration, often very unconsciously on their part, of the sense usually assigned to the prediction in the Apocalypse of the waters of the Euphrates being dried up. On the continent, in the islands, it is the Greek peasant who works, and rises; the Turk reclines, smokes his pipe, and decays. The Greek village increases its population, and teems with children; in the Turkish village you find roofless walls and crumbling mosques. Statesmen who do not see these matters with their own eyes, if told of the rotten state of the Ottoman Empire, are apt to say, they do not at all perceive that: — this Prussian General inspected their army the other day, and was highly pleased with its efficiency; this English Captain went on board their fleet, and saw them work their guns, and said that it could not be better done in any English ship. Their military hospitals are perfect models of arrangement and good order. I believe all this to be true, and I can well conceive that in one or two campaigns, on a first great outburst, the Turks might be victorious over their Russian opponents; but, when you leave the partial splendors of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favored beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilization? Look yourself, — ask those who live there, — deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people." — pp. 180 – 184.

Take, as a pendant to this, the following first impressions of Athens: —

"I saw the sun rise bright and clear upon the Peiræus; the water was blue and still, and the whole renowned panorama clear and vivid in the young warm ray: Salamis just beyond the azure stripe of sea, then Mount Parnes, then Pentelicus, then Hymettus, with the Acropolis just visible beneath. We were set free from our quarantine at ten, and I drove up to Athens, having contrived to have no one with me, which I always consider very essential for first approaches. I was first struck with the civilization of the road: I had not seen such an one since England. There was a more complete disjunction between the port and capital than I had been prepared for; the distance is about six miles, which I ought to have known; I suppose that the ever-running parallel which is kept up between Athens and Edinburgh, and

of which the main features are evident at a glance, had put Leith Road into my head. The general surface of the country has certainly a very arid aspect; but one passes through some olives and vines. The new town looks rather like a large village after Constantinople, but there are side pavements, and European-looking uniforms. I called on our minister, my old friend, Mr. Wyse, who laid friendly force on me, and made me promise to come to take up my abode in his house to-morrow; I thought one night was due to the expectation I must have excited at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I took a long walk with Mr. Wyse; and even Athens could not require a more accomplished Cicerone, which is no mean panegyric. We first went over some of the modern town, which, with its wide spaces for streets, and scattered white houses, put me much in mind of one of the new cities in the United States; much building is now going on, but the greater portion of the funds are sent from abroad; the Emperor of Russia makes considerable contributions to the churches, and there is a tendency among many of the Greek name to treat Athens as a sort of Mecca, and help to adorn it. This is a feeling one approves. The town of the Turkish times resembles other Turkish towns, with its narrow alleys and jutting angles; and since the revolution, a number of Albanian settlers have been allowed to encumber in a very unsightly manner the bases of the Acropolis. There seems to be a laudable affluence of academic institutions, and the new university has a very creditable appearance. The king's new palace is a most staring, ugly, browless-looking building. It is a blessed transition to the ruins of antiquity. We passed in succession Hadrian's arch, the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilissus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the theatre of Bacchus, the portico of the Furies, the theatre of Herodes Atticus, the Areopagus, the temple of Theseus;—reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer sky. I have threaded all these pregnant names together, as the object of the day was rather to make a general survey, than a more special study of separate beauties and glories. What is admirable and wonderful is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other, with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea, all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to Æschylus and Sophocles, to the Agamemnon, or the Œdipus; as when St. Paul stood on the topmost stone of yon Hill of Mars, and, while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which not even Pericles could ever have attained,

the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the Theseum below, and the Parthenon above him. It seems to have been well that 'art and man's device' should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory." — pp. 186 – 189.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting another paragraph or two, both for their own intrinsic interest, and because they bring to mind so many pleasing associations with things and persons in Athens.

"*November 20th.* — I went to the English church; it is of rather a bald Gothic; I think it must have inevitably suggested itself to the accomplished architect, Mr. Cockerell, whether it would not have been more in keeping to have adopted a Grecian, or at least a Byzantine form; the interior is very pleasing, and the service was agreeably performed by Mr. Hill. My walk in the afternoon with Mr. Wyse comprised, first, the new Greek cathedral, which is now in progress of erection; it will be a handsome and stately building, after good Byzantine models; the decorative portions and columns are either in Pentelic, Hymettian, or Parian marble. The old cathedral stands hard by, a very lowly and modest tenement, of probably the tenth or eleventh century; several old Greek fragments and bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls. Great exertions are being made on every side in the erection or repair of churches. We went on to the temple of the Winds; the sculpture is but coarse; then to the gate of the new Agora, of rather graceful Doric in the time of Augustus; and to the portico of Hadrian, where there is another collection of ancient fragments. Nothing can exceed the neglected and squalid condition of these interesting buildings; the temple of the Winds was undergoing a systematic pelting from the ingenuous boyhood of Athens. It can hardly have been worse in Turkish times, and it certainly continues to afford the best justification to Lord Elgin. Here has been another day without seeing the Parthenon, but the sky has been very dingy. Two English officers from Corfou dined with us.

"*November 21st.* — I called on Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who showed me over their school. They have now about three hundred girls; the larger portion belong to the poorer classes, but there are some of the wealthier, who are taught French and English, as well as Greek. Al-

most all seemed intelligent and lively, and their eagerness for instruction is described as most remarkable. Formerly, the same number of boys were admitted, but after the opening of several excellent schools by the government, the Hills thought that they should act most usefully in confining themselves to girls. Mrs. Hill appeared to be a person of as much single and fresh-minded benevolence as I have ever met. They came to Athens in 1830; at that period there were not one thousand inhabitants, and not a single dwelling which could be called a house; yet in a few days they had about ninety scholars, and have gone on ever since. The population is now about twenty-eight thousand, and even the modern town is on the whole fair to view. I do not wish to form premature judgments, but there seems to be much in the body of the people themselves to encourage hope for the future, if they could have fair play and good government. Mr. Hill has a comparatively favorable opinion of the Greek Church; they give direct encouragement to the reading of the Scriptures, and he knows some of their bishops to be both excellent and highly learned men; he especially mentioned the Archbishop of Patras, who is designated to be Archbishop of Athens and Metropolitan of Greece. They have never been molested in their proceedings but once, when the ultra-Russian party raised a cry against them for attempting to proselytize: a commission of Greek bishops was appointed, at Mr. Hill's own request, to inquire into the charge, which was completely disproved. I called on Mr. Finlay, who has a very good library; he gave an interesting account of Lord Byron with whom he had lived much just before his last illness. It was an afternoon of confirmed rain, and I appropriately devoted it to the Clouds of Aristophanes, the Παρθένοι ὀμβροφόροι (shower-laden maids). Mr. Finlay dined with us. He and Mr. Wyse flow congenially together, on topics of history and art." — pp. 191 – 194.

Lord Carlisle describes the effect produced on the spectator by the Acropolis and the Parthenon.

"Concerning the general effect of the whole, with which I alone pretend to deal, everything is most imposing, everything most beautiful. The approach through the fivefold depth of the columns of the Propylæa is august in the highest degree; the triple divisions of the Erechtheum are full of the most delicate grace; the temple of the unwinged Victory is exquisitely small; but of course all emotion and glory are concentrated in the Parthenon. This is the building in which no human being has yet been able to discover a fault, but in which, on the contrary, every new year is discovering unsuspected wonders of skill and harmonies of combination. Into these, as I need not again intimate,

I dare not enter: how the spans of the shaft and how the spaces of the intercolumniation differ in order to produce the effect of agreement; how the predominance of convex lines makes the whole building look larger than it really is, from distant points of view, while the non-observance of the same laws at the Bavarian Valhalla makes it, and all other copies of the original, look smaller than they really are: but here you have the temple of Pericles and his Phidias, shattered, defaced, stripped, — by Goth, by Venetian, by Turk, by earthquake, by time, by Lord Elgin, — still serene in its indestructible beauty; still giving the model and the law to every clime and every age. Then from the front of this faultless edifice comes in Lord Byron's sunset view, which, as I am sure I could not improve upon, I leave alone; I think it, perhaps, the most glorious passage of his many-chorded lyre." — pp. 195, 196.

Lord Carlisle is very severe upon the present government of Greece. There is truth, doubtless, at the foundation of all his charges, and yet we think they are stated in too unqualified a form. The king is personally an accomplished man, and a sovereign truly and heartily devoted to the good of the people over whom he has been called to rule. His character is marked by singular purity, and his court has never been dishonored by the toleration of vice. The royal palace, in this respect, sets to the private dwelling an example which could not be better. He is charitable to the poor, and has shown, in the recent calamities that have overtaken the city during the prevalence of the cholera, a courage, a devotion, a fearlessness, that have a strain of true Christian heroism. In these high duties of humanity, the queen has proved herself worthy to stand by his side. But there have been, no doubt, grave errors committed in the administration of the government; and the condition of Greece at this moment is very different from what it would have been, had a more practical system been adopted, and had the king's past ministers conducted affairs with more intelligence, or more honesty, or more of both combined. There is certainly room for severe criticism on the manner in which the elections have been tampered with by unscrupulous men, in times past; there is ample room for censure, in the neglected roads, and miserable agriculture; but when Lord Carlisle says, "The provinces — and here I can hardly except the neighborhood of the capital — teem with robbers," — we think he speaks unadvisedly. We returned to Athens from a long jour-

ney through the interior, the day before that on which this entry was made in the journal of Lord Carlisle; and during that journey the only experience we had of robbers was meeting four hang-dog-looking fellows, marching down from Phyle to Athens, with their arms pinioned behind them, under the escort of a strong body of the armed police. So little apprehension was felt, that we should as soon have thought of taking pistols for a journey from Boston to Northampton, as for one from Athens to Thermopylæ. It is true that, since the cruel measure adopted by the Turkish government, of sending twenty or thirty thousand Greeks away from Constantinople, to their utter ruin, robbery has broken out in the provinces, and piracy among the islands, to an alarming, but not unnatural extent. The English Reviewers have been careful to quote what Lord Carlisle says in disparagement of the Greeks, without hinting that he has had the impartiality to give them credit for merits which any nation may be proud of possessing. We will supply the deficiency by the following passage, which is both just and generous.

"When it is remembered that, about twenty-three years ago, the only building at the Peiræus was a small convent, and that at the same time there was not a single entire roof in Athens; and that we now find, at the harbor, noble wharves and substantial streets, and at the base of the Acropolis, not indeed a renewal of its elder glories, but what would be thought anywhere a fresh and comely city; — it would be impossible to deny either the possibility or presence of progress: it is of deeper importance, that, as I believe, there undoubtedly are solid materials for advance and improvement among the bulk of the Greek people themselves; their high intelligence no detractor could think of denying; they seem capable of patient and persevering industry; the zeal for education pierces to the very lowest ranks; many instances are known of young men and young women coming to Athens, as I before had occasion to remark, and engaging in service for no other wages than the permission or opportunity to attend some place of instruction; and when an exception is made of the classes most exposed to contact with the abuses of government, and the frivolities of a society hurriedly forced into a premature and imperfect refinement, there is much of homely simplicity, cheerful temperance, and hearty good-will amidst the main body of the country population. The most essential element in thus forecasting the destinies of a people is their religion: it is notorious that the religion of the

modern Greeks is encumbered with very much both of ignorance and superstition: I believe that, in instituting a fair comparison of the Greek Church with her Latin sister, she must be acknowledged to lag behind her, in the activity and zeal which constitute the missionary character of a church, and in the spirit of association for purposes of benevolence; but she possesses a superiority in two points, full of value and pregnant with promise; she has more tolerance towards other religious communities, and she encourages the perusal of the Holy Scriptures." — pp. 209 – 211.

Art. VI. — 1. *Deutsche Geschichte von den Aeltesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart.* Von Adam Pfaff. (German History from the Earliest to the Present Times.) In Four Volumes. Vols. I. – III. Brunswick: Westermann. 1852 – 54.
2. *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes.* Von Jacob Veredey. (History of the German People.) In Four Volumes. Vol. I. Berlin: Dunker. London: Williams and Norgate.

The praiseworthy zeal of the Germans to clear up the comparative darkness of their early history has recently enriched their literature with several valuable works, among which those named at the head of this article may be mentioned as productions of no inconsiderable merit. In the case of each, so huge a mass of facts is to be compressed into the intended four volumes, that we can hardly conceive how the author can hope to reach "die Gegenwart" at the end of the fourth, especially when we consider that in the third volume of the first-named work we are still in the thirteenth century, and that the author of the second has devoted his entire first volume, or the fourth part of his whole book, to the time anterior to the Carlovingian period. He has then only just reached the dawn of the new era, represented by the great hero on whom, as a foundation, the history of the Middle Ages, and consequently also that of modern times, rests. It is to him that we propose to devote our further remarks.

There is a peculiar charm in the close observation of the private life and individual habits of a truly great man. The reverential admiration with which we look up to him softens

into that sympathy which connects one human being with another; we rise from our knees, and gain confidence to grasp his proffered hand. The common saying, that "No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*," is the dictate of a low and puerile mind. If the greatness of the man shrinks into littleness before the eye of the lackey who administers to his physical wants, it is only because the soul of this latter dwells in paltriness, and is not able to appreciate the superiority of the hero. The fly, that swells to the size of an elephant when seen through a magnifying-glass, remains a fly after all, just as a giant, who may be diminished to a dwarf when depicted on a reduced scale, remains a giant. Our intimate knowledge of the man in the true hero does not lower him, but it elevates us, by giving us the consciousness of our relationship to him.

Early history seldom offers us the enjoyment we value so highly. Even among the celebrated biographies of the ancients, there are only a few which introduce us to the households of the heroes they commemorate. In most of them the privacy of their domestic relations is but slightly touched upon. The reverse can be expected only when the biographer is a contemporary, or when his work is at least founded on contemporary works, diaries, private letters, or other documents of that nature. For that very reason, our information as to the domestic lives and personal habits of the eminent men of the Middle Ages cannot be otherwise than very scanty. The ignorant monks to whom we are indebted for the meagre chronicles of the first eleven centuries after Christ were no painters of character, even in rough sketches. We must be content with the narration of events; even their causes often remain unrevealed. In the later centuries, on the other hand, when literature begins to dawn again, history and romance are so indiscriminately mixed and blended, that it seems frequently still more difficult to recognize, through the veil of time and poetry, the truth of a really historical character.

Fortunately, one of the greatest men of the Middle Ages, and indeed of all ages, — Charlemagne, — found among his personal attendants a faithful, sensible, and accurate biographer. This was Eginhard, or Einhard, his secretary and companion, who was educated under the eye of his royal

patron. Guided by the hand of this trustworthy man, let us then take a ramble through the palaces of the great Emperor, peep into every room which our conductor consents to open for us, sit down with him at table, watch his entertainments, and study his rural occupations.

On the rude picture of his time the gigantic figure of Charlemagne stands prominent as that of the *Christian hero*, — the representative of the principle of Christianity as understood by an age gradually emerging from the darkest night of a bloody and even degenerate paganism. It is true, that already for nearly three centuries baptized kings had sat on the throne of France, and that the greater part of the Teutonic nations who overspread Italy and Spain had called themselves Christians during a still longer space of time. But Christianity had hitherto been little more than a name among them. All the Teutonic nations, ever since they appear in history, are known to have had various excellent aristocratico-republican institutions and laws, worthy of free and warlike men. But the character of these — the inheritance of their fathers — remained decidedly heathenish. The Church of Christ, even under Christian rulers, exercised little influence on them. Although under the Merovingian kings the high dignitaries of the Church were richly endowed, and some of them — wily, ambitious men — rose to great authority, they obtained their power *notwithstanding* their clerical office rather than *on account* of it. Before Charlemagne, the Church stood among the Franks aloof from all worldly affairs, a receptacle and asylum for those who fled from the savage clangor of arms to her bosom, but without the power to illumine the dark night which surrounded her by the rays of her divine doctrines.

When the Franks, next to the Lombards the most barbarous among the German races, first settled in France, the sees of the Church of Gaul were filled by pious and learned bishops, some of whom were Arians, others Catholics. The disciples of St. Benedict, who followed them, also brought with them some remnant of the erudition of the Italian Church. Thus it remained through the next two centuries. But their well-endowed palaces had long since been grudged

them by the Frankish conquerors. Gradually, the younger sons of the nobility, ignorant men, grown up in war or in the vicious revelries of the court, were forced into the fat sinecures. At the ascent of the Carlovingians to the throne of the Frankish realm, every trace of learning and of higher mental cultivation had disappeared from the Church of Gaul.* No wonder then that this had acquired less influence than any other branch of the Occidental Church. Pagan customs continued to prevail. The ancient Germanic duty of blood-revenge was still maintained. Even the heathenish custom of bigamy the clergy had not yet succeeded in abolishing. Among the Merovingian kings this enormity prevailed. Charles Martel, the great conqueror of the Saracens, the grandfather of Charlemagne, had two lawful spouses (although the Church acknowledged only one); and Charlemagne's father, Pepin, was the first king of the Franks — we speak of course only of those who reached manhood — who had but one wife. Indeed, the private lives of the royal families of the Franks, Burgundians, and Lombards bear most decidedly the stamp of a bloody, savage heathenism. The awful family feuds of the Atreides seem to have been revived in those terrible scenes, and their example makes us feel most clearly that in those barbarous times the divine doctrines of the Redeemer may have lived in individual hearts, but could not yet have gained influence in a society where such atrocities were tolerated.

Although the centuries before Charlemagne were already stained by the horrors of so-called religious wars, as well as by oppression and persecution for mere shades of Christian belief, he was the first sovereign who made the spreading of the Gospel the aim of his life. The means which he used for this end seem, indeed, to our better enlightened minds, in direct contradiction with the spirit of the religion which he tried to force upon his conquered enemies. But for this he must accuse his age, not himself. He was deeply penetrated by the mysterious doctrine of the atonement and the divine

* St. Boniface, who exercised his pious activity in Germany, then the eastern part of the Frankish realm, under Charles Martel and Pepin the Short, did not belong to the Church of Gaul; he and his immediate followers were Anglo-Saxons.

power of baptism. He saw in the nations only obstinate, stubborn children, unwilling to take the healing medicine offered them, and thought it right, if they repulsed the cup, the honeyed edge of which did not always hide from them the bitterness of the potion, to pour it down their throats. A solemn abjuration of the Devil and subsequent immersion seemed sufficient to save their souls, and satisfied him and his clergy. Their Christianity was not the divine light of the Gospel, which leads the individual man to the full perception of the sinful night of his soul; not the spirit of mercy and forbearance, that urges him to love his neighbor and to forgive his enemy; but a severe, hierarchical system, laid upon the necks of the refractory nations like a yoke, to tame their wild spirits and break their rebellious will. From this time the Occidental world acquires a different character. Annalists now are silent on the migrations of the ancient Teutonic nations. From the cradle of the heathenish Germanic races, their eye is turned to the Holy Land and the manger. The central point of history to them is the incarnation of Christ. Charlemagne may therefore be emphatically called, as we have styled him, a Christian hero. As an historical character, he bears, a second Atlas, the Christian world upon his shoulders. As a mythical person, his name is the focus of romantic Christian lore. From the Ebro to the Hungarian Theiss, from the German Ocean to Rome, his name is connected with the local features of the land, and everywhere he appears as the main pillar of the Christian Church, and the champion of the Christian faith.

Charles was born in the year 742. Three different places claim the honor of having given him birth, — the city of Aix la-Chapelle, Ingelheim in the present grand-duchy of Hesse, — both towns in after life highly favored by him, — and the castle of Karlsberg, on the lake called the Wurmsee, in Bavaria. His father was Pepin, king of the Franks, surnamed the Short; his mother, Bertha, a Frankish lady. Pepin's immediate ancestors, Charles Martel, his father, and Pepin of Herestall, his grandfather, were, like himself, men of superior mind and rare force of character. It seemed almost as if Nature, in creating such a race of extraordinary men, increas-

ing her gift of mental power with every generation, had exhausted her resources when she crowned her liberality by endowing the great-grandson of Pepin of Herestall with all those physical and intellectual excellences which made him the shining star of his age; for after him we see the Carlovingian race in a rapid decline, with few exceptions weak, worthless men, known to posterity only by their physical and mental infirmities, as the Bald, the Gross, the Stammerer, the Simple, the Lazy.*

A general knowledge of history may be supposed in our readers. It may nevertheless not be amiss to introduce our sketch of Charlemagne's private life, by a general survey of the circumstances under which he ascended the throne.

The Franks, a warlike German race, settled in the northern part of Gaul towards the middle of the fifth century. Near the end of the same century, Clovis, one of their dukes, succeeded in driving the last Romans from Gaul, and in conquering the Allemanni, the Burgundians, and the Visigoths. Then he made himself, by valor and by treason, master of all the other Frankish principalities, and united all the Franks under his dominion. In the year 496, through the influence of his Burgundian wife, Clotilda, he was converted and baptized. He was the first who called himself King of the Franks, or King

* The French, inclined to appropriate to themselves all that is glorious and honorable, lay claim to Charlemagne as their own, and their historians are in the habit of calling him a Frenchman. From their works this expression has passed over into English and American school-books, and we have heard Charlemagne called a Frenchman by educated Americans. The truth is, that there could be no Frenchmen before there was a French nation. The origin of the French as a separate people dates from the time of Charlemagne's grandsons. With about the same propriety Luther could be called a Prussian, because the scene of his principal activity, Wittenberg, became, some centuries after his birth, a part of the Prussian kingdom; or the first inhabitants of Fort Dummer on the Upper Connecticut could be called Vermonters, because fifty-three years later the country wherein that settlement lies was called Vermont. The very name which the French give to Charlemagne, and the English adopted from them, indicates that there was no French language at the time of his existence. If he had been born a century later, they would have called him Charles le Grand; as it was, the Latin Carolus Magnus became corrupted in the Romanza of the country to Charlemagne. If we have reference to modern geography, Charlemagne could perhaps be called a Belgian; for his family had their original seat near the Meuse and the Lower Rhine. But in respect to race, as well as birthplace, he was as incontestably a German as any other native of the Rhinelands or Bavaria.

of *Frankric* (empire of the Franks), which word was afterwards, with the formation of the French language, corrupted into *France*. The Pope, rejoiced to receive one of the Western kings into the orthodox Catholic Church, while all the Gothic and Lombard kings belonged to the Arian division of the Church, saluted him as "the most Christian king," a title which from that time remained with the monarchs of France. Three thousand Franks, the warriors, who were called the retinue (*Gefolge*) of the prince, and constituted his standing army, received baptism with him. The natives of the country and the civil officers, partly of Roman origin, were already Christians.

According to the custom of the time Clovis divided his realm among his sons, and during the following century, and longer, France was the theatre of incessant feuds between these different realms themselves and those of the Goths and Burgundians. Few pages of history are sullied with more atrocious crimes than the annals of this period. In the beginning of the seventh century the authority of the kings of the Franks began to decline. The royal dignity among the Teutonic nations was a judicial office; their princes were also their generals in war; but in every other respect they were only the richest and most powerful among the nobles. They had no right over the property of their subjects. In war they received a greater share of the booty, and on conquered territory, where the inhabitants, according to circumstances, yielded to the invaders one third or two thirds of their cultivated grounds, a large proportion of the soil accrued to the kings, who thus became extensive land-owners. From the income of their domains, they defrayed the expenses of their households and courts. The stewards of the royal households, through whose hands all the rents passed, were called *Mayores Domus*, or Mayors of the Palace, and became in the course of time the most influential and powerful officers. Shrewd and active men filled these places, and gradually acquired by their personal endowments, and as legal leaders of the nobility, an authority, which equalled, and, as the degenerate race of the Merovingian princes sank deeper and deeper in mind and character, soon far surpassed, that of the king.

As there existed no regular law of inheritance, it became the policy of the *Mayores Domus* to place the sceptre in the weakest hands. Thus boys and imbeciles sat on the thrones of France, mere mock kings, while their Mayors of the Palace led the armies to glory and victory. Nevertheless, there was in the people a sort of filial piety for the descendants of an old and venerable race, which deterred the usurping ministers from putting them entirely aside. In vain everything was done to degrade them and make them contemptible in the eyes of the multitude. They were impoverished, and confined to small and mean farms for their daily support. While the Mayor of the Palace appeared before the people on horseback, in all the accoutrements of the warrior, and in the full dignity of a well-acquired martial fame, the king was exhibited to the masses the very picture of inertness, seated in a farm-wagon, drawn by oxen, driven by a peasant walking beside it. That mysterious awe in the hearts of the people, before a born king, — that innate respect for the idea of legitimacy, — could be undermined only by slow degrees.

In 678, Theodoric III., who was already king of Neustria and Burgundy, inherited also the throne of Austrasia, i. e. Germany as far west as the Ardennes, and united thus the three kingdoms into which France was divided. Pepin of Herestall, — called so after a castle on the Meuse, — Charlemagne's great-grandfather, was then *Mayor Domus*, and retained this office, with increasing power, while four other so-called kings appeared and vanished like shadows. He took the title of *Dux et Princeps Francorum*, and was the first who had the years of his administration marked in the documents by the side of the signature of the king. With him the dignity of the *Mayor Domus* became hereditary. His son, Charles Martel, the celebrated conqueror of the Saracens, thought it hardly worth while to institute one of those pseudo kings, whom he despised. He reigned several years without one. But some civil commotion made it advisable for Pepin the Short, the son of Charles Martel, to renew the farce of a coronation. This, however, was the last act of the puppet-show. As soon as Pepin felt himself strong enough, and had secured the consent of the Pope, who just then needed a powerful protector

against the Lombards, Childeric III. — this was the name of the last of the wretched Merovingian kings — was deposed and sent to a convent, where he was shorn, and soon afterwards died.

At the same Diet at Soissons, in 752, Pepin was anointed king of the Franks. His strong arm kept down all that demurred. The shortness of his figure diminished in some degree the respect in which he was held by his nobles. But he showed them, that not only strength of mind, but even physical courage and vigor of body, do not depend on size. A popular tradition relates, that at one of those public combats of wild beasts — a savage amusement, which the Franks, instead of better things, had adopted from the Romans — a lion sprang upon the back of a wild bull, and locked his teeth so firmly into the neck of his enemy, that he was unable to disengage himself. The king bade his noble warriors tear them asunder; but no one dared obey him. Upon this he himself stepped forth, drew his sword, and, with one mighty stroke, severed the heads of the lion and the bull from their bodies. All stood aghast. But the king turned quietly around, and asked, "Do you think me worthy to be your king?" — and all the doubters willingly acknowledged his superiority.

Charles was ten years old when his father was anointed king. He was not yet thirteen, when Pope Stephen II. came to France to implore Pepin's aid against the Lombards, and at St. Denis anointed him and his brother as their father's successors. After a victorious campaign they both went with the king to Rome, and were, like him, made Patricians of that city. But this is all that we know of his youth. Neither Eginhard, nor his other biographer, the monk of St. Gall, who collected anecdotes about him from contemporaries at a time when many features of his childhood must still have been known, has thought it worth while to give us a picture of this interesting period. From the pains the great king took afterwards to make up for lost time, we may conclude that his education was exclusively martial. The time in which he grew up was the last part of the darkest night in the history of literature. Until the middle of the seventh century, there were still some glimpses of erudition to be found in the em-

pire of the Franks. There was still an attempt made to write history, and poets like Sidonius Apollinaris and Venantius Fortunatus lived among the Franks, and dedicated their verses to the German conquerors. Nay, one of the Frankish kings himself, the ferocious Chilperic, — an anticipated picture of Henry VIII. of England, — wrote Latin hymns and German verses. The same prince attempted a clumsy improvement of the grammar, which he forced upon the schools, and invented a new dogmatical system, which he tried hard to introduce into the Church.

But even these dull lights died away in the course of the seventh century. The Frankish conquerors, comparatively few in number, amalgamated gradually with the Romanized natives of Gaul; but although the language of the former became merged in that of the latter, their illiterate vigor seemed to have had more influence on the native population, than the semi-civilization of the natives had on the invading race. Schools became more and more scarce, and were at last confined to the clergy. Charlemagne, like other sons of the high nobility, grew up without learning to write. That he spoke several languages with fluency — his own German, which was still the language of the court and the nobility, the Romanza of the people, and the Latin, in which tongue most public documents were written and all ecclesiastical matters treated — was only the natural result of his situation, not of education.

When his father died, in the full vigor of manhood, Charles was twenty-six years of age. He is described by Eginhard as a man of most extraordinary size; for he measured seven feet in height, i. e. the length of his own feet, which undoubtedly were not of the smallest. Nevertheless, his limbs were so well proportioned, and his frame so perfectly developed, that he did not appear too tall, and the dignity of his deportment, the round shape of his head, covered with light, shining hair, his large, penetrating eyes, his well-formed, rather long nose, and pleasant and cheerful mien, made the impression of his whole person decidedly favorable. When he grew old, his neck, rather short by nature, stooped somewhat, and his body began to project; yet these peculiarities were but slightly

detrimental to his manly beauty, and the effect of his whole appearance remained at the same time imposing and prepossessing. His only physical defect was unusual shrillness of voice. But this was soon forgotten by those on whom he exercised his natural eloquence. He was fond of conversing on various subjects, and knew how to express himself with great aptness and felicity.

That a man of such extraordinary powers was not without deep and vehement passions may be supposed. This was principally evident in his relation to women. When he ascended the throne, he had been for several years in intimate connection with a Frankish lady, named Himiltrude, without being regularly married to her. The fruit of this love was a son, who was baptized Pepin. The unhappy boy had the misfortune to grow up a hunchback. If a misshapen body is a great hindrance to success at any time, it was a tenfold grievance in an age when personal vigor was considered as one of the highest virtues of man. Although Charles, who was a most affectionate parent, showed for him full enough of paternal tenderness, we have no doubt that Pepin experienced already in childhood a certain neglect and contempt, which by degrees so embittered his mind against his father, that, when afterwards irritated by his step-mother, his hatred broke all bounds, and certain malecontent noblemen found it an easy matter to make him the instrument of their criminal intrigues.

Bertha, Pepin's queen and Charles's mother, disapproved of his connection with Himiltrude. She undertook to induce her son to contract a legal and royal marriage, and he yielded to her persuasion. But the choice she had made for him was a most unfortunate one. It was Desiderata, the daughter of Didier or Desiderius, king of the Lombards, — a weak, sickly woman, who displeased the hero from the beginning, and soon became so disgusting to him that he sent her back to her father, before a year was out, and obtained a divorce from her the more easily, as the Pope, who hated and feared his neighbors, the Lombards, had been decidedly averse to the match.

Perhaps a new flame had some influence on Charles's cruel

treatment of the unfortunate princess; for we find that he was hardly divorced, when he married a noble maiden from Suabia, Hildegardis, who, by her mother Emma, was a descendant of the former dukes of the Allemans. The queen, his mother, was exceedingly grieved at this step, and his nephew Adelhard, a learned clergyman, could hardly make up his mind to acknowledge her as queen. She proved, however, to be his worthiest and most beloved spouse. We find, whenever, in the numerous popular legends referring to Charlemagne, the queen or empress is mentioned, it is always Hildegardis who is meant. Her brother Gerald, Duke of Suabia, is also a hero of popular tales. The privilege which the Suabians claimed during the wars of the empire, of standing always foremost in battle, is said to have been acquired by him. The king lived happily with Hildegardis, and was faithful to her, for more than twelve years. She bore him three sons, Charles, Carloman, and Louis, and three daughters, Rotrudis, Bertha, and Grisela. Charles, at an early age, showed an uncommon mind, and his father hoped to educate in him his worthy successor, but had the grief to survive both him and Carloman, whose name he changed to Pepin, after giving up his eldest misguided son of that name. The youngest, Louis, a learned, kind-hearted, but weak prince, reigned after him, and is known under the name of Louis le Débonnaire. Of his daughters we shall speak hereafter.

Charles found, after the various grievances and exertions of a harassed life, his best comfort in the circle of his family, and generally had them with him in his travels. But in spite of the matrimonial happiness he had enjoyed with Hildegardis, his love seems to have had little reference to her *person;* for we find that when she died, in the thirteenth year of their wedlock, he married, before even a year had passed, Fastrada, the daughter of an East-Frankish Count Rodolphe. She was a woman of a proud and overbearing mind. With her, discord and trouble entered the royal house. Although she had no son of her own — she was the mother of two daughters, Theodorada and Hiltrud — she hated the king's sons, especially Pepin, the eldest; at least he was the only one against whom she dared to show her hatred. This unfortu-

nate young man had long since looked at his younger brother's prerogatives with bitter envy. There was at that period nothing in an illegitimate birth that reflected disgrace on a man, especially if his father was a prince; neither did it necessarily exclude him from the succession; nay, his own grandfather, Pepin, was the son of the one of Charles Martel's two wives whom the Church did not acknowledge. But Charlemagne had determined, in harmony with the views of the Church, to introduce the principle of legitimacy. All his illegitimate children, although he loved them tenderly and made no difference between them and those born by his successive queens, in so far as he gave them the same careful education, and treated them with the same affection, knew that they had no claim to the succession in government.

The insults received from his step-mother inclined Pepin to listen to the suggestions of a number of discontented noblemen, who had been offended by Fastrada, and had formed a conspiracy against the throne. They flattered the poor, weak-minded youth, and went so far in their criminal plans as to propose to murder Charles and to put on the throne Pepin the Hunchback, who would of course have been a supple tool for their ambition. The plot was ripe in 792. At Ratisbon, just then the place of Charles's residence, the attempt was to take place. The conspirators met for the last time in the midst of the night to make some definite agreement, in a church, where fortunately a priest happened to be saying his lonely prayers. When he saw the conspirators enter, he withdrew, and perhaps from fear, perhaps from some presentiment, hid himself under the altar. Here he heard everything. They left the church; and he, without hesitating, hurried to the castle, where at that hour of the night he could only with difficulty gain admittance. Charles was then in the very zenith of his glory. The Lombards and Avars were conquered; the Frisians made tributary; from distant Spain, Arab princes came, attracted by the fame of his valor, to request the assistance of his mighty sword; and even the spirits of the Saxons, his most dangerous enemies, seemed at last broken, and their great leader had bowed to the cross. And now suddenly he

must see danger arising in the midst of his own people, nay, in the very bosom of his family! This moved him deeply. He arose in passionate anger against the traitors. The conspirators were seized and beheaded; and even some, on whom merely suspicion rested, were imprisoned, and their estates confiscated. But he could not kill his own son, although the barbarism of the times would not have revolted against such a cruel act of paternal justice. He sent him to the convent of Pruem,* and had him made a monk, to give him time, as he said, to repent, and to pray for the salvation of his soul.

The queen, Fastrada, survived this sad event, of which she is accused of having been the principal cause, only two years. She never had been to Charles what Hildegardis was. While married to her he kept a mistress, who bare him a daughter, named Rothaide. Soon after her death, he married another lady of Suabia, of whom it is only known that her name was Luitgardis. She died without children. None of his wives ever shared in his highest rank and became an empress by him, for Luitgardis died in 800, the year in which he went to Rome, and renewed in his person the dignity of an Occidental Emperor. From the time of her death he remained a widower. A marriage with the Greek Empress Irene was in contemplation. It was a bold and grand idea, after an alienation of more than four hundred years, to unite the Occidental and Oriental parts of the Roman empire, and to place that rich crown fully restored on the head of their descendants. But the project exploded with the downfall of the empress.

Charles was fifty-eight years old when his last queen died. Nevertheless history mentions not less than three successors to her bed, though not to her legal rights,— Gersuinda, a Saxon lady, who was the mother of the Princess Adaltrud; Regina, or Italias, who bare him two sons, Drogo and Hugo; and Adalinde, by whom he had one son. All these three sons were educated for the Church. Drogo died as Archbishop

* Situated between Treves and Aix. A portion of this ancient and celebrated convent still remains, occupied by a school. It was founded by the Benedictines in the seventh century.

of Metz; Hugo became Abbot of St. Quentin; the youngest, Theodoric, obtained the Bishopric of Cambray.

Charlemagne had then fourteen children, only eight of whom were of legitimate birth. There is no doubt that the clergy showed their disapproval of his illicit way of living; and when Heaven tried him so severely as to call away two of his legitimate sons, whom he loved most tenderly, in the prime of their lives, he was seized by the most violent grief, and, in the conviction that he had offended God by his sinful life, acknowledged these losses as his punishment. Eginhard says, that he did not bear this severe dispensation with the fortitude which could have been expected from his magnanimous soul. But the historian did not himself know the strength of paternal feeling, and, besides this, was perhaps not aware of the accompanying sensations of remorse, — a state of mind which is manifested, although in an erroneous way, in the dispositions of his last will.

The ambition which filled the soul of the young Frankish king was doubtless nursed by some knowledge of history. Early in life, we see his eye directed towards Rome. The echo of the heroic deeds and of the irresistible power of the Eternal City still sounded through the most distant regions. A halo of sanctity surrounded the deposed queen of the world, making her doubly venerable to the fiery imagination of a Christian hero. The impressions of Charlemagne's second visit to Rome were no doubt powerful. It was made during his victorious campaign against the Lombards, in 774, when his troops were still besieging Pavia, the capital of their kingdom. So near the holy city, he wished to celebrate Easter in its sanctuary. The victor of the detested Lombards was received with acclamations of joy and grateful processions, and honored by the people as the deliverer of Italy and of the Church. The iron crown of Italy was placed upon his head. The imposing grandeur of the religious service, the majesty of the still beautiful city, and the numerous associations of the locality, — all these seem to have affected Charles powerfully, and ripened in him the ideas of improvement throughout his whole kingdom. Rome itself belonged at that time to it, not only as a portion of Italy, but as previously alien-

ated from the dominion of the Lombards under Pepin. Although Charles confirmed, at Pope Adrian's request, his father's gift to the Roman See of an extensive independent territory, the city of Rome was not included in the grant, and acknowledged the Pope only as her bishop and spiritual head. All the worldly affairs were directed by the king, and we find that Charles himself, a month before he was made Emperor of Rome, held a court of justice there, and presided at the tribunal erected for the trial of those who had offended the Pope. Rome was so attractive to Charlemagne, that in 780, when he supposed that he had finally conquered the Saxons, and believed his empire everywhere quiet, he employed the pretext of the anointing of his two youngest sons for a visit to Rome. His queen, Hildegardis, and his whole family, accompanied him. The second of her sons, Carloman, who was now called Pepin, was to be anointed by the Pope as king of Italy; the youngest, Louis, only three years old, as king of Aquitaine.

His fourth and last visit to Rome, in 800, was the most important in its consequences. He went originally to replace the Pope, Leo III., his friend and Adrian's successor, who had come as far as Paderborn to implore his aid, and to obtain from him the punishment of the insurgents. But this was hardly accomplished when a most singular scene took place. It was Christmas. To celebrate this great festival, Charlemagne went to St. Peter's Church in the stately dress of a Roman patrician, followed by a large suite of Frankish and Roman noblemen; when the Pope suddenly stepped forth, and placed a crown upon his head, while all the people around broke out into acclamations, and cried, "Life and victory to the great peacegiver, Charles Augustus, the great Emperor of the Romans, who is crowned by God!" Pope Leo added the so-called *adoration;* i. e. he touched with one of his hands the lips, with the other the hand of the king, and bowed before him, whereon all around again saluted him as Imperator and Augustus. Eginhard informs us that Charles was in no way prepared for this scene, and had told him that, had he known what would happen, he would not have gone to church that day. That the Pope should have taken such a step exclusively of his own accord, and without the previous

acquiescence of the monarch, is indeed almost as incredible as to suppose that this truly great man should have so far abased himself as to lie to his secretary, and to play a comedy of surprise before his subjects. The matter will never be fully explained. It may suffice to remark, that the name of Roman Emperor was by no means a vain title. Four hundred years had passed; but there were still illustrious associations connected with it extant in Europe. The rule of the world seemed to belong to that glorious title of Imperator Augustus. The protest of the Byzantine court against Charles's assumption of it proves best that there was a power in the very word. And although its force was broken again and again by dissension, recklessness, and want of wisdom, it remained for a thousand years the title of the acknowledged chief of all the Christian monarchs of Europe.

When this event occurred at Rome, Charles, who had then reigned thirty-two years, had, with the exception of the single year 790, not put his sword into the scabbard during that period. We see him flying with the velocity of an eagle from north to south, from east to west. In less than two years (778–780) we can trace him on the Ebro and on the Elbe, in Rome and in Paderborn, — in most cases at the head of a valiant army, — a quickness of motion which seems almost miraculous in a period when the modes and conveniences of travelling were in the most primitive state.

But we must admire this great hero still more, when we see how much he achieved (besides the great military deeds he performed and his wise civil institutions) in the circle of his domestic life. He lived, as stated above, as much as possible in his family; and, keenly feeling his own deficiencies, took care to provide for his children of both sexes the best teachers the age could procure. He had met in Italy an Anglo-Saxon monk named Alcuin, seven years older than himself. The convents and schools of Britain, and still more those of Ireland, were at this period far in advance of similar institutions on the Continent. The king recognized in this highly gifted man, who was educated in the famous school of York, a peculiar talent for imparting to others the rich stock of knowledge he possessed. This induced him to engage him as the teacher

of his sons and daughters. A short time afterwards he met with a bright boy, docile, and eager for information, whom he made the associate of his sons, to give them in him an example for emulation. This was Eginhard, afterwards his biographer, a native of the Odenwald (in the present grand-duchy of Hesse). As often as his duties permitted, the king was himself present at the lessons Alcuin gave. His children were instructed in classical literature, in geography, in astronomy, and in the physical sciences, as far as the knowledge of the time, personified in Alcuin, reached. When the lads accompanied him to the chase or amused themselves with field-sports, the girls sat spinning and weaving under the eye of their mother.

Charlemagne's daughters were, according to Eginhard and Angilbert, exceedingly beautiful. Neither of them was ever married. The principal reason of this singular circumstance may have been the difficulty of finding suitable matches for them, and Charles's unwillingness to wed either of them to one of his subjects, who by such a connection would have felt himself exalted above his fellow-citizens. This, of course, would have excited rivalry and envy. The dominion of the Carlovingians was still new. There were many among the Frankish noblemen who considered themselves their equals, and were distanced principally by Charles's personal superiority. It seemed hardly safe to let them come too near. When Irene proposed, in the name of her son, the young Greek emperor, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, for his eldest daughter, Rotrudis, Charles consented without hesitation. The Byzantine court sent Elisæus, a learned eunuch, to instruct the princess in the Greek language and the ceremonies of the court. The treachery of the empress, who perhaps never seriously meant that the marriage should take place, but only wished to negotiate with a rising rival, and to keep him in good humor for a while, broke off the match under some pretext. An alliance with the Occidental hero would have given the son, whom she used only as a tool, too much influence. Jealous of her own child, she destroyed him and offered herself to Charles. We do not learn how the king received her withdrawal. But he kept firm in declining

all proposals from Frankish magnates, under the pretext that he could not dispense with the society of his daughters. It is highly probable that his daughters themselves, beloved, educated, refined as they were, and enjoying perfect liberty at their father's court, had no desire to exchange their pleasant situations for those of housewives and upper servants to the wild and brutish counts upon the borders, who lived in constant warfare with their neighbors or among one another. They might have been the less impatient to marry, the less they were restrained at home, and the more indulgent the king was to the various love-intrigues of which they are accused. It is certain, that the modest, scholarly Eginhard, their father's secretary, and his chaplain, the poetical, refined Angilbert, pleased them better than those rude knights. A very old tradition relates, that when the royal family resided in Aix-la-Chapelle, the beautiful Emma, one of Charles's daughters, gave her lover, Eginhard, a nocturnal interview. Towards morning the loving couple separated, but what was their dismay when they perceived that snow had been falling during the night, and that the court-yard of the castle, through which Eginhard had to pass, was covered with a thick white carpet, on which the footprint of a man would incontestably betray his clandestine visit! What could be done? The ladies of yore were stronger and had broader shoulders than those of our days. Emma proposed to carry her lover on her back through the yard to the front building, from which he could easily escape. She did so, and they both considered their secret as safe. Now it happened, unfortunately, that King Charles, in one of his sleepless nights, had stepped out upon an inner gallery of the court-yard and witnessed the singular scene. From this point tradition varies and presents a double picture. According to one version, he was touched, and in the morning, after having sufficiently frightened and scolded them, married the lovers. Another reading makes him banish them from his presence. They flee to the forest of Ardennes, where they live for years in loving solitude and misery, longing to see once more the countenance of their offended but adored father. Fortunately, the hero loses his way while deer-hunting, or (according to another version) he

seeks refuge in the woods after a lost battle, and a rosy boy, one of his own grandsons, shows him the way to Emma's hut, where he is hospitably received and sheltered, and the little romance concludes in due form with a recognition and a pardon.

Thus far a popular tradition transmitted by one of the oldest chroniclers. But history does not even know an Emma among Charles's daughters. This, however, may have been another name for Rotrudis; for the chronicler says expressly, that the princess who loved Eginhard was the one who had been engaged to the Greek emperor. It was, moreover, natural, that one of Hildegardis's daughters should be baptized after *her* mother, as another, Bertha, was called after her *paternal* grandmother. But history attests also Eginhard's fidelity to his master to his very death; nor does he himself make any allusion to an affair of this nature. On a somewhat better foundation rests the love-story of Bertha, Charles's second daughter, and Angilbert, whose ecclesiastical the king changed into a secular office. It is believed that he indulged the lovers in a secret marriage, without taking any further notice of it. Certain it is that they had two sons, Nithard, who, during the following reign, made himself known as an historian, and Harnid, who also became a man of influence. Whether Rotrudis consoled herself for the disappointment in the Greek match by a similar connection, is not known, but mention is made by later writers of a son of hers who was Abbot of St. Denis. The conduct of Charles's daughters is censured by all the contemporary and nearly contemporary writers as highly reprehensible; but Charles himself seems to have been hardly aware of it, either because he knew that it was not so bad as scandal loved to make it, or because, what is not improbable, his principles in respect to female virtue were as vicious as those of Frederic the Great. At any rate, we find that it did not give him the least chagrin, and that he lived always on the kindest terms with his daughters.

The learned Alcuin was not only the teacher of the princes and princesses, he was also Charles's own instructor in mathematics, astronomy, and various other branches. The hero had

learned to write only when arrived at man's estate. It is very natural that he never acquired great proficiency in this art, although he practised it so diligently, that, even in those sleepless hours with which his nights were troubled, he had writing-materials ready to exercise his hand. Far better progress he made in the Greek language, and was soon able to understand whatever he read. Paul Warnefried, better known under the name of Paul the Deacon, a scholar and poet, is said to have been his teacher in classical literature.

We have already mentioned that he spoke Latin fluently and eloquently; but how much interest he took in the real study of this language best appears from Alcuin's letters to his royal friend; for while separated they kept up a correspondence, which belongs among the most remarkable of literary reliques. In one of these letters Alcuin explains to him, at his particular request, the difference of the nearly synonymous words, *æternum*, *sempiternum*, *perpetuum*, and *immortale*,—*seculum*, *ævum*, and *tempus*. In another, the meanings of the particles *de*, *dis*, and *des*, when putbefore other words, are discussed. Charles took a still deeper interest in the science of astronomy, especially in its reference to the calendar, in which there reigned at that time a boundless confusion, and which acquired a more settled character only through the exertions of the Emperor and his friends. His principal efforts, however, concerned the restoration of the pure text of the Gospels. He caused Greek manuscripts, which had suffered by the ignorance of successive copyists, to be compared with all the early translations accessible, and the Vulgate, which was reduced to a still more corrupt state by ignorant clerks, to be restored to its former purity. He was himself a very zealous reader of the Bible, and indefatigable in asking for explanation when he did not understand a passage, or when something struck him as apparently incoherent. His daughters, his sister, many of his courtiers, and even some of his warriors, shared in these Biblical studies, and all showed the same lively interest in them. Once the question was started, why, as it was related by Matthew and Mark that a "hymn" was sung by the disciples of Christ at the institution of the Holy Supper, that hymn was not communicated by one of the

Evangelists. It happened that Alcuin was absent, and of the scholars present no one could answer the question. Charles wrote himself to Alcuin to propose the subject. Our readers will be desirous to hear what he replied. He wrote: "As the four Evangelists had each his own manner and style, we ought not to be surprised that we find in one what was omitted by the others. While the other three Evangelists gave a description of the supper itself and the conversation which took place after it, John did not say a word of it; he commences his narration only from after the supper, and relates nothing but what the Lord did and what he said. Thus he gives us also the hymn. For the prayer in the seventeenth chapter, which Jesus recited with his eyes lifted up to heaven, *is* the hymn in question,—that holy, glorious hymn requisite to all the faithful, that our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, after the meal of our salvation and his love, recited in the presence of his disciples, with perfect sweetness and indescribable loveliness." It does not appear whether the king was satisfied with this explanation or not.

The intercourse with Alcuin and a small number of other learned clergymen—among whom were the Archbishops of Mentz and Treves, and Adelhard, his nephew—was his greatest enjoyment, and principally took place during the winters that he spent in Aix-la-Chapelle. To evade all useless ceremonies Alcuin had proposed to adopt fictitious names during these social meetings, and in their learned correspondence. Thus Charlemagne was called King David, or "our wise Solomon"; Alcuin was Flaccus; Angilbert, Homer; Eginhard, Calliopius, or, on account of his knowledge of architecture, Bezaleel. We hear of a Damætas, and a Candidus. Various questions were discussed, and the best books read. St. Jerome and Augustine were Charles's favorite writers. "O," he once cried, lamenting the insufficiency of his means, which frustrated so many of his plans, "if I had only twelve men like these in my empire, what I could do for my people!" when Alcuin, who perhaps felt a little wounded by the remark, replied: "The Creator of heaven and earth had only these two, and you want twelve!"

In one point, however, the great king, with his true Ger-

man heart, seems to have found but little sympathy among his scholars. He took a deep interest in the improvement of his own German language, which was much too barbarous for these erudite men. He caused the ancient popular ballads of the Franks, which contained, in a certain measure, their earliest history, to be written down and collected, and had them recited before him. By the culpable neglect of the age, which did not understand their value, these precious manuscripts were lost, and thus the supposition that they were the oldest German versions of the ballads of the valiant Siegfried, the treacherous Burgundians, and the vengeance of Chriemhild, a cycle of epics in later centuries united to the more elaborate poem of the Nibelungen, must remain a conjecture. Charles commenced even to write a German grammar, of which unfortunately nothing is left but the names which he gave to the twelve months of the year and those of the winds.

In the literary productions of his friends he took the most lively interest, and liked to have them dedicated to him. Angilbert wrote a Latin poem in hexameters in his praise, wherein he described the festivities and hunting expeditions of the court, and Charles's achievements during the latter. This poem will always be valued as a contribution to the history of the manners and customs of that age. Literature was in such a low state at this period, that a certain worth might be ascribed with justice to almost every new production. Copies of the manuscripts of the ancients were, out of Italy, exceedingly scarce in the Occident, and even in Italy partly buried in ruins and rubbish. The scanty libraries of the convents consisted mostly of the lives of saints, and a great many monasteries were entirely without books. Complete copies of the Sacred Scriptures were hardly to be found, and wherever a city or a church possessed such a treasure, the discoverer or donor was considered as the greatest of benefactors, and entitled to the prayers of the clergy for life, and to masses after death for the salvation of his soul. The few books which formed the libraries of the most erudite men consisted chiefly of extracts from the writings of the fathers. These were often, by ignorant clerks, wrongly connected or partly

destroyed by neglect or time. Among these a species of commentaries had long since been in fashion with the clergy of the earlier centuries, called *catenæ*, chains, which were sentences from different Fathers in illustration of different portions of the Scriptures, often patched together in a very unskilful manner, but nevertheless valuable in the general dearth of literature. Charles endeavored to supply the deficiency of books as far as was in his power. The monks were constantly admonished to copy the manuscripts extant; and Paul the Deacon, when he retired to the convent of Montecasino, made, at the king's command, a collection of the homilies written by the most approved teachers of the Church, very many copies of which were distributed among the clergy. In the preface they were urgently admonished to study the Scriptures. Charles himself collected various valuable manuscripts, which were sold after his death for the benefit of the poor.

Of still more importance for the promotion of literature were the schools which he founded through his whole empire. One, erected at his court, under his very eye, served as a sort of normal school. The monk of St. Gall tells us that the great man was sometimes himself present at the examination of the pupils, and that he found, on such an occasion, that the children of the nobility were lazy and deficient in knowledge, while those of the poor were more diligent. He had these placed at his right hand; the lazy ones at his left. He kindly admonished those at the right to persevere, and promised to reward them, in time, by bishoprics and abbeys. Then he turned to the left, and cast one of his tremendous looks on the young nobility on that side, saying: "But you, sons of noblemen! ye fine lads, who think yourselves so great and that you can dispense with learning, I tell you, idle, naughty boys! your noble blood and your handsome faces are nothing to me, and you have nothing to hope for if you do not make up for lost time by zeal and diligence." We must fear that these words made less impression than they ought to have made; for in Germany as well as in France many distinguished laymen were still found, during the following reigns, who had not learned to write, and were obliged to make a cross when

they would sign their names; it was only in the clergy that a great improvement was visible. The school under Charles's eye was not merely for *boys;* theology and all the seven liberal arts were taught there; and while common schools were founded in many cities, partly by the pupils of the normal school, this latter remained as the only high school, until Alcuin settled at Tours, and gave a similar character to the school in that place.

As for Eginhard, Charles consulted him principally in reference to his architectural plans. When he ascended the throne, most cities were built entirely of wood, and the houses covered with straw; only fortified castles and some of the principal churches were made of stone. Most of the royal mansions were low, wooden dwellings, although there were some compact stone buildings among them. They were in no way distinguished from those of the richer nobility. The royal dwelling-house, however mean, was called "the Pfalz," a corruption of the word *palatium.* Open galleries surrounded the upper stories, from which doors led into the chambers. The kitchen, store-rooms, offices, and stables were under separate roofs. Charles was the first prince who built his palaces in a better style. His taste was early developed during his journeys through Italy. Among several splendid palaces which he built during his reign, "the Pfalz" in Aix-la-Chapelle, and those at Nimuegen and Ingelheim, were the most celebrated. For the last named he had chosen a most commanding situation, on a hill, overlooking the finest part of the valley of the Rhine. The palace built in this beautiful spot is described by contemporary and later writers — and it stood many centuries — as a miracle of splendor and beauty. The hundred columns of marble and granite which ornamented the building were those of the former palace of the Roman emperors at Ravenna, for which he was indebted to the friendship of Pope Adrian. They cannot have been conveyed so far but at an enormous expense. This, however, Charles never avoided, as long as the money spent fell by these means into the hands of his people. The beautiful fresco paintings which ornamented the inner halls also came from Ravenna, and were probably transported with the entire wall. This famous palace has often been men-

tioned, and sometimes described, by later writers in prose and verse. Ermoldus Nigellus, a priest, who was attached to the grandsons of Charlemagne, and took part in their criminal revolt against their father, the Emperor Louis, made the palace of Ingelheim the subject of one of his odes. But no picture of this beautiful building has come down to us. During the terrible years of the Interregnum in Germany, (1250–1272,) — a period which Schiller designates as

> "Die Kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit
> In der kein Richter auf Erden,"—

this great work of art was destroyed. Its ruins were still standing for centuries afterwards, and so late as 1831 its last fragments fell together. A portion of the great space it occupied is still known to the inhabitants of the surrounding country by the name "Im Saal" (in the hall).

Charles would have thought it an unpardonable sin if he had given so much care to the building of palaces without bestowing at least equal attention on the houses of God. Wherever he built one of his splendid mansions, he erected somewhere in its vicinity a well-endowed church; while the old churches in the neighborhood were at the same time repaired and enlarged. The chapel in Aix-la-Chapelle, from which that city received its French name, was devoted to the Virgin Mary. It was built in 796. Its foundation is still extant, and although it was destroyed and rebuilt two hundred years later, the same materials were for the most part used, and no doubt the same form restored, so that a considerable portion of the edifice may still be considered as the work of the great Emperor. It was decorated by him in the most sumptuous style, and Eginhard speaks of it as of a vast achievement of beauty and art. The service in this church was in dignity and magnificence second only to that of Rome; the best preachers and the best singers were attached to it; and the ceremonial apparatus was so complete, that even the lowest church-servants never officiated in their ordinary dresses.

An equal zeal was shown by Charlemagne in the general introduction of an improved church music, by which he gave to the forms of Christian worship more dignity and attract-

iveness. It appears that the early Gallic Church had a psalmody of its own, or at least had not availed itself of the improvements ascribed to St. Gregory, though probably introduced at a much later period. When Charles visited Rome after the Lombard campaign, a violent dispute arose between the Frankish singers of his chapel and the Italian masters. Charles decided "that the water of the stream was purer near the fountain, than after mixing with various rivers and rivulets," and preferred to introduce the Roman psalmody. He at first made an attempt to supersede also the Gallic liturgy by that of Rome, but soon desisted when he saw how strongly his clergy were opposed to the change. The Pope sent him two of his best masters, who founded each a singing-school, one at Soissons, the other at Metz. After these had been for some time in operation, the churches of the principal cities were forbidden to admit any other leaders of choirs than those who had been educated in one of these schools, where also the use of the organ was taught. But it seems as if the superior talent for music, which no one now denies to the Germans, required some time to develop itself, or was adulterated by the Celtic admixture; for the poor Italians were in despair, and compared the singing of the Franks to the howling of wild beasts, and their playing to the noise of a freight-wagon when driven over a rough causeway. Alcuin also complains of their refractory indocility, and speaks of "bestiality" and "unconquerable churlishness."

That Charlemagne, with his constant border wars and his incessant activity in promoting the welfare of his vast empire by new and beneficial institutions, still found time for these minor affairs, and for his private occupations, can be accounted for only by the regularity with which he divided his time and improved every moment. He rose early, and while dressing gave audience to his friends, or to those who wished to bring their complaints before him, and who desired his personal decision in private dissensions or family feuds. With remarkable quickness he looked through the most intricate cases, and while he put on his shoes, or buttoned his belt, he decided, with a few energetic words, lawsuits that had perhaps

lasted for years. His dress was perfectly simple, consisting invariably of the Frankish national costume. Over a linen shirt, spun and woven by his daughters, he wore a gown of blue cloth, kept together at the waist by a silken scarf or belt. Around the upper part of his legs, broad, colored bands were wound; the lower part was covered by stocking-like leggings, and his feet by shoes. Over his gown he sometimes wore a short Venetian cloak, or, in winter, a kind of doublet of otter-skins. His sword he seldom laid aside, and this was the only costly article which he wore; the hilt and pommel being often of gold or silver. On solemn occasions he carried a sword ornamented with precious stones, and his shoes, and the diadem that encircled his brow, were similarly adorned. Yet these were rare cases. Twice in his life, when at Rome, he put on the long Patrician robe, at the particular request of the Popes Adrian and Leo. But in general he did not distinguish himself by his attire from a common soldier. He despised the luxuries of dress in men, and he made some pretty severe attempts to check the love of finery in his young Frankish courtiers. Once, when some of them appeared before him at a morning audience in delicate silk dresses, he suddenly ordered a deer-hunt, and, without giving them a moment's warning to change their clothes, made them follow him through bush and bramble. Their fine things of course very soon hung about them in tatters, to the cruel amusement of all those who were better prepared, and especially of the king, who thought he had given them a capital lesson. Those who wore costly apparel in war he reproved in a more serious way. He asked them whether they did not think of the possibility of their being slain in battle, and whether they would prefer to have their precious armor fall into the enemy's hands, or rather, for its value, have masses read for the salvation of their souls.

His meals he generally took with his family, and without guests. Four dishes were set at once upon the table; then his favorite meat, a piece of venison, was brought in on the spit on which it was roasted, and afterwards, fruit. He disliked his physicians, because in his old age they forbade his constantly eating roast meat. He ate heartily, but was strictly temperate in drinking, and detested intemperance in

others. During his meals he often had some person present to read aloud or to recite poetry to him. After dinner he felt the want of repose. He undressed himself completely, and slept for several hours. By this long sleep he of course spoiled his night's rest, which was so interrupted that he often rose four or five times in one night. Even from these wakeful hours he tried to profit, and had, as remarked above, writing-tablets always at hand.

The residence of the kings in those days was never fixed in one place. Partly from policy, they held court one part of the year here, another part there. This was not a privilege to the people, as in modern times, when it is the means of making money current among the people, and traders and workmen may hope for employment and profit by the dwelling of many wealthy families among them. It was rather an imposition on the place which the prince happened to choose, especially on the great nobility; for certain supplies and purveyances in grain, cattle, wood, and other commodities, were levied for the court, wherever it established itself, and certain personal services were also demanded. This was one of the reasons for its frequent removal. In the beginning of his reign, Charlemagne, like his predecessors, often changed his place of residence. His summers were chiefly devoted to campaigns. In autumn he liked to be at one of his villas, where he could enjoy hunting. Christmas and Easter, the two great festivals of the Church, he spent sometimes in the castle of Ingelheim, or of Worms, sometimes at Ratisbon or Nimuegen, sometimes at Aix-la-Chapelle. His family was always with him. It seems singular that we never find him holding his court in Paris, or at any other place in the western portion of his realm. Even Soissons, an old and venerable city, where many Merovingian kings had resided, is not mentioned among his residences, perhaps for this very reason. His father, Pepin, however, who had more reasons than he to fear ancient associations, seems to have dwelt for the most part at Paris. Charles and his brother were anointed kings at St. Denis, and probably spent the greater part of their youth in the present capital of France.

The old Carlovingian family estates lay in the region which is now called Belgium and the Netherlands. Charlemagne

seems to have been, however, more attracted by the beauties of the Upper Rhine, until, for the last twenty years of his life, he fixed his residence permanently at Aix-la-Chapelle. His predilection for Aix was so striking, that the people talked about it, and tried to find some hidden reason for his partiality. The following tradition, which has been brought down to posterity in various ways, may have its origin in this contemporary gossip. The Emperor fell in love with a beautiful woman of low origin, and so passionate and absorbing was his love, that, contrary to his habits, he neglected all his business, and thought no longer of warlike exploits and glory. At last the woman died, and his friends and admirers hoped that he would now be himself again; but they found that his love had not lost its mysterious strength; he hung over her corpse, and would not consent to have it buried. Wherever he travelled, that beloved body was carried with him. This suggested to Turpin, the Archbishop of Rheims, the idea, that there must be some sorcery in the case. One day, when the Emperor had left the room, he crossed himself, dipped his hands into consecrated water, and examined the corpse. He found a ring under the tongue of the dead woman, which he took away and concealed about his own person. When the Emperor re-entered, he made an angry face, and said: "What a horrible odor! Who brought this corpse here? Carry it away as quick as you can!" But from that time he attached himself to the Archbishop in the same mysterious way; he followed him everywhere, and could be happy only in his presence. But the holy man saw this with shuddering, and, hoping to put an end to all further mischief, he threw the magic ring into a deep fountain, which fountain was the mineral spring of Aix. Afterwards the great Emperor became marvellously fond of Aix, built a chapel there, neglected all his other fine castles, did not stir from that place during the rest of his lifetime, and before he died ordered that they should bury him there, and that his successors should there receive the imperial honors.

Thus far the popular legend. But we must hasten to lead the reader back from its *naïve* poetry to plain, historical prose, and accompany the Emperor to the various places of resi-

dence which he chose during the first and larger portion of his reign. While he was removing with his family and his court from one place to another, the country through which they travelled had to support them, and he liked particularly to claim the hospitality of the high clergy, for they could best afford it. He took care, however, not to lodge often in the same house; for even the richest stores were emptied when his numerous suite fell, locust-like, upon them. The monk of St. Gall relates, that a certain bishop, who had repeatedly entertained the court in that way, at last thought his hospitality too severely taxed. Once when he heard of the court's approach, he ordered his servants to empty the chambers quickly, to make room for the numerous guests. When Charles arrived, he expressed his approbation at seeing the house prepared for him, — from which we conclude that the court carried bedding, vessels, table furniture, and such things, with them; on which the bishop sulkily replied, that he could just as well have omitted the process, for that where the king and his suite appeared, a house was of course emptied to the naked walls. The king smiled; and, without being offended, remarked that he at least understood filling up just as well as emptying, and when he departed gave the reluctant host an estate.

Longer visits he made at his own country-seats, where everything was constantly ready for him. His retinue he took only to the largest of these villas, where there was room enough to keep a formal court. But he loved to enjoy rural life accompanied only by his family and body servants, on his smaller farms, which were scattered over the whole empire. Two different works on the administration of his personal estates have come down to us, which only increase our admiration for a man, who, besides being the greatest warrior and wisest ruler, was also the most careful and judicious agriculturist of his age. He kept, of course, stewards and administrators everywhere; but everything was so well regulated, and his examinations, when present, were so strict, that he could depend upon being well served. He entered into all the details; the fields, the ponds, the woods, the stables, the gardens, — everything was kept ready for his constant inspec-

tion. It has been reported that he and his queen knew exactly the number of poultry kept on each farm, and that even the eggs were often counted in their presence. If we smile at this, we must not forget that such things were of much greater importance for a king of the eighth century than they are now, and that Charles derived his principal income from his farms. A part of their produce was regularly sent to the court for its support, and what was not consumed in that way was carried to market and sold. The clothing of his retinue was made of the flax raised on his fields, of the wool from the backs of his sheep, of the skins of the cattle he kept, and was also mostly manufactured by his servants on the farms. The kings in those times lived in a great measure on their own family property, which was increased by the tribute of dependent nations, and presents and supplies from their vassals, voluntary at first, but compulsory by custom. The people paid no other *regular* imposts except the tolls of bridges and highways, and a few taxes, retained from the former Roman system of taxation. It was therefore important that these farms should be administered as advantageously as possible. Profit, however, was not all that Charles drew from them. Few of them were so small as not to contain, besides the kitchen garden, a flower-garden, where exotic plants were often cultivated; and in addition to the useful animals were those kept for curiosity or pleasure, as peacocks, turtle-doves, and pheasants.

Simple as Charles's habits were, he knew too well the imposing influence of splendor and ceremony on the masses, to disdain their aid. The cherished simplicity which reigned in his private family circle and his intercourse with his learned friends, did not therefore extend to his court. Adelhard expressly wrote a book, "On the Order of the Palace," of which an extract is preserved in a later work of similar purport written under Charles the Bald. We do not find that a sharp line was drawn between *state* officers and *court* officers, as indeed was nowhere the case in earlier times. There were three ministers: an *Archicapellanus*, or Arch-Chaplain, who stood at the head of all church matters; a *Cancellarius*, or Chancellor, who kept the seal and was chief in all worldly affairs; and

a *Pfalzgraf* (*Comes Palatii*), or upper judge, who presided in the king's absence at the court tribunal, before which came all the suits which could not be decided by the ordinary tribunals, and to which complainants might appeal from the decisions of the latter. The high court officers were more in number. There was a *Mansionarius*, who had the superintendence of the palace; a *Camerarius*, who was chief administrator of the royal income; a *Seneschal*, or head of the kitchen; a *Buticularius*, or chief butler for the cellar; and a *Marshal* for the stable. Besides these there was an *Upper Falconer*, and, as thick forests at that time still covered an extensive part of the empire, and the destruction of wild beasts was a matter of great importance, not less than four *Jägermeisters* (hunting-masters) were employed. All these chief officers had, of course, a great many lower officials to execute their commands.

The *Gefolge* (retinue) of the Merovingian kings had become under the Carlovingians a regular body-guard, called *Scara* (in modern German, *Schergen*, in Latin, *Satellites* or *Comitatus*). They were different from the *Heerbann* or *Exercitus*, i. e. the army, which was raised only in war, and for one campaign. The *Comitatus* was the standing army. From its soldiers were taken garrisons to defend the coasts against pirates, and to keep newly conquered provinces in subjection. These soldiers were paid from Charles's private income. A part of them were kept in the palace and followed him on his travels.

The great extent of Charles's empire, and his widely extended fame, brought numerous visitors to his court. In the year 796, Tedun, a Chan of the conquered Avars, came to Aix-la-Chapelle to be baptized. Angilbert speaks in his poem of the curious spectacle of so many different costumes and armors, and the strange effect of hearing languages from all parts of the world. There was no want of amusement for the entertainment of this medley multitude. They all lived at the Emperor's cost. Eginhard remarks, that many persons had considered this as a useless and even injurious expense, but that Charles had pleased himself in the fame of an unbounded liberality.

He did not often give public dinners; and when he did, though a great number of guests were invited, they were constrained to enjoy themselves within the bounds of decency, and no excess in drinking was suffered. The biographer of his son Louis praises this prince, among other things, for the serious deportment which he was wont to observe even at such public entertainments. While all his court and his warriors broke out in roaring laughter, he alone kept a sober countenance. Charles, on the contrary, took delight in the merriment of his guests, and sought to heighten it by music and pantomimic representations. Some of the clergy, however, interposed serious objections to dramatic amusements even thus early, although we may suppose that they were carried on in accordance with the best notions of propriety then current, for we find that Angilbert, the refined and learned chaplain, was passionately fond of them, very much to the grievance of the more ascetic Alcuin. In a letter to Adelhard, Alcuin expresses his joy at hearing of the moral improvement of his "Homeras." "Although," he continues, "he has always led an honorable life, there is no one in this world who ought not to forget the things which are behind him, and press onward, to reach the crown of perfection beyond. The only thing which I have ever disapproved of in him was this pleasure in comedians, whose idle plays threatened no slight danger to his soul. I have written to him, to show him the sincere fear of my friendship, and I have often wondered that so sensible a man did not see that he acted contrary and disadvantageously to his dignity." *

* Among the other amusements of Charlemagne's court the great boar and bull hunts are minutely described. That gaming and dancing were practised, we can infer only from the passion which the early Germans entertained for the former, and from the general custom at all the Northern courts in reference to the latter. In the oldest German and Scandinavian ballads we find the princesses and knights dancing together. A favorite exercise, of course, was tilting and fighting for prizes. We owe to Nithard, the son of Angilbert and Bertha mentioned above, the description of a tournament, or rather an equestrian exercise, which took place twenty-six years after the death of Charlemagne, when his two grandsons, Charles the Bald and Louis the German, united their armies at Worms in order to defend themselves against their eldest brother, the Emperor Lothaire. This was the time when the great Frankish nation separated into French and Germans. Although on the best terms, a lively rivalry and ambition to save the national honor were visible. On one side stood the Aus-

At the great festivals of the Church or the reception of foreign ambassadors, the court appeared in more than usual splendor, and this was considerably heightened after Charles had assumed the rank of Roman Emperor, and was acknowledged by the whole world as the chief of Catholic Christendom. He seems from that epoch to have considered it his duty not to remain behind the Byzantine court in this point. He wore at such times a tunic embroidered with gold, a mantle fastened with a golden *agrafe*, and a crown sparkling with diamonds. The proposal for Rotrudis, the dissolution of this engagement, the regulation of the frontiers on the Istrian borders and in the South of Italy, the frequent troubles in those regions, and the necessity of hushing insults by excuses and peaceful means, — all these were occasions for Greek embassies.

There was never a really good feeling between the Byzantine and the Frankish courts. The Byzantines feared and despised the Franks, and were hated and despised by them. In the year 802, after Charles was crowned Roman Emperor, Irene, whose power began to fail, offered the hero, then sixty years old, her hand. He entered into her idea, and sent an embassy to Constantinople to make a formal proposal. But during the sojourn of the envoys in the Greek capital, a revolution broke out, which raised Nicephorus to the throne, and sent Irene into exile. The Frankish embassy were exposed to the insult and maltreatment of a furious mob. The new emperor, fearing the vengeance of the great Western hero, sent an embassy to Germany without delay to make the necessary excuses to the mighty king; although on this occasion he saluted Charles only as *Basileus*, his imperial title having been first recognized by Michael, the successor of Nicephorus.

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trasian (Eastern) Franks and Saxons, on the other the Aquitanians and Bretons, all on horseback. Suddenly, on a given signal, the horsemen shot towards each other, but the moment they met, each party dexterously turned aside and safely reached the former position of the other, or, if they perceived the impossibility of such a course, they reversed their course and returned to their own places. The great skill of the tilters consisted in the precision of the movement, so as to remain in one row as well in advancing as in turning. Nithard praises the dexterity and moderation manifested on both sides, because, notwithstanding their zeal, no blood was spilt, and no limbs broken, though such misfortunes were quite common at these exercises.

Charles and his Franks were greatly exasperated, and the mission was not treated with any excess of courtesy. The description which the monk of St. Gall gives of their reception savors, indeed, very strongly of the character of a popular tradition, and we must make allowance for some exaggeration. His narrative, however, shows clearly that the Emperor was angry, and wished to impress the haughty strangers with the extent of his power and greatness. They were slowly and carelessly conveyed through the empire to the palace of Seltz in Alsace, where he happened to be at that time. The monk tells us, with perfect *naïveté*, that they had been conducted by circuitous roads, in order to make them spend much money and wear out their fine clothes, so as to humble them by the consciousness of a shabby appearance before the Emperor. Charles made them, indeed, go through all the ceremonies of the stiffest court regulations. They were admitted to his presence only after having in four different halls paid their respects to all the great functionaries of the empire. Their Oriental manner of salutation by prostrating themselves, the good monk took for a sign of their being overwhelmed by the grandeur of the Occidental Emperor and his court, and he represents them as completely confused and dazzled by all they saw.

Of a more interesting character were two Arab embassies, sent to Charlemagne by the famous Haroun al Raschid, whom the glory of his name had reached. As early as 771, when, after a successful campaign against the Saxons, he was still at Paderborn, a mission of the western branch of the Arabs had reached him. Moorish princes, who had revolted against the supremacy of Abder Haman, came to implore the assistance of the grandson of Charles Martel, whose power their sires had once felt, against the Ommiades. The young monarch, bribed by the glory of such an enterprise, and the wish to try his sword against the Arabs, whose name was still the terror of the world, undertook that useless campaign, rich in laurels indeed, but also in dangers and losses. No period of Charles's life has been more glorified by poetry than this, and the chivalrous exploits of his chiefly fabulous heroes live still in celebrated epics and numerous popular ballads.

The embassies from the Caliph were of a more peaceful character. The wish to enter into some connection with the Mohammedan princes of the East had proceeded from Charles himself. He thought it his duty to try to alleviate the lot of the Christians who lived under the dominion of the infidels. His alms were statedly sent by pilgrims to the oppressed Christians of Asia and Africa. But the pilgrims themselves needed protection. For this purpose he sent an embassy to Haroun al Raschid; but the two envoys died on the road, without reaching Bagdad. The Caliph, however, had heard of the mission, and Charles's fame had long since reached him. He consequently availed himself of the occasion of Charles's being anointed Roman Emperor to return the compliment of an embassy, in order to congratulate him. According to the Oriental custom, the embassy was accompanied by rich presents, among which was a live elephant. This animal was considered as a great wonder, and, from the manner in which the chronicles of the time speak of it, we must infer that none of the species had ever been seen before in that part of the world. The gift was the more valuable, as this elephant is said to have been the only one which Haroun then possessed. Charlemagne returned the compliment by a present of horses, Spanish mules, large dogs, trained for hunting, and a kind of many-colored woollen cloaks, skilfully woven by Saxon and Frisian women. The principal charge of the envoys who carried these presents was to insure the safety of the Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. It seems in singular contradiction with this object, that Charles's ambassador on this occasion was a Jew by the name of Isaac. It is very probable that he was chosen on account of his knowledge of the Arabic language. Haroun was polite enough to make the Emperor a present of the sacred spot, and the latter subsequently kept an agent in Jerusalem for the sole benefit of the pilgrims. He also ordered a hospital to be built, in which all Christian strangers were received free from expense. This hospital — by which, according to the original meaning of the word, not a mere lazaretto, but a general house of reception, was meant — was still extant towards the end of the tenth century.

The embassy which the Caliph sent in 807 to Aix-la-Chapelle, to apprise the Emperor of his friendly intentions, has been minutely described by the monk of St. Gall. The envoys then also brought highly valuable presents, gorgeous damask stuffs, precious Indian spices, and rare and costly ointments. But the most curious gift was a large clock made of brass, the mechanism of which was moved by water. A hand showed the minutes, and the change of the hour was marked by the fall of small balls on a metal plate, which caused a bell-like sound. At noon and at midnight twelve little doors opened, and twelve tiny men on horseback came out and disappeared at the other side. As the Franks never had seen a similar thing, the people looked at it almost with dismay, and were strongly inclined to believe that the infidels had executed it by the agency of witchcraft. The more educated classes regarded it with unequalled admiration, and spoke of it as the most skilful work of art ever constructed.

We must infer that the impressions which the Arabian ambassadors, who seem to have been men educated in the best Oriental style, received of the Frankish court, were not the most favorable, although the monk of St. Gall thought otherwise. It happened to be Easter when they arrived; the court appeared in extraordinary splendor; and the Emperor himself, with his majestic figure, sparkled in the most sumptuous attire. Their Oriental prostrations the monk takes again for the sign of their being overwhelmed by so much greatness. In the pompous Church procession which took place, the infidels of course could not share. They looked at it from the balcony of the palace. The profusion of gold and silver glittering in the clothes of the priests and the armor of the knights amused the Arabians. They repeatedly broke out into loud laughter, and said, "Until now we have seen only men made of earth, but to-day we have seen men made of gold." The following day a great and sumptuous dinner was given in honor of the ambassadors. But the dishes were so little to their Oriental tastes, that they rose from table almost without having eaten anything. A great buffalo-chase was also arranged. But the sight of these terrible creatures filled the strangers with fear. They fled when one of the animals

turned against them. The Emperor, however, who was in their immediate vicinity, galloped on to meet him, and lifted his sword to cut him through the neck. But the blow failed, and the huge beast thrust his horns against one of his legs, which was fortunately protected by his hunting-boot, so that the wound was not very deep. A Frankish cavalier, named Isembart, who stood among the spectators because he was in disgrace and not permitted to share in the Emperor's amusement, sprang towards the furious animal and killed him with his spear. The Emperor did not even suffer his servants to undress him. He withdrew to the rooms of his daughter-in-law, Irmengard, Louis's wife, and had his wound dressed by her. Isembart was of course pardoned and rewarded.

When the ambassadors departed, they were candid enough to make a remark to the great Emperor which impressed him, and had, no doubt, a good effect. They told him that they had found that his name was more feared and respected in the remotest foreign countries than in his own empire, in whose provinces he could indeed command, but was not always obeyed. On the Emperor's inquiry, they told him that, in coming from distant Bagdad, they had found every country filled with his glory and trembling before his power, until they reached the borders of his own realm. Here, although they had made known to the bishops and counts the object of their mission, they had by no means met with the reception which they could have expected. Charles had the matter investigated without delay; several bishops were fined, and several counts deposed; and to prevent even the possibility of similar occurrences, the ambassadors were accompanied to the frontiers by a part of his body-guard.

These memorable embassies occurred during the period of Charlemagne's brightest glory, by which we would denote the last twenty-five years of his reign. His vast realm — comprehending the northeastern portion of Spain, the whole of France, the Netherlands, Upper and Central Italy, and Germany in the North as far as the Eider, in the East beyond the Elbe, and in the Southeast to the Theiss and the interior of Illyria — was quiet; only its borders and coasts needed to be watched and defended. Indeed, although our subject is

the private life and household of Charles, we feel that, without some knowledge of the perfectly simple and regular organism through which he succeeded in keeping such extended and heterogeneous provinces in order, the whole greatness of the man could not be fully understood.

The whole realm was divided into districts, of which the counts (*comites*) or governors were under the control of the royal commissioners (*Sendgrafen, missi dominici*), who annually visited their provinces in order to examine the details of administration, and to punish abuses. The oppression of the people by the great was checked with a powerful hand. Occupation was given to the workmen by the construction of numerous buildings, of every description, and various improvements, among which may be named the draining of marshes, the clearing of forests, and the building of several seaports in France. Another grand project, by which Charles hoped to promote commerce, the union of the Rhine and the Danube by a canal, for which the plan was made by Eginhard, was frustrated by the obstacles of the season, and the ignorance of the age in hydraulics. He was emphatically the patron of the Church, and considering the convents not only as places of refuge for holy men, but as the institutions best adapted to be seats of learning, which they indeed became through him, he founded very many of them. But he was far from supporting the claims of the clergy to worldly power. Even at Rome he reserved the jurisdiction in civil matters to himself, and although he honored the Pope as the head of the Christian Church, and as the chief bishop of his empire, he plainly showed the world, by declaring his son Louis his successor, and bidding him solemnly place the crown on his own head, that, whatever claims the Catholic high-priest might lay to the exclusive power of making and anointing kings, he did not acknowledge them. How little he was inclined to indulge the clergy in their abuses or worldly pretensions appears from a series of questions which he laid before their assemblies, some of which seem to refer to particular cases; as, for instance, "How far is a bishop or abbot permitted to meddle with worldly affairs?" "Where is it written that a man may be made a priest or a monk against his own will

and wishes?" "May it be called giving up the world, to keep in one's breast an insatiable cupidity after other men's possessions, and to seduce one's fellow-creatures to perjury and false testimonies?" "Can it be of any use to the Church when a prelate thinks more of the multitude than of the ability of his clergy, and cares more about their singing than about their way of living?"

The little satisfaction which the bishops, on the whole, gave to him, made him often only too arbitrary in the bestowal of sees, which by his own law were to be filled by the election of the people and clergy of the diocese. Depending too much on his own individual opinion, (like other great men,) he often followed, in these things, a mere whim. The monk of St. Gall tells us, that in the beginning of his reign he had once promised a young clergyman of noble family, towards whom he was favorably disposed, a bishopric. After the fashion of his predecessors, the happy man came to thank him and to take leave, ready to proceed at once to his diocese. When he expressed his thanks in the most lively way, and in a manner which seemed to the king not quite in harmony with the due gravity of a priest, and especially a bishop, Charles began to suspect he had made an improper choice. However, he said nothing, and while the ecclesiastic went out, stepped to the window to see him ride off. The servants of the young noble led his horse to the steps to make it easier for him to mount. But he sprang to the back of the horse with one quick bound, and was about to gallop off, when the king's voice was heard from the window. "Stop," cried he; and when the poor man, who perhaps expected some additional favor, returned to him, he continued: "I see, from your manner of getting on horseback, that I can make better use of you in war than in the Church. You had better not think of a bishopric for a while yet."

By another anecdote from the same source, we see that this was not the only time when Charles followed the instigation of a momentary feeling. One of his favorite clerks was with him,—a man of low birth, but whom he had probably long before thought of rewarding for his services,—when the death of a certain bishop was reported. The king asked how

much money he had left for alms and masses for his soul. "Not more," was the answer, "than two pounds of silver." Upon this his secretary exclaimed involuntarily: "What a small sum of travelling-money for so long a journey!" The king was struck with the remark, and is said to have determined at once to give him the vacant see. Numerous applications were made. Among others, Queen Hildegardis appeared to intercede for a certain clergyman whom she patronized. But Charles, as stated above, had made up his mind. He called the fortunate secretary, who, hidden by a curtain, had heard all the different petitions, took his hand, and, looking deeply and seriously into his eye, said: "Thou and no other shalt have the bishopric; but for thy salvation and for mine take care to lay up a larger sum of travelling-money for the long way from which thou never canst return."

Among his contemporaries Charles was still more indebted for the glory of his name to his genius as a general, and the success of his arms, than to his many excellences as a ruler. But posterity will find deeper shadows thrown on his name from this side than from any other. Not that his eminence as a warrior and a commander in war could be questioned. But an enlightened age has learned not to judge of heroic deeds without reference to their motives. That, of the wars which Charlemagne undertook, more were those of ambition than of defence, cannot be denied. His great genius alone must here apologize for him. His campaigns against the Saxons, the most bloody of all, belonged indeed at first strictly to the latter kind. The Saxons were a ferocious people, and turbulent, troublesome neighbors. Their valor made him respect them, and it became his ambition to conquer them, the more so as their aversion to Christianity made it appear to him, as a Christian monarch, a religious duty to convert them. Far be it from us to justify, or even to excuse, his way of proceeding against them; the less, as the only black and cruel action in Charlemagne's life, the butchering of more than four thousand human beings at Verden, belongs under this head. The *only one* we say; for Charles was naturally far from being inhuman or cruel. In the dissensions between him and his brother, it was the latter who took the first hostile steps,

and the accusations as to his intentions against his brother's children are entirely unproved. The fact that after the Italian war neither Carloman's widow, nor her sons, are mentioned, makes it much more probable that they died in private and peaceful obscurity, than that they perished as victims of Charles's ambition or vengeance. Under his whole reign, not a single case of blinding, maiming, or any similar mode of ferocious punishment, so frequent in those barbarous times, occurred; and we never hear, even in war, of any extraordinary acts of rigor, except in this terrible case. To explain, we must not forget that Charles considered the Saxons, whom he hoped to have finally conquered, and whose chiefs had four years before promised obedience and subjection to him, not as enemies, but as rebels. We must make allowance for the passionate irritation of his mind, when he saw them, after Wittikind's return, suddenly rise and destroy, in one desperate battle, his own mighty army, sent not against them, but against their unruly neighbors, the Sorbes. Only in this way the foul abuse of power which we see him commit may be, not excused, but palliated. And may we not suppose that the melancholy which darkened the last years of his glorious life had its cause as much in that one awful recollection, becoming more and more awful to him the nearer he approached the gates of eternity, as in the conviction of the frailty of all human glory, which came over him with the darkened prospects of his vast empire?

From the year 806 Charlemagne enjoyed his life in quiet. The brave Saxons were finally subjected to his power. His rule in Spain was firmly founded. In the border feuds which never ceased, and in the war against the Greeks in 810, he did not take part in person. He governed his vast empire with wisdom, and found his usual recreations in reading and conversing, in hunting and travelling. He may be truly said to have rested on his laurels, and honor and homage streamed in upon him from every side.

But it was then that he was destined to experience in the most heart-rending manner the frailty of all earthly hopes. His son Pepin, whom he had made king of Italy, died there in 810. The year following he lost also Charles, his own

image, whom he had always with him, and had designated as his immediate successor. This heavy dispensation nearly overpowered him. It is also probable that his three legitimate daughters had died before him; for they disappear entirely from history, and are never mentioned during the latter portion of his life. We cannot be surprised that Charles did not bear the downfall of all his earthly hopes with the proud apathy of a stoic, nor that the violent feelings of a powerful and passionate nature broke out in vehement grief, and yielded but slowly in that submission to God's will which is worthy of a Christian. His health, naturally of unusual vigor, was much impaired; his limbs became weak; he began to limp, and was obliged to give up a part of his bodily exercises. Formerly, when he had been unwell, he had cured himself by fasting or a severe diet. But his want of strength did not suffer this regimen now. More and more he became depressed in spirits and melancholy. From the time of that second bereavement, no one saw him cheerful again. He even contemplated a withdrawal from the world. The dispositions of his last will, laid down in 812, seem to indicate that the idea rose in his mind that the death of these, his legitimate sons, might be a punishment for his sinful illegitimate connections. It is very probable that some priest who had influence with him nourished this feeling from interested motives; for his testament, instead of bestowing rich legacies upon his surviving children, proved to be exclusively for the benefit of the Church. His whole property was to be divided into three portions, two of which were divided again into twenty-one parts, one for each of the twenty-one archbishoprics of the empire. Each of these parts was again to be divided into three shares, one of which fell to the archiepiscopal seat or metropolitan church, the other two to the subaltern clergy and their churches. The third part of the whole amount was to remain undivided during the testator's reign; but in the case of his death or retirement from the world, it was to be divided into four portions, three of which were to be given to the poor, the servants of the court, and, again, the churches; the fourth finally fell to his illegitimate children. The scantiness of this last portion may perhaps

appear less surprising, when we consider that one of these children was a monk, and that his three youngest sons, all of them still in boyhood, were to be brought up for the Church. Among the gifts which fell to the share of the churches of Rome and Ravenna were two tables of massive silver, on one of which was engraved a picture of the whole known world; on the other, representations of the cities of Rome and Constantinople. No trace is left of these treasures. The document by which these dispositions were made is somewhat different from other instruments of the kind, still extant from those times. This circumstance, and the excessive liberality which it shows towards the Church, has excited in later writers the suspicion that it was forged. It seems, however, not in contradiction with the state of his mind during the latter years of his life, and it was strictly executed by his successor, who was, however, more than any other monarch under the influence of the clergy.

This prince, Louis, king of Aquitaine, was then the great Emperor's sole heir to the throne. In prospectively dividing the dominion of his many provinces Charles had followed the unwise custom of his age and his predecessors; but it is entirely incredible that, as some suppose, he should have contemplated ultimately dismembering an empire which he had spent his whole lifetime in extending and aggrandizing, and to the greater part of which he had given the same constitution. The very circumstance that he bestowed upon each of his younger sons a kingdom, which remained, however, just as much subject to his rule as if it had no king of its own, yet assigned no separate realm to his actual successor, seems to indicate that he never meant the two kings to be anything in future but sub-kings, under the dominion of their brother, the Roman Emperor and King of the Franks, as they were now under his own dominion.

In the autumn of 813, Charlemagne felt his end approaching, and ordered his son, who resided in Aquitaine, to be sent for. Louis was then thirty-four years old, a young man of benevolent disposition, well trained in war, (having repeatedly fought against the Saracens,) but decidedly preferring the peaceful occupations of literature, and especially Biblical

studies. The Emperor at the same time convened the states of the empire at Aix-la-Chapelle, and now held his last Diet. The attendance was more numerous than ever before, and a holy feeling of awe reigned in the assembly. He commanded them to pay homage to his son, as the future king of the Franks, and asked the great men of the empire, each separately, and beginning with those of the highest rank, whether they approved of having Louis succeed him as Roman Emperor also. They all agreed in declaring that such was the will of God. The whole assembly showed their approbation, and many were moved to tears. Then he appointed the next Sunday for the solemn act of coronation. In the morning of that day he went to the church of St. Mary with the crown upon his head, and in the imperial costume. Thronging masses filled the house. Another crown lay upon the altar. Here both kings knelt, and, after having prayed long and fervently, the majestic old hero arose, and admonished his son with a firm voice, before the whole assembly, "to fear the Almighty God, to keep his commandments, to protect the Church, to treat his brothers and sisters with kindness, to honor the priests like fathers, to love his people like his children, to keep misdoers in check, to be the protector of convents, and a father to the poor, to appoint faithful officers, not to depose any one without cause, and to strive after a course of life irreproachable before God and men." Louis promised to fulfil all his admonitions. Then his father ordered him to take the crown from the altar, and place it upon his own head. A solemn mass concluded this imposing and affecting scene. Leaning on his son's shoulder the venerable Emperor returned to his palace.

A short time afterwards, he sent the young king back to Aquitaine. The separation was a final one for this world. The old Emperor wept when he embraced his son for the last time. Soon after his departure, Charles was seized with fever and violent pleurisy. He tried once more to cure himself by fasting, but he became weaker and weaker every day, and after January 21st, 814, was unable to rise from his bed. But he still occupied himself in his usual way; nay, the very day before his death, he gave some time to the correction of a

Biblical manuscript. On January 27th he received the last sacraments, and expired on the following morning at three o'clock, at the age of seventy-two years.

He had left no order with regard to the place or manner of his interment, and his son and successor was too far away to make it possible to await his commands. His faithful servants resolved, therefore, to preserve his body in his favorite church of St. Mary, at Aix. The corpse was embalmed, and placed in a sitting position in a recess of the vault. The arm-chair in which he was seated was of marble, covered with gold. The sword with which they girded him was also of gold, as was the binding of the Gospel which they put in his hand. The shoulders rested against the back of the chair; the head was kept in its upright position by a golden chain fastened to the crown upon it. Inside of the crown was placed a piece of the holy cross. He wore his imperial robes; but under the corpse they laid the haircloth shirt which he had secretly worn, and on his lap the pilgrim's pouch which he was in the habit of taking with him when he travelled to Rome. Before him they hung up the sceptre and the golden shield which Pope Leo had consecrated. Then they filled the vault with incense, spices, balm, and various precious and sacred symbols, locked it, and put the seal of the empire upon it. Over the vault they had an arch built, gilded, and ornamented with his portrait and an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation: — "Beneath this monument rests the body of Charles the Great, Orthodox Emperor, who extended the Frankish Empire considerably and ruled over it happily for forty-seven (forty-six) years. He died in his seventieth (seventy-second) year, A. D. 814, on the fifth day before the calends of February."

Loud and heartfelt lamentations of the people accompanied the ceremony. According to Eginhard, the sad event had been predicted some time before by numerous presages, such as frequent and sudden darkness, the falling of a gallery which connected the Emperor's palace with the church, the burning of a new bridge over the Rhine at Mentz, and similar occurrences which interested the people. The historian is here, of course, only the organ of his times.

One hundred and eighty-six years after his death, A. D. 1000, the seal of Charlemagne's grave was broken for the first time. The young and enthusiastic Emperor Otho III., who rebuilt the church, which had been partially destroyed by the Normans, had the vault opened. He took a piece of the holy cross away with him, as a sacred memorial of his great predecessor. It was also, probably, at this time that the sceptre, crown, and pouch were removed, to be used at the coronation of subsequent Roman emperors. They are now kept at Vienna. The marble chair remains, and is still shown at Aix-la-Chapelle. The vault was sealed up once more and remained undisturbed for a period of one hundred and sixty-five years. At that time another great Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, had it opened again, and by his command the remains of the body were laid in a coffin, and removed to a grander and richer tomb. His veneration for this most celebrated of his predecessors was so great, that he induced the Pope of his creation, Pascal III., to signalize the gratitude of the pontifical chair for its most glorious protector by a canonization of the hero, after the lapse of more than three hundred years.

Art. VII. — 1. *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.* By Francis Wayland, President of Brown University, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 426.

2. *Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, and the Source and Modes of Action of Natural Motive Power.* By Z. Allen. Illustrated by numerous Wood-cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852. 8vo. pp. 797.

The authors of these volumes need no introduction from us. They are already well and favorably known to the public. The published works of Dr. Wayland — his excellent treatises on Moral Science and Political Economy, his admirable volumes of Sermons, and, more recently, his interesting

Memoirs of Dr. Judson — have secured for him a wide and enviable reputation as an author, while his position for more than a quarter of a century at the head of one of the oldest and most honored colleges of New England, and his eminent ability as an instructor, have made his name and fame household words in every part of the land.

Mr. Allen, too, has repeatedly appeared before the public as an author. His "Practical Tourist," an agreeable book of travels, had in its time an extensive circulation; and his "Manual of Improvements in the Industrial Arts," intended especially for mechanics and manufacturers, is understood to have rendered important aid to these classes. In the present work, we have the fruit of more extended research and of riper investigation, as well as of loftier endeavor. Its aim is rather philosophical than practical. It seeks to unveil the hidden sources of all material power, rather than to furnish guides for its economical applications. It is the development of one great idea, which finds adequate expression only in a volume of seven hundred and ninety-seven pages, and about which all the physical sciences gather in support and illustration.

The circumstances under which the work was produced impart to it additional interest. It was not a task imposed by the necessities of professional position. No hope of pecuniary advantage mingled with the motives which prompted it. A pure and simple love of the truths unfolded was sufficient to repay every sacrifice, and to render the labor, although continued through long years of patient thought and study, its own exceeding great reward. It was composed during periods of leisure gained from active business pursuits, — chiefly in the hours of early morning, when the faculties invigorated by brief slumber were prepared for their finest action, — a circumstance to which may be due, in part at least, the auroral freshness that breathes from its pages. When the work of composition was completed, the resources of a private fortune were put in requisition, that others might experience the philosophic joy and reflect it back by sympathy.

The theory of natural motive-power unfolded in this volume assumes the entire *passivity* of matter. This ordinarily

recognized principle of natural philosophy is extended to the domain of chemistry, and the material particles are supposed to be as utterly *inert* as the masses built up from them. The idea of *inherent forces — of attractions* and *repulsions*, of *gravity*, *cohesion*, and *chemical affinity* — is discarded, as wholly incompatible with the nature of matter. The component atoms of a body can no more possess the power of self-motion, than the body itself. Every change — whether from rest to motion or from motion to rest — must be impressed upon them by forces from without. The only power or capability which we can rationally ascribe to the atoms is that of receiving, modifying, and transmitting these forces. The sun is the great primary source of all the physical activities of which our globe is the theatre. Impulses of mechanical force are continually emanating from that mighty orb. Propagated through a universally diffused electric medium, they reach the earth, where, modified by the several elementary and compound substances, they appear under as many different forms as these exhibit powers and properties. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, and ammonia are subtile mechanisms, each dependent for its power of changing the direction of the impulses reaching it upon the peculiar grouping of its component atoms. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, cohesion, and chemical affinity are only different exhibitions of force, whose characters are severally determined by these mechanisms. They are readily convertible into one another, and are all traceable, either directly or indirectly, to the sun.

The existence of a universally diffused electric fluid is inferred from the necessity of some medium for transmitting through space the impulses of gravity, as well as from the positive proofs of the existence of such a fluid around and within the earth. Although a species of matter, it is supposed to possess perfect mobility, and to be capable of propagating without loss or diminution whatever impulses are communicated to it; and as it fills all space, such impulses when once imparted must continue to course and recourse its soundless depths through all time. They can no more be lost than matter can be lost. They must be as indestructible as

the fluid which they traverse. They can be annihilated only by the fiat of the Almighty.

But bodies moving rapidly through the electric fluid disturb, as experiment shows, its equilibrium, and develop impulses of force. May we not, therefore, suppose the so-called forces of nature to be but diffusions of the strength of that arm which launched the planetary orbs in space, and gave to each its proper motions? May not the tide of life and motion, ever ebbing and flowing within and around us, be only ceaselessly recurring waves of a divine energy poured into our system at the time of its creation?

Such in outline is Mr. Allen's Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature. Whether true or false, the conception of the material universe presented by it is one of surpassing simplicity and grandeur. Although some may not be disposed to grant the postulate upon which the system is based, and others may call in question the logical processes connecting its several parts, no one can fail to recognize in it proofs of high creative power associated with rare philosophic genius. Considered as a theory for the explanation of phenomena, — the only light in which we suppose its author to regard it, — it is to be judged of solely by its adequacy and its simplicity. All such theories must, from the nature of the case, be incapable of demonstration. They relate to the causes or essences lying back of the phenomena, and consequently wholly hidden from human view. So long as they explain all the known facts in a natural and simple manner, they are to be regarded as sound and legitimate. When from the progress of discovery they have ceased to do this, they must be set aside, and others sought to take their places.

That the physical sciences have outgrown many of the hypotheses still connected with them, — that for some time past they have been advancing in spite of these hypotheses, rather than through them, — will, we think, be generally admitted. More especially is this true of the branches relating to what are called the imponderables. The suppositions made for explaining the laws of light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, although originally simple and satisfactory, have taken on so many additions in accommodating themselves to new phases

of these sciences, that they no longer conform to any of the requirements of a good theory. They are inadequate. They are complex. They are contradictory. The rich veins of truth to which they originally pointed have been exhausted, and they now serve only to prolong research in unprofitable directions. Instead of aiding, they hinder discovery by blocking the entrance to the paths that lead to it. Nor do we believe that any great advance will be made in this department of human knowledge until these obstructions shall be removed, — until some Samson arise, who, breaking the cords of theory and shaking himself free from the withes of hypothesis, shall bear away the gates of Gaza, and open new fields for investigation. Whether this has been accomplished in the work before us, must be left for time to determine.

But whatever may be thought of Mr. Allen's Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, the generalizations connected with it are exceedingly beautiful, and are, moreover, in strict accordance with facts, so far as made known by science. They will constitute in the estimation of many, we presume, the most valuable portion of his labors. We can only indicate them in the briefest manner.

Two processes, not only entirely dissimilar, but directly opposite in character and tendency, are everywhere in progress, — *oxidation* and *deoxidation*. The former occurs in ordinary combustion, in the corrosion of metals, in the wasting of animal tissue, and in the decay of all organic bodies. It is always attended by an exhibition of force varying in character according to circumstances. Steam power is due to the oxidation of the wood or coal placed under the boiler of the engine. Electro-magnetic power is due to the oxidation of the zinc element of the battery. Animal power is due to the oxidation of brain and muscle, and not to the will, which merely determines its manifestation.

Deoxidation is confined to the leaves of plants. In these, under the influence of the sun's rays, carbonic acid, and water, the sulphates and the phosphates undergo resolution. The greater part of the oxygen is thrown off, while the carbon, the hydrogen, the sulphur, and the phosphorus are wrought into the vegetable tissues. These substances all exist naturally in

the state of oxides, and when reclaimed from that state more or less speedily return to it. The leaf of the plant is an apparatus specially devised for the application of sun-power to reclaiming them. All the vegetable products have been thus deoxidized, and may consequently be regarded as representatives of sun-power. Brain and muscle built up from these products also represent sun-power. Charcoal, and metals reduced from the state of ores by it, represent sun-power. The beds of bituminous and anthracite coal found in different parts of the earth — all of vegetable origin — represent sun-power. Steam-power, electro-magnetic power, and animal motive-power, resulting from the return, under different circumstances, of these substances to the state of oxides, are all, therefore, representatives of sun-power; or, adopting the theoretical views of Mr. Allen, they *are* sun-power modified by the material mechanisms through which it is transmitted.

The power of wind and of running water is also traceable, through a different channel indeed, to the same source. The currents of the atmosphere arise from disturbances of its equilibrium by solar heat. The currents of the ocean have a similar origin. Rivers are waters on their return from regions whither they have been borne through the agency of heat. Wind-power and water-power, therefore, still represent sun-power; or, as Mr. Allen would say, *are* sun-power modified in its transmission through material mechanisms.

Man cannot originate force. He may discover and lay open the natural sources of motive-power lying around him, but he can create no new sources. Even volition, which metaphysicians have been accustomed to regard as the type of all proper causation, and from which many would derive the only idea of power, merely determines its manifestation. It is the mere *touch* of the key by the *operator* of the telegraph. Without a supply of motive-power in the brain, the will could as easily create an arm as move it.

Nature cannot originate force. The different forms of matter, whether ponderable or imponderable, can only receive and propagate it. As well might we suppose the elements self-formed as self-moved; as rationally ascribe to them spontaneity of origin, as spontaneity of motion. The varied impulses

to which they are continually yielding must all come from without. Every form of motive-power, wherever appearing, or however emerging, is but the welling-up of sun-power; and sun-power is but the ceaseless flux and reflux of a force divinely imparted to our system at the time when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

The work of Dr. Wayland is designed not so much to advance the science of Intellectual Philosophy, as to present its known and admitted truths in a simple and accessible form. Although well adapted to interest the general reader, it is intended more especially for the college student; and it is in the character of a text-book, chiefly, that we should regard it, if we would justly appreciate its merits. In the Preface the author says: "I have not entered upon the discussion of many of the topics which have called into exercise the acumen of the ablest metaphysicians. Intended to serve the purposes of a text-book, it was necessary that the volume should be compressed within a compass adapted to the time usually allotted to the study of this science in the colleges of our country. I have, therefore, attempted to present and illustrate the important truths in intellectual philosophy, rather than the inferences which may be drawn from them, or the doctrines which they may presuppose. These may be pursued to any length, at the option of the teacher." The course adopted in this respect we believe to be a wise one. In addition to the cogent reasons assigned for it, others, of almost equal weight, present themselves. Even if, in the distribution of the brief period allotted to a college course, among the different branches of knowledge claiming attention, a larger portion of time were allowed to the metaphysics, we should doubt the expediency of introducing classes to the higher and more difficult problems of the science. As a general thing, they are not prepared for them. With here and there an individual exception, they have neither the age nor the mental training fitting them for such inquiries. As well might the young geometer be initiated into the mysteries of the calculus, or of the *Mécanique Céleste*. The power of noting, comparing, and analyzing the mental processes is of comparatively late growth. The mind is at first occupied exclusively with the outward

and sensible, and it is only after long-continued and patient effort that it is able to attend to its own acts and states so as to gain an accurate knowledge of them, or to comprehend the terms by which they are designated. In the prosecution of no other science is the student in so great danger of mistaking words for ideas; in no other science are such mistakes so difficult to be corrected; and in no other are they liable to prove so fatal. It is not simply that the curiosity is dulled, and a habit formed of being satisfied with the mere symbols of knowledge; that the mind ceases to feel the quickening impulses arising from the joyous, exultant perception of truth, and becomes accustomed to act mechanically and through formulæ; that originality is destroyed, and the power of real, genuine thinking lost. These evils may show themselves in any part of the academical course; and the extent to which they are actually experienced is frequently such as seriously to impair the value of a college education, and to constitute one of the strongest objections to the ordinary modes of conducting it. Consequences far more disastrous are liable to follow the confounding of words with ideas, and the substitution of mere signs for the things signified, by the student in intellectual philosophy. This science discloses the sources of our knowledge, and indicates the grounds for confidence in it. It traces our beliefs to the several stocks from which they spring, and assigns to each its proper authority. It examines the foundations of our faith, and furnishes criteria for the decision of questions involving the whole future of our being. Consequently, any want of distinctness here, any confounding of thought and expression, any blending of fact with hypothesis, of the phenomena revealed in consciousness with theories designed to explain them, — any commingling of well-established doctrines, truths of assured certainty, with questions of difficult and doubtful disputation, — not only endangers the intellectual habits of the pupil, but exposes to peril his moral and religious well-being. However gratifying, therefore, it might be to the admirers of Dr. Wayland — among whom we claim a place — to have his matured views of the problems chiefly occupying the German philosophies, it is not in a college text-book that they would either look for them or desire to see them.

Besides the negative merit to which allusion has been made, the work possesses other and stronger recommendations of a positive character. Not only is it a perfectly safe book to place in the hands of the student, but it is admirably fitted for his use. The order is natural, the method is simple, and both the language and the illustrations are remarkable for their clearness. The facts of the science are well grouped, and their relations to one another are exhibited in a broad and clear light. The truthfulness of the mental constitution is taken for granted. No guaranties are sought for the knowledge acquired under it. The testimonies of both reason and the perceptive faculties are received as trustworthy, and as of ultimate authority on the subjects to which they relate. We cannot doubt them if we would; and were proof required, it would be impossible to give it. The external world exists. Matter is in reality what our senses and the investigations of science lead us to believe it. Qualities imply substance. Powers cannot exist by themselves. There must necessarily be that to which they belong, and by which they are manifested. Every change supposes a cause; and like causes under like circumstances must produce like effects. The question whether the ideas derived through the senses may not be illusory; or whether the intellectual intuitions be not mere regulative principles of thought, without any objective validity, is not entertained. These and other analogous inquiries are excluded, by placing all knowledge, natural as well as revealed, on the common ground of faith in the Divine veracity.

The doctrine of perception maintained is substantially that of Reid and Stewart, as we understand these philosophers, and not the immediate, presentive perception which Sir William Hamilton would impose upon them, and which he himself labors so earnestly, though we think ineffectually, to establish. The cognition of external existence is not direct. The mind perceiving and the object perceived are not in immediate relation. They do not come together face to face. There are always interposed between them certain physical and organic media, through which alone the perceptive cognitions are awakened. The existence as an *outward reality*

of objects with qualities corresponding to these cognitions, is inferred from the truthfulness of the perceptive faculties; or in the last analysis, as we have said, from the attributes of Him who, in forming the senses, we must believe, designed them to be inlets of true knowledge. The philosophical system of Dr. Wayland, therefore, is a mode of what the distinguished Scottish metaphysician denominates cosmothetic idealism or hypothetical realism, and not his own *natural* realism.

Neither has he followed the latter eminent authority in his doctrine of intellectual intuitions, or original suggestions, as he prefers to call them. These are not derived from a negative source. They do not arise from limitations of the mental faculties. They are not corollaries from the conditioned in thought under the law of relativity. They are not beliefs imposed through the weakness of the human intelligence. They do not spring up in the mind from an incapacity to conceive their contraries. They are direct affirmations of the reason, clear and explicit declarations of the intelligence, to every rightly constituted mind, "the unanswerable evidence of their own truth." They have the same guaranties, derived from the same source, as our other knowledge.

Not the least valuable portions of this excellent work are those relating to the improvement of the mental faculties. The long experience of Dr. Wayland as an instructor gives him peculiar advantages in speaking on this subject, while his rare success in the culture of his own powers, as well as in training the minds of others, lends weight and authority to every suggestion. The section on the improvement of the memory is a perfect storehouse of practical suggestions, deserving the gravest consideration of every one who would either widen his intellectual resources or gain a more perfect command of the knowledge already possessed. The directions contained in the section on the improvement of the reasoning powers are equally worthy of attention. In speaking of the culture of the faculties specially employed in discovery, he says: —

"Analysis, or the power of distinguishing and separating from each other things which differ, may be employed either objectively or sub-

jectively, as we are inquiring into the qualities and relations of the world without us, or the energies and relations of the world within us.

"So far as the accurate observation of the external world is concerned, much depends upon the delicacy of our senses, but probably no less upon the earnest attention with which we use them. A listless, careless observer never discovers anything. It is only by intense direction of the mind to the objects of our inquiry, that we are able to detect changes and relations which have been hidden from preceding observers. Truth reveals herself not to those who pay her mere formal and perfunctory service, but to those who render to her the earnest and heartfelt homage of the whole soul.

"Acuteness in the analysis of mental phenomena requires an equal earnestness, though it is differently directed. We here find it necessary to cultivate the habit of withdrawing from all external objects, and fixing our attention on the revelations of our own consciousness. Few men can do this without long-continued and patient effort. With such effort, however, most men can attain to it. We must learn to look calmly and steadily upon a mental phenomenon. If there appear in it the slightest indications of complexity; if, when examining it from different points of view, the least shade of difference be cognizable in our consciousness; or if, on comparing two forms of thought, which seemed to us identical, there arises within us the intellectual feeling of dissimilarity, we must pause until we are thoroughly satisfied on the subjects of our inquiry. It is by listening to the first suggestion of a difference, that we learn to determine the character and relations of our mental phenomena.

"If we would enlarge our power of generalization, I know of no better method than to study the generalizations of nature. Admirable lessons of this sort are found in the natural sciences, — chemistry, physiology, geology, etc. No finer exercise for the power of generalization can be desired, than to take a single important chemical law, and trace out its operations on the vast and the minute throughout the kingdom of nature. Having become familiar with these wide-spreading classifications, we shall be the better able to pursue the generalizations of the subjective. We may then take an intellectual or moral law, and, having clearly marked out its nature and limitations, follow out its effects on the character of individual and social man. The light which will thus dawn on the mind will frequently astonish the student himself. Patient thought in this direction will furnish explanations of phenomena, and suggest rules of conduct, which would hardly reveal themselves to any other mode of investigation.

"To improve the power of philosophical combination, we need, most

of all, to study the actual combinations of nature. The more familiar we become with them, the clearer will be the light shed upon the unknown. Much may also be learned from the lives of those who have been so fortunate as to extend the limits of human knowledge. By observing the manner in which they have labored, we may hope to be able to follow their example." — pp. 199 – 201.

"If these remarks be true, they throw some light upon the subject of education. The power of forming conceptions which shall lead to discovery in science, or to the practicable in action, is clearly of vast importance. Can this power be cultivated? On this question there can be no doubt. It steadily increases with the progress of the human mind. We naturally inquire whether the cultivation of this element of intellectual character has been regarded with sufficient attention by those who form our courses of higher education. A large part of the studies which we pursue add very little to our power of forming conceptions of any character whatever. A larger infusion of the study of physical science, not merely as a collection of facts, but as a system of laws, with their relations and dependencies, would be of great value in this respect. We thus study the ideas and conceptions of the Creator. We become acquainted with his manner of accomplishing his purposes, and learn, in some measure, the style of the Author of all things. Surely, this habit of mind must be of unspeakable value to a philosopher in the discovery of truth, or to a man of affairs in devising his plans, since these can only succeed as they are in harmony with the designs of infinite wisdom and benevolence." — pp. 385, 386.

Doubt is expressed of the propriety of giving to mathematical studies the prominent place which they usually occupy in our systems of education. Although admirably fitted for the earlier stages of mental discipline, they are supposed not to be so well adapted to the highest ends of intellectual culture.

"On the use of the mathematics for the purpose of intellectual cultivation, however, the highest authorities on the subject of education differ. Sir. W. Hamilton contends, with great power and exuberance of learning, that they are, of all intellectual pursuits, the least adapted to produce the effect so commonly ascribed to them. It must be admitted that they discuss the relations of nothing but quantity, and the simplest of these relations; and that the matter of which they treat, and the mode in which they treat it, are entirely unlike those which must be employed in the affairs of life and the investigations of the other sciences. Whoever will read this very able discussion will at least be convinced that the ordinary opinion on the universal adapted-

ness of the mathematics to mental discipline requires a thorough re-examination. It is also a duty manifestly imposed upon teachers to consider this question with a mind unbiased by preconceived opinions, and observe carefully the effect of this study on the reasoning powers of their pupils. In all our institutions of learning we require that every candidate for a literary degree shall devote a considerable portion of his time to the mathematics, not for any practical purpose, but purely as a means of special intellectual culture. It surely cannot be inappropriate to inquire whether it actually produces the anticipated results.

"In the mathematics, our reasoning concerns nothing but the necessary relations of quantity, and therefore we arrive at absolute truth. A very small part of our practical reasoning is, however, of that character. We desire to have the truth, not concerning abstract conceptions, but concerning matters of fact, or that into which fact enters as a necessary element. Hence, were we to confine our reasoning to the mathematics, it may be doubted whether we should increase our power of general ratiocination. It has been frequently remarked, that persons who have addicted themselves exclusively to this science, have been singularly deficient in the reasoning power which is required in the several professions, and in the ordinary affairs of life. I have not perceived that original ability in young men was at all measured by proficiency in the mathematics. Men of decided talent generally succeed well in anything, and, of course, in abstract science. The general reasoning power is not more closely connected with special talent for mathematics, than with special talent for philology, philosophy, physics, or any other branch of learning."—pp. 343–345.

Although Dr. Wayland has evidently perused with great care the philosophical writings of Sir William Hamilton, and loses no opportunity of testifying the profoundest admiration for his genius, we find in the present work fewer traces of the peculiar views of the latter than might have been expected. On both perception and original suggestion, as already stated, he has followed the safer guidance of Stewart and Reid. In truth, the only thing of any moment which he has adopted from Sir William is his classification of the qualities of bodies, according to their objective, subjective, or objectivo-subjective character; and for this we think he will not receive the thanks of his pupils. To the greater number, we apprehend, the generalizations embodied in this classification will prove a stumbling-block, while to not a few its discrimina-

tions will, we fear, seem foolishness. Both are beyond the capacity of the ordinary college student.

Although well fitted for understanding and appreciating each other, the American President and the Scottish Professor possess minds cast in different moulds and characterized by different tendencies. In the one the moral predominates over the intellectual; in the other, the intellectual over the moral. The one seeks truth from a conviction of its inestimable value; the other, rather for the pleasure of the excitement attending the pursuit. "Fruit" is the motto of the one; "activity" and "life" are the watchwords of the other. Both have perfect mastery of their own minds. Both conceive with great strength and vividness. Both hold their conceptions with a steadiness that never wavers. Both mark with unerring precision their contents. Both know equally well, how to draw from them their several momenta. If the philosophic perceptions of Sir William are more varied and profound, those of Dr. Wayland are instinct with a deeper and more living earnestness. If the discriminations of the former are sharper and more penetrating, those of the latter follow with a finer sense the natural divisions of thought. If the former deals in larger, bolder generalizations, the latter conducts us to truths of greater importance, — of more immediate and practical value. As might be expected, both are occupied chiefly with principles. Both lay hold of them with a most vigorous grasp; both apply them with a bold hand; and both abide unshrinkingly by their consequences. The form, however, under which they most habitually contemplate general truths, and the direction in which their minds naturally move along them, is different. The one studies them chiefly in the abstract; the other in the concrete. For the one they have the most interest as collected in formulæ; for the other, as developed in facts. The one, taking an ordinary experience, seizes upon some contained truth, and, stripping it of its accessories, carries it up to the heights of an inaccessible generalization; the other takes this same truth, endows it with a bodily form, and, throwing around it the drapery of circumstance, places it before the eyes of all. The one "raises a mortal to the skies"; the other "draws an an-

gel down." Hence the different spheres of intellectual action in which they habitually and appropriately move. Criticism and argumentation are the peculiar province of the one; exposition and illustration, the chosen field of the other. The one discusses with pre-eminent ability the first truths lying at the foundations of intellectual philosophy; the other, taking these truths as granted, builds upon them with rare felicity the superstructure of the science.

The two works named at the head of this article present certain remarkable points of contrast. The subjects of which they treat are not more dissimilar than the mental tendencies and habits of their authors. The one is wary and cautious, avoiding as much as possible the problematical, and cleaving to that which is by universal consent true; the other is bold and speculative, occupying chiefly a region which is by most regarded only as the land of dreams and shadows, haunted everywhere by the ghosts of departed theories and slain hypotheses. The intellectual philosopher carefully examines his ground, and draws with the utmost precision lines of demarcation between the known and the unknown, — between that which is proved and that which is only rendered probable. It is the former that principally fixes his attention and interests him most strongly. Mere speculation has comparatively slight charms for him. Theories, however beautiful, do not attract him. He loves *terra firma* and keeps ever on it. The solid ground rings under every step. If he approach at any time its borders, it is not to peer into the surrounding darkness, but to set up indices that shall serve as guides to those who may follow him. With a courage equal to that of Milton's hero, and a spirit caught from the place whence he fell, the more adventurous physicist plants himself fearlessly on the shore of the unknown deep, and, with one Herculean effort throwing a bridge across the mighty void, opens a pathway to the sun, along which, in orderly procession, Nature's forces are seen continually passing and repassing.

And this is as it should be. Speculation in the metaphysics is not always a harmless amusement, as the wrecked faiths so thickly strewn along its path abundantly testify. In physics, it is not only safe, but in the highest degree useful.

It both stimulates inquiry and furnishes suggestions for guiding it. It is the mother of observation and experience, whence the entire family of the physical sciences derive their lineage. If the theory developed by Mr. Allen shall prove to be only a more potent hypothesis, which like Aaron's rod swallows up all others, it will still have done important service. It is over these hypotheses, assuming the semblance of realities and mistaken for them, that, from the time of Aristotle till now, science in its onward march has been continually stumbling. By setting aside the dogma of the four elements, Stahl did more for the advancement of chemistry than by all his direct labors. And it may be doubted whether Priestley by the discovery of oxygen rendered a service of greater value to the science, than Lavoisier by overthrowing the phlogistic theory.

Hypotheses, in the physical sciences, assist the mind in holding and retaining phenomena, and, when they are the prophetic suggestions of genius, furnish invaluable guides to investigation. It should be constantly remembered, however, that at best they are only suppositions which the next discovery may require to be laid aside. Facts more or less generalized constitute all that is permanent of these sciences. And these are permanent. The regulated succession of events in the natural world remains unchanged, whatever cause or causes we may suppose to determine it. The phenomena of combustion continue the same, whether Stahl or Lavoisier be allowed to account for them. Experiments on light, electricity, and magnetism disclose the same laws, whether we look to Newton or Leibnitz, to Du Fay or Franklin, to Descartes or Ampère, for their explanation. In the sciences, the ordinary rule in architecture is reversed. The facts support the substructure of hypotheses, and not the hypotheses the facts. The occurrence of physical events in an unvarying relation of antecedent and consequent is a truth independent of all theories, resting upon the sure basis of observation and induction. The machine-like regularity with which the procession of nature moves forward, the unbroken order of phenomena observed through all its realm, the exact conformity to rule at each step of its progress, is the great, the outstanding fact in aid of whose explanation all theories and all hypothe-

ses have been invented. Law, universal, persistent, without variableness or shadow of turning, regulating and determining all changes, but remaining itself for ever the same, — law, all-pervading and all-embracing, — inexorable and unalterable law, is the majestic and solemn idea unceasingly impressed upon the student of nature, whether in the laboratory he watch the play of affinities between invisible atoms, or in the fields of space trace the planetary bodies in their paths round the sun; whether he observe the ceaseless and ever-varying evolution of phenomena in the world around him, or recall from the graves of the buried past the marvellous events of which the earth has been the theatre. It is this omnipotent and omnipresent law, which, throwing its mighty chain around each one of the innumerable suns blazing in the far-off depths of ether, and at the same time including in its golden links the minutest particles of matter, binds the several parts of the universe into one stupendous whole, — it is this all-embracing law, that the physical sciences investigate; just in proportion as they disclose section after section of its vast ramifications, do they make real and permanent advances; and just in proportion as the hay and stubble of hypothesis are wrought into these sciences, will the builders suffer loss when the fire of true criticism shall try their works, or when the light of further discovery shall reveal them.

As the human mind has ever been prone to connect with observed phenomena certain explanatory suppositions, and as these suppositions have necessarily been modified from time to time, to meet demands made upon them by the disclosure of new facts, the mere general observer of the course of the sciences is not unfrequently led to look with distrust upon their teachings. The fixed and the variable, the merely hypothetical and the demonstrably true, are confounded, and together involved in common doubt. Light and slight notions of law itself are engendered. It is looked upon as in some sort factitious and conventional; or if its real character be recognized, it is regarded rather as a certain phase of events turned towards us, than as the mode of the Divine action; as existing with reference to man and for his benefit, rather than as having its seat in the bosom of God; as a regulative prin-

ciple adapting the flow of events to the endlessly diversified and ever-varying requirements of human interests, rather than as a direct efflux from Him who changeth not, — who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

In order to separate, therefore, from the pure element of law every extraneous ingredient, it may be well to recall several of the principal hypotheses which have been formed to account for the orderly succession of events in the outward world, — some one of which we suppose to be associated in the minds of most persons with the phenomenon. They may be divided into two classes, according as they do or do not suppose the intervention of material agencies.

I. The first class includes two varieties.

1. The first of these varieties supposes the elementary forms of matter to be eternal, and limits the exertion of the Divine power to educing from an original chaos the present order and harmony of the universe. This, although a favorite hypothesis among the ancients, and not without its advocates in modern times, is generally believed to be excluded by the teachings of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

2. The second variety supposes matter to have been created as well as organized by God. It divides itself into two subordinate varieties, according as matter is believed to be endowed with inherent powers, or only to be fitted for receiving forces from without. The first of these sub-varieties presents two aspects, according as the inherent powers of matter are supposed to be self-sustained ; or to be dependent upon the unceasing exertion of the Divine will, directed, either generally to the material masses, or specifically to the individual atoms composing them. The former is the supposition usually adopted by natural philosophers, while the latter is commonly preferred by theologians. The second of these sub-varieties presents also two aspects, according as the forces affecting matter are supposed to be directly impressed upon it by an unremitting exertion of the Divine power, or to come from an impulse originally imparted to it when cast from the hand of the Creator. The latter is the theory unfolded, as we have seen, by Mr. Allen, in his Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature.

II. The second class of hypotheses, dispensing with matter altogether, includes likewise two varieties, — one emerging still in realism and the other in idealism.

1. The first variety, which admits the reality of outward and local developments of force, but denies their dependence upon material causes, includes two subordinate varieties; one monotheistic, and the other pantheistic. The monotheistic sub-variety refers the displays of force usually ascribed to matter, to immediate, local, and voluntary exertions of the power of the Deity. These exertions are supposed to be so directed, timed, and measured as to evolve the phenomena of the outward world. The pantheistic sub-variety, rejecting the separate existence and proper personality of the Deity, supposes the so-called powers of matter to be inherent in the Divine substance, which is conceived not only as coextensive with the universe, but as actually constituting it.

2. The second variety contained in this class, which transfers the supposed phenomena of an outward world to the mind of the percipient, resolves itself into two subordinate varieties dependent upon the way in which the phenomena are conceived to be evolved. According to the first of these sub-varieties, the states of mind mistaken for perception are produced by the immediate agency of the Deity; according to the second, they are spontaneously evolved through the laws of the mental organism. Both of these forms of idealism, — the theistic and the egoistic, — although reckoning among their advocates names of the highest distinction in philosophy, are now generally admitted to be at variance with the deliverances of consciousness in sensible perception.

Such are some of the hypotheses by which the human mind has endeavored to account to itself for the regulated and orderly succession of events in the natural world. That adopted by Mr. Allen, and for the first time, so far as we know, articulately presented in his work, unites in the highest degree the attributes of simplicity and grandeur, and, if adequate and consistent with itself,* — of neither of which are we quite cer-

* We are inclined to think that the universally diffused electric fluid whose existence is assumed in the hypothesis will be found, on a careful analysis, to suppose properties discarded by it as incompatible with the nature of material existences. We

tain, — is to be preferred over all others. Next to it in simplicity and grandeur is the one commonly adopted, as we have said, by naturalists. This readily yields all the explanations demanded of it, and at the same time involves no contradictions. Two objections, however, have been urged against it, with greater or less force. In the first place, it is said that the supposition of inherent forces in matter is contrary to our conceptions of its nature. The natural reply to this would seem to be, Why not *alter* our conceptions of its nature? As we have no knowledge of matter in itself, as we learn its existence only through the powers manifested by it, why not modify our conceptions of it so as to include these powers? Again, it is said, that, if we concede to matter the possession of inherent powers, these must be supported by a constant exertion of the Divine will, — that the origination of independent existences, whether material or spiritual, with endowments self-sustained, is beyond the reach of creative power. On this point we do not see how it is possible to affirm or deny. Our ignorance of the whole matter is too absolute to justify even an opinion in reference to it. The subject is placed, as we think, in its true light by Dr. Wayland, in the following passage from the chapter on Original Suggestion.

"If there be a universal, all-pervading Cause, what is the nature of his agency? In material causation, is he the sole operator in every change, so that every event is an immediate act of the Deity, or the result of such an act? Or, on the other hand, has he constituted matter with such attributes and relations that all which we see is the necessary consequence of the original creation, from which the Creator has withdrawn, and over which he now exerts no agency? And, again, in spiritual changes, similar questions arise. Does the free-will of man act independently of any controlling agency of the Deity, or is the Deity the cause of spiritual change, as in the first supposition above in regard to matter? Or has he so created spirits that the changes of which we are conscious proceed by necessity from the elements of our original creation? These questions, and many more, arise from the conception of an universal, all-pervading, and all-powerful Cause.

"With respect to these inquiries, I would remark, in general, that I

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would speak with diffidence, however, as we are not sure that we have arrived at the exact conception of the author on this point.

believe the most opposite answers to either of them can probably be proved to be true, by arguments which it would be difficult to confute; and that the clearest reasoning may lead us to results at variance with the simplest dictates of our moral and intellectual nature. To what conclusion, then, shall we arrive? I answer, to the belief that the subject is clearly beyond the reach of our understanding. The point in which the infinite and the finite come in contact has been, and must ever be, hidden from mortal eyes." — pp. 167, 168.

But we have recalled these different hypotheses, not for the purpose of subjecting them to the ordeal of criticism, or of pointing out reasons why one should be preferred rather than another, but to mark them all alike as hypotheses and nothing more, — to place the badge of their tribe upon them, in order that, if they at any time appear in our logical processes, we may recognize their true character. No argument can be built upon them. No inference, theological, philosophical, or practical, can be drawn from them. It is the great fact which they endeavor to explain, — the fact of an external world continually changing, never for two successive moments remaining the same, but in all its changes governed by invariable laws and ministering through them constantly to beneficent ends, — it is this great fact that must furnish the basis of all our reasonings; and just in proportion as we exclude every hypothetical element will be the reliableness of the conclusions derived from it.

But is the *persistence* of the laws governing external nature established on a sufficiently sure foundation to render it a safe ground of argument? Are we not here making an assumption that may vitiate the results of our logical processes? Although within the sphere of observation these laws continue unchanged, without that sphere may they not be subject to alteration or suspension? Although events in the natural world follow one another in an unbroken line of antecedents and consequents so far as the eye can trace them, beyond that limit may we not suppose a higher power at times to intervene and change the order of their succession? This ground has recently been taken by one * whose opinions on questions

* President Hitchcock. See Bibliotheca Sacra, October, 1854, Article IV.

in physical science have deservedly great weight. "It requires but a few years' experience in this world," it is said, "to satisfy any observing mind, that natural operations are carried on in a settled order; that the same causes in the same circumstances are invariably followed by the same effects. We call this uniformity of operation the course of nature; and the invariable connection between antecedent and consequent, we call the laws of nature. If we should see any new force coming in to disturb this settled order, we should call it a miracle. It might do this by a direct counteraction of nature's laws; and this is the common idea of a miracle. But if an unwonted force were added to those laws, the result would be a miracle; and so would a diminution or suspension of these actions; for in either case the effect would be out of the ordinary course of nature, and this we take to be the essential idea in a miracle. Perhaps the best and briefest definition of a miracle is, an event that cannot be explained by the laws of nature." If, however, the new force interposed do not come into view, if it only modify the observed course of events by affecting "some of the links of causation out of sight," then, it is said, there is no miracle, because there is no *visible* departure from the ordinary laws of nature, but all that is *seen* receives explanation from them. As interpositions of force thus circumstanced could never be known to us, so the absence of any indication of them affords no presumption against their actual occurrence. On the contrary, we are at liberty, it is maintained by this eminent philosopher, to suppose such interpositions, and to refer to them more or fewer of the changes transpiring in the world around us. Although the conversion of water into vapor without the supply of a certain quantity of caloric would, beneath the eye of the natural philosopher, be a miracle, taking place in mid-ocean, away from human observation, it would lose its miraculous character, and may, without violation of any of the rules of philosophizing, be supposed to occur. Although air in its expansions and contractions by change of temperature obey the most precise laws, so long as it is under the hand of the experimenter, it may cease to do so when, escaping from him, it finds its way into the depths of the atmos-

phere, where no mortal eye can follow it. There the winds may arise and take their course, wholly independent of these laws. Or if, instead of the ponderable, we would make the imponderable fluids the theatre of these interpositions, we may suppose the solar beams, when watched by no observer, to develop light and heat with unequal and varying degrees of intensity.

But why suppose deviation at all? Why limit the persistence of law to the narrow sphere of actual observation? Why not suppose the elements to act in the same manner, whether in sight or out of sight? Why not suppose Nature uniform and constant in her operations, seeing that whenever observed she is found to be so? As all the facts are confessedly — nay, by a fundamental requirement of the theory — explainable on that supposition, why not so explain them? Why introduce an unknown and purely hypothetical agency to account for what is already sufficiently explained from causes universally recognized and in actual and visible operation? Does not the rule of parsimony forbid it?

But admitting this obvious principle in philosophizing, we cannot know, it may be said, that such deviations do not in fact take place, as it is an express condition of their supposed occurrence that it be "out of sight." We freely grant the impossibility of *knowledge* in reference to events under this category. But there may nevertheless be the best grounds for *belief*. The domain of demonstrative evidence is quite restricted. The number of truths absolutely known is comparatively small. The perceptions of sense, the intuitions of reason, and the deductions made from these, constitute the entire sum of human knowledge, in the stronger and technical sense of the term. All the great truths which either supply the conditions of our moral life, or furnish guides for its conduct, rest upon probable evidence. They are received by the mind on the ground of faith, and not of knowledge. But the assurance of belief, it should be remembered, may be as perfect as the assurance of knowledge. The conviction of certainty may in either case be limited only by the finite capabilities of the soul. We do not *know* that to-morrow's sun will rise, but do we on this account doubt it? No man *knows*

that he was born, or that he will die; but of what two truths has he a stronger conviction? The recurrence of the seasons in their appointed order is expected with a confidence which knowledge could not increase. Any alteration of gravity, or the cessation in nature even for a single moment of this great force, is as little apprehended as the annihilation of time or space. The lecturer on chemical science proceeds to demonstrate the properties of oxygen or hydrogen or carbon, with as perfect assurance of finding them unchanged, as the mathematician those of the cube, square, or triangle. In all of these cases, however, the evidence is purely inductive, and the state of mind produced by it is only what in strictness of language is termed belief. But it is belief attended by a confidence as absolute and entire as could be inspired by the most perfect knowledge.

Now it is upon this same probable evidence, yet more cumulative, that we rest the persistence of physical laws. The induction here takes in the entire circle of the natural sciences. Every new discovery in them has only added to the weight of evidence, and caused to be repeated anew words already echoed and re-echoed through every part of the universe, — law, — invariable, persistent law. It is in exchange for a truth thus supported, resting upon an induction thus broad and exceptionless, that we are offered a mere supposition, without a shadow of support from fact or analogy, incapable of direct refutation indeed, because beyond the sphere of possible knowledge.

The author of this hypothesis, whose labors for the enlargement of human knowledge in more than one of its branches have been so honorable to himself and his country, proposes it, we ought to say, for the purpose of relieving certain imagined theological difficulties. These difficulties he does not, however, himself feel. So far from it, he expressly declares the belief that, when experienced, they arise from limited views of the Divine character and government. He further distinctly concedes, that all the known facts are equally explained, and that all the requirements of religion and of its miraculous history are equally answered by the supposition of the uniform operation of natural laws. After these admis-

sions, we can hardly imagine why he should have placed, as he has done, the two suppositions in equipoise, unless it were from the laudable desire to save from offence some weaker brother.

There is a beautiful science, which, though but lately exhumed, now stands under the open sky, in the full light of day, disclosing foundations as solid, and rising in a superstructure as massive and as well proportioned, as its sister of the skies. All the natural sciences are represented in it. Some have furnished the cement for binding together its compact masonry, while others support and buttress it. On many a fair stone wrought into this noble structure is inscribed a name which every lover of American science reads with emotions of joy and pride. On the application, however, of the principle admitted by the distinguished naturalist, this proud monument to his fame, this stately edifice, in raising which so many strong hands have labored, sinks, as by the waving of a magician's wand, into the earth whence it rose. All that geology discloses of the past rests upon inductive evidence. Its alleged events occurred before man was placed upon the earth, and can be gathered only from memorials left in its rocky strata. Granite and graywacke, the shells of mollusks and the scales of fishes, trilobites and coprolites, bird tracks and saurian tracks, teeth and toe bones, are the interesting characters in which those memorials are written. Their interpretation, in every instance, proceeds upon the supposition of the stability, the constancy, the persistence of natural laws. Refuse to grant this postulate, and interpretation becomes impossible. Deny this inductive truth, and the noblest of the physical sciences resolves itself into a few disconnected and unmeaning facts. If Nature is to be trusted only so long as our eye is upon her, we must abandon all inquiries into the past. If beyond the sphere of observation the laws governing her operations may be modified, or suspended, or events may take place independently of them, what ground have we for a single geological inference? Why suppose the beds of bituminous and anthracite coal to be of vegetable origin? Why imagine that these vast bodies of solid carbon were once floating in the atmosphere, and

that they were gradually withdrawn from it by the leaves of plants? It is far more simple to suppose the carbon created just as we find it. Why dream of long ages of fishes and reptiles and mammals anterior to the appearance of man on the earth? Why suppose myriads of centuries to have been occupied in preparing a suitable abode for him who was to be lord of the terrestrial creation?

But if the inductive principle be so rigorously carried out, it may be asked, are not miracles in danger? will not they fall before it? We answer, No! a thousand times, no. It is this very persistence of law that makes a miracle when properly attested so impressive, and gives to the moral truths promulgated in connection with it their awful sanction. It should be remembered that it is not against facts testified to by competent witnesses, and known of all men, that we are pressing inductive inferences; but against mere suppositions, — suppositions, too, explaining nothing, and confessedly explaining nothing, — suppositions, moreover, studiously placed beyond the sphere of observation, where direct investigation is impossible, and where nothing but induction can reach them.

But is not the presumption from experience, it may be further asked, equally strong against interpositions in the moral world? Do we not find the changes of mind, as well as those of matter, following one another in a definite and fixed order? Are not the indications of law, invariable and persistent, as marked in the one as in the other? In an article in a late number of a contemporary journal, in which it is not difficult to recognize the graceful pen of its gifted editor,* the opinion is expressed, that on inductive grounds no distinction can be made between the two classes of phenomena. The question is regarded as "one of pure revelation." In neither case should we be at liberty to suppose interpositions unless the doctrine were directly taught in the Scriptures; while if so taught, the difficulties lying in its path are supposed to be no greater in one case than in the other. "The Scriptures assure us, that God operates on the soul of man by direct and supernatural interpositions of his power." "Unless it had

* Dr. Park. See Bibliotheca Sacra, Jan. 1855, Article VIII.

been revealed that God interposes in the sphere of mind, we should have been obliged to trust to the entire uniformity of all mental laws, and to withhold our faith from the theory of his spiritual interpositions. So unless it be revealed that God interposes in supernaturally counteracting some of the laws of matter, we must confide in the uniform operations of all natural laws, and must withhold our assent from the theory of his physical interpositions." We have no evidence, it is thought, of either closer or more constant relationship in the succession of material, than in the succession of spiritual phenomena. "Are not the operations of mind as regular as those of matter? May we not as easily explain the laws which lead to every particular volition, as the laws which lead to every particular rising of a wave, or every particular gust of wind?"

This accomplished theologian and scholar, whose love of truth, superior to all narrow prejudice, is equalled only by his rare powers of apprehending and unfolding it, would seem to overlook the important fact, that the winds and the waves are not the only theatre upon which the elements exhibit themselves. Were this so, we grant that the two cases would be parallel. But this same air and water which, subjected, on the uneven surface of the earth, to the conflicting impulses of gravity and solar heat,— the latter modified by a hundred local causes,— take on so varied and apparently so capricious movements, are found, when placed in circumstances admitting an exact measurement of the forces applied to them, to obey as precise laws as the planets in their revolutions about the sun. Gravity also, and the repulsive power of heat, when made, in like manner, the subjects of exact experiment, are found to be governed by invariable laws, which the language of mathematics alone can express with adequate precision. The same is equally true of all the elements, and of all the known forces acting upon them. The conditions under which they are placed being given,— and these, let it be remembered, are physical conditions, addressing the senses and capable of being accurately determined,— the conditions under which they are placed being given, we can foretell their behavior with as perfect exactitude and certainty as the

astronomer predicts an eclipse or a transit. The inference, therefore, that the elements, in evolving the changes of the outward world, obey fixed laws, rests upon no *a priori* presumption, no mere analogical evidence. In making it, we are simply reasoning from oxygen in the laboratory to oxygen in nature; from carbon in the laboratory to carbon in nature; from gravity in the apple of Newton to gravity in the solar system.

That there is nothing parallel to this, nothing in any way approaching or resembling it, in the case of mind, we hardly need say. No man can tell beforehand how his most familiar acquaintance will act in any given circumstances. No man can tell how he himself may act twenty-four hours hence under given circumstances. We do not say that the mental phenomena may not succeed one another in an unbroken line of antecedents and consequents. We only say that there is no proof, as in the analogous case of matter, that such is the fact. Even if the laws which determine human conduct were as fixed as those of material action, we could not from the nature of the case know it. The motives leading to action spring from sources so various, and many of them so latent, — sources without and sources within, — from character, itself the result of unnumbered antecedent influences, — from mood and from circumstance, — that we cannot be sure in any single instance that we recognize all the conditions of conduct. Among the unrecognized conditions may be an influence divinely interposed. We do not say that interposition is indicated by the observed facts; but we do say that the observed facts leave room for this supposition. No inference can be inductively drawn from them at variance with it.

Were there any subtile chemistry by which the soul could be resolved into component powers or faculties, and each of these be shown to obey, under all conditions, precise and definite laws, then might spiritual and material phenomena be placed in the same category in respect to interpositions. But until the means of such analysis and such demonstration shall be discovered, it is unphilosophical to confound them.

That the laws of mind are far more latent, if not less certain, than those of matter, would seem to be indicated by the very

unequal progress of knowledge in respect to them. The former were as well understood in the times of Plato and Demosthenes as they are at the present day. Not so the latter. Eloquence and the fine arts, founded upon a knowledge of the laws of mind, were in as advanced a state then as they are now. Not so the useful arts dependent upon a knowledge of the laws of matter. While the mysteries of external nature have been gradually, and for the last two or three centuries rapidly, clearing up, the same veil still rests upon the operations of mind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," is now as apt a simile for illustrating spiritual phenomena, as it was when employed by omniscient wisdom nearly two thousand years ago.

The doctrine of physical interpositions, if taught in the Sacred Scriptures, would undoubtedly be sufficient to overbear the evidence from induction of the uniform operation of natural laws, in the same way as this evidence is overborne by testimony in the case of miracles. But placing the question on that ground, we should be entitled to claim that the teaching be clear and explicit in proportion to the difficulties attending the doctrine. Forms of expression authorizing a belief in spiritual interpositions might be deemed insufficient here; just as stronger proof is required to establish a miracle than to establish a fact not known to be out of the ordinary course of nature.

We are not quite certain that the acute metaphysician to whose opinions we have referred, from whom it is not often wise, and with whom it is never safe to differ, had in view, when expressing them, the distinction between matter and mind here indicated. There may possibly have been present to his thought another and very different distinction, which some have endeavored to establish on *a priori* grounds. Causation in the two, it is said, is different. While in matter it is necessary and consequently fixed, in the mind it is free, and therefore variable. Although the same matter must, under the same conditions, always act in the same way, this is not true of mind. Although two atoms of hydrogen or of carbon must in like circumstances act in like manner, two

spiritual essences in every way precisely alike, and placed in precisely similar circumstances, may act differently. That regular connection between antecedent and consequent, which obtains so uniformly in the natural world, not holding, with the same constancy at least, in the moral, interpositions, it is said, which occurring in the former would be miraculous, may take place in the latter without the disturbance of any law.

If it was this supposed difference in nature between material and spiritual causation that the learned Professor had in mind when penning the sentences above quoted, we agree with him that the distinction can hardly be maintained. The principle of causality, considered as an intellectual intuition, is wholly independent of experience. It knows neither matter nor mind as such. It affirms universally that every substance, every essence, whether material or spiritual, must, as cause, act in the same manner, under the same circumstances. It affirms universally, we say, or it affirms not at all.

But the position which we have sought to make good is so unlike this, that we should have deemed reference to it unnecessary, had we not known the two views to be confounded. *That* recognizes fully the metaphysical principle of causality; *this* violates it. *That* supposes the mind in its ordinary operations to be governed by law as uniformly and strictly as matter; *this* affirms a radical difference, in respect to regularity and constancy of action, between them. *That* asserts, that, as the conditions of spiritual causation are always to a greater or less extent hidden from view, and are never all known to us, so we can never be certain that a Divine influence specially interposed is not one of them, — we can by no form of experiment exclude in a single instance such a supposition. *This* declares, that as the will of a free spirit is independent of law, so, did we in every case know all the antecedents to volition, it would still be impossible to exclude in any the supposition of special Divine interposition.

If the Supreme Ruler of the universe see fit to interpose and change the course of events in the moral world, why should he not, it is sometimes asked, do the same in the

natural world? "If the welfare of man is sufficiently important to justify his direct mental influence, why is not the same welfare important enough to justify his direct physical influence?" Is the setting aside of a material law more difficult to omnipotence, than the suspension of a spiritual?

In reply to this, we would in the first place say, that, for reasons already stated, we are bound to proceed on the supposition of the uniform and constant operation of natural laws, until we have evidence to the contrary. The burden of proof clearly lies upon those who assert the opposite doctrine. In the second place, we would submit that in no case are we entitled to judge of the mode of the Divine government — we say *mode*, not *ends* — by what seems to us fit or proper, or by what we deem to be easy to a being of unlimited power. All suppositions resting upon such a basis should be at once and for ever banished from our reasonings on this subject. We have here no *a priori* knowledge, no intuitions, no moral instincts, enabling us to form judgments independently of experience. What *is* the mode of the Divine government? is the only proper question to ask, — the only question, in truth, which the human mind can ask. Having arrived at an answer more or less satisfactory from the various sources of knowledge open to us, we may then seek to discover the reasons which led Infinite Wisdom and Goodness to adopt the actual mode of government, — or, in other words, to find in that mode illustrations and proofs of these Divine attributes.

The natural history of the lower orders of the animal creation throws light upon the manner in which it has pleased the Supreme Being to administer his providential government, at least in one of its departments. Every species of animal, as naturalists inform us, has its *habitat*, or place of residence, from which it never voluntarily wanders. Within the limits of this *habitat*, each individual of the species finds itself holding the most definite and precise relations to the surrounding elements. Upon these relations is the continuance of its life dependent. Nay, its organic and physical life is made up of a continued series of actions and reactions taking place between it and the surrounding elements, through these relations.

Now there are two ways in which we may conceive these necessary relations to be established. We may suppose the individual animal to be stationary and passive, and the elements, forsaking their accustomed modes of action, to bend in unceasing ministry to it; or we may suppose the animal to be endowed with appropriate organs, senses, and instincts, and the relations essential to life to be in this way established and maintained. The latter is the plan which the Divine wisdom has adopted. In the constitution of every one of the innumerable beings which people our globe, there is embodied an assemblage of provisions organic and spiritual, precisely adapting it to the physical conditions under which it exists, and rendering these conditions as unceasingly tributary to its welfare as if their ministrations were direct and personal. The different forms of locomotive apparatus — all holding relation to gravity as the force to be overcome by them — with which the inhabitants of air, earth, and water are supplied, would alone furnish study for a lifetime. Equally varied are the organs of the internal or vegetative life, all of which still have relation more or less immediate to great and permanent laws. The instincts and appetites which always accompany these structural endowments, as necessary for securing the ends proposed in them, present a corresponding variety of character throughout the whole animal world. All of these innumerable and endlessly diversified provisions, instinctive as well as structural, are incessantly ministering to individual safety and enjoyment. They are so many special providences, designed each for the good of the particular being with which it is connected. In this department of his government, therefore, we perceive that the Supreme Being has seen fit to provide for the welfare of the individual by placing it, through appropriate organs and instincts, in such relations to the great laws of nature — his general providences — that these may be immediately tributary to its happy existence, without departure from a stern and unbending constancy.

If we turn to that natural government under which man is placed, as a mere inhabitant of this world, we find that the same plan has been adopted. The only difference is, that

intelligence here supplies the more certain, though at the same time the more limited, guidance of instinct. Through this and his more generalized bodily structure, he is brought into relations to external nature — every one of which becomes a channel of benefits — incomparably more numerous and diversified than any of the lower animals. Air, earth, and ocean minister alike to his sustenance and enjoyment. And in proportion as he advances in knowledge, becomes acquainted with the laws governing the world around him, and places himself in the proper relations to them, is the range of his activities and enjoyments widened. To civilized and educated man, — to man possessing the resources of science and the mechanic arts, — every thing in nature pays tribute. The elements themselves, within their prescribed spheres of action, vie with one another in doing him service.

But man is not simply an inhabitant of this world. He is in process of training for another. Besides ministering to his mere physical well-being, the circumstances in which he is placed are designed to be the means of spiritual culture. To fit him for this higher, educational government which is extended over him, in addition to an intellectual, there have been conferred upon him the endowments of a moral and religious nature. Under the guidance and through the influence of these, he may receive benefit — the fact of the reception, however, depending as before upon himself — from every possible occurrence in life. Events in themselves disastrous, which no human prescience could foresee, or which, if foreseen, no human power could have averted, may still subserve the purposes of important and needed discipline.

If, however, these provisions connected with man's spiritual nature should, from any cause, fail to secure to him all the intended benefits of his present disciplinary state, and it should please the Divine wisdom and goodness to make some new and further provision, of what nature should we expect it to be? Judging from what we have thus far observed, would the remedy probably be external or internal? The question has been answered. Christianity has been given to strengthen by new motives, and enforce by higher sanctions, man's

moral and religious sentiments, while his external relations, except so far as created by himself, have remained unaltered.

If in addition to all these provisions, in order fully to secure the ends proposed in them, direct and special interposition should prove necessary, of what character, reasoning still from the observed plan of the Divine government, might we expect these to be? and where would they probably occur? Should we look for changes without? or for superadded guidance and strength within? The latter undoubtedly. To this all analogy points. By this all the ends of interposition, whether protective or disciplinary, are equally accomplished. For this the investigations of science leave room, without supposing any known law violated. And above all, and more than all, this is directly taught in the Sacred Scriptures. On the other hand, the supposition of an adjustment of the relations of the individual to the outward world by external interpositions, is opposed by inductive evidence as strong as that which causes us to look for the rising of to-morrow's sun, or to expect our own decease; it is contrary to all that we know of the Divine government, and is, moreover, without support, as will generally be admitted, from the teachings of Scripture. In these circumstances, is it philosophical to hold it? Ought it to be retained, merely because it is impossible to disprove it, — impossible to *know* that, "without the sphere of human vision," between "some of the links of causation out of sight," physical interpositions do not occur? On such a ground, should the inductive teachings of all science and of the whole of human experience, as well as the strongest and most direct analogies, be set aside? But we will not, we need not, pursue the subject further.*

* Having learned, we have said, from the various sources of knowledge open to us, the actual mode of the Divine government, we may reverently and without rebuke seek for the reasons which determined its adoption. The inquiry in its whole extent we suppose to lie beyond the compass of the human intelligence. To the question, why God works by means and instruments, or if not by means and instruments, yet in conformity to modes and rules, equally limiting the manifestations of his energy, — why he makes the welfare of his creatures dependent upon their own exertions and upon external agencies, instead of bestowing directly the good which his benevolence has designed for them, — we do not know that any other answer can be given, than that such is his sovereign pleasure. But this fundamental fact being recognized, it is not difficult to see why the arrangements of his providence should

Having separated from the simple fact of law the different forms of hypothesis that have been connected with it, and having determined, as far as possible, its length and breadth and constancy, it was our intention to inquire what consequences, theological, philosophical, and practical, legitimately flow from it. We designed more particularly to show that the supposition of the uniform and undisturbed operation of natural laws touches only the *mode* of God's government, and not the government itself, or our relations to him under it. So far as we are concerned, it is wholly immaterial whether he bestows upon us a particular good, through some change in the course of outward events, or by so placing us and disposing our spirits that we may receive the intended benefit without external interposition. The obligation to gratitude and love, the grounds for confidence and trust, as well as the propriety and duty of looking to him for desired blessings, continue precisely the same on either supposition.

We purposed also to inquire how far, and in what circumstances, we may be authorized to ascribe to specific designs events occurring in the ordinary course of nature. Were these events isolated and independent in their origin, and did their influence extend only to the individual or individuals directly and principally affected by them, then we should in every instance be justified in assigning a personal interpretation. But standing as they do, in immediate relation to the laws under which they have arisen, and connected indirectly, it may be, with numerous other and perhaps higher ends provided for under those laws, the problem of the Divine purpose in any particular event becomes more embarrassed, and its

be as they are. This primary inquiry being disposed of, the only remaining question is a very simple one. It is in truth merely this: whether in the accomplishment of his purposes the general shall bend to the particular, and in so doing cease to be general; or the particular be conformed to the general; — whether the laws of external nature shall accommodate themselves to the exigencies of the individual; or the exigencies of the individual be provided for in conformity to the laws of external nature; — whether, on the approach of winter, the "unforgotten," still "cared for" sparrow, impelled by an unerring instinct, shall wing its way to a Southern home; or a Southern home be brought to the sparrow; — whether the pious invalid, whose life is precious in the sight of his Heavenly Father, shall be guided by an invisible hand to some friendly shelter; or the cloud, laden with watery treasures, be turned from a district in perishing need of them.

solution is attended with greater difficulty. As subsidiary to this inquiry, we intended to examine generally the doctrine of final causes, — to see whether *teleology* be in fact a possible science, or whether, like *etiology*, the supposed science of efficient causes, it occupies a region unexplored by the human faculties, — whether the human mind be not, like the fabled Antæus, bereft of its strength when off the solid ground of facts. And if it should prove on examination, as we believe it would, that there are in man's spiritual nature, and in the constitution of the outward world, real foundations for the science, we proposed to seek for certain principles which might serve as guides in interpreting its phenomena. But we have already extended our discussions so far, that we must leave these inquiries for the present. We may possibly return to them hereafter.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Travels in Europe and the East: a Year in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.* By Samuel Irenæus Prime. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 405, 440.

2. *Visits to European Celebrities.* By William B. Sprague, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 305.

3. *Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral, written from Europe, Egypt, and Palestine.* By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. Brunswick. 1855. 12mo. pp. 586.

The contents of these works first saw the light, as letters from their respective authors, in the columns of religious newspapers; and we rejoice in the credit which their re-issue in a permanent form cannot but reflect on so influential a department of periodical literature. This circumstance, and the fact that they are, all three, records of travel, in part over the same ground, have induced us to group them together.

In other respects, they are as utterly unlike as they could be without some wide mutual dissiliency of principle. The authors are all men in whom the religious nature is too profound and active not to make itself constantly perceived and felt,—yet in each after his own peculiar way. Mr. Prime connects with every scene and occasion the *commonplaces* of religious thought (we use the phrase not in a disparaging sense, but to denote the thoughts which a given scene or occasion would primarily suggest to ninety-nine serious and cultivated minds out of a hundred); Dr. Sprague's researches in European society were guided for the most part by his Christian sympathies, and present no more attractive picture than the undesigned one of the traits of a Christian gentleman in his own person; while Professor Upham, on a still more elevated plane, merges the traveller in the mystic, and depicts such sights as could be revealed only to an inward vision purged and clarified by years of contemplative devotion. With this brief indication of their points of resemblance and difference, we will pass to the consideration of these books in the order in which we have named them.

We have seldom felt under greater indebtedness to a traveller than to Mr. Prime. He carried with him open eyes, a hospitable mind, and a kind heart; the glow of convalescence imparted to his delineations just enough of its own heightened tint to make them lifelike; and his American and Protestant opinions, never extreme or intolerant, but steadily maintained and modestly asserted, give us confidence in the accuracy of his observations and the soundness of his judgments. We cannot but admire, too, the evenness of his work. He does not (as is the manner of not a few) alternate between ambitious rhetoric and slipshod journalizing. He does not scant and slight his descriptions of one class of objects, to bestow superior labor on others. Nor yet does he let his pen go beyond his full perception and clear knowledge. Thus, in the departments of painting and sculpture, he makes no parade of artistical or æsthetic terms, and offers no criticism in detail, but in the simplest style tells us what he saw and what he felt. His was for the most part a common tour over ground which is trodden every year by hundreds of American travel-

lers, and about which there are books innumerable; and almost every new writer, in his fear of saying what has been said before, seeks to excite interest by what is peculiar in his own experience or speculations, rather than by what lies open to every eye. The consequence is that some of us diligent readers of travels know little more than the names of many of the places and objects whose names have become household words. Mr. Prime writes as if no other book of travels had ever been written before, and puts on record what his brethren are apt unwarrantably to assume as already familiar to their readers.

What we most of all regret in connection with these volumes is, that their author was diverted, by exaggerated reports of the disturbed condition of the country, from his original purpose of visiting Jerusalem, and making a thorough exploration of sacred sites in Palestine. His felicitous illustrations of Scriptural narratives and references, so far as opportunity served him, show that the chapters which his fears would not let him write would have been among his richest and most instructive. We learn from a contemporary journal, that other parties accomplished in safety his contemplated route at nearly the time when he abandoned it; yet his story leaves us no reason to doubt that he acted the part of a prudent man, under the representations made to him by those whose knowledge or veracity, however questionable, he was not entitled to call in question.

We quote, as in its subject profoundly interesting, and as a happy and yet no more than an average specimen of Mr. Prime's style of narrative, his description of Mount Gerizim.

"Taking a lad with us for our guide, we walked out of the city, to wander for an hour or two among the scenes of sacred interest that skirt this remarkable and venerable town. It was natural that we should wish to go from the synagogue of the Samaritans to the hill on which they had worshipped from the earliest ages of their history. Even now, and four times in every year, they march in solemn procession, reading the law as they go, and ascend to the summit of Gerizim and perform their worship, not without the shedding of blood. It was, therefore, with strong and strange emotions that we took their line of march, and on the Sabbath-day, when, more than on any other, we could feel the contrast between our own and the ancient Jewish forms

of religion, we wended our way out of the upper gate. The path led us through well-tilled gardens, and among various fruit-trees, to a large fountain where several women were washing clothes. They made themselves merry with our appearance, and we were pleased to see that they ventured to enjoy themselves by the inspection of strangers. The winding path up the hill, to avoid the steepness of a more direct ascent, was rough, but in twenty minutes we arrived at the ridge, and then bore off to the eastward toward a wely, or tomb of a saint. A short distance from this was a hole in the ground stoned up, perhaps six feet deep and four across; ashes and brands were lying in it, the memorials of recent sacrifice. For although we have the impression that even in Judæa there is no more sacrifice for sin, and the day has long since gone by when the blood of bulls or of goats is shed in the worship of the God of heaven, it is true that this remnant of the ancient Samaritans come up hither, and once in every year, at the Feast of the Passover, they slay and burn seven lambs at the going down of the sun! They lodge all night in tents upon the mountain and descend the next day. Again they come on the day of Pentecost, and at the Feast of Tabernacles, and on the day of Atonement; a people over whose hearts is a double veil, and who will doubtless never have it removed. A little further on we came to the foundations of a large fortress or temple, the walls of it about ten feet thick and made of immense stones. We were ready to believe that this is the ancient temple of the Samaritans; but Dr. Robinson determines it to be the remains of a castle erected by Justinian. There is no use in disputing Dr. Robinson and his friend Dr. Smith; and when we have their united opinion, the two witnesses put an end to all strife. I have consulted books many, of foreign and domestic production, to aid me in forming opinions on Palestine antiquities; but modern travellers are disposed, as a general thing, to consider the 'Researches' of these gentlemen as exhausting the field of discussion. Certain it is the Samaritans themselves attach no sacredness to these ruins; and their tradition would undoubtedly have preserved the identity of these stones with those of their temple, if such were the fact. We examined with much attention a number of flat stones, on the west side of the walls, lying on the ground, under which we are told are the twelve stones brought up by the children of Israel from the river Jordan, and with which the altar of the Samaritans on this hill is said to have been built. Now they are buried under these; and here they are to lie until the Guide, the Saviour of the Samaritans — not the Messiah of the Jews — appears.

"And then we came to the Holy Place, — the Most Holy, — a broad, flat rock, like a threshing-floor, level with the surrounding earth, and

sloping westward to a cistern into which the blood of sacrifices may have flowed. No one of their people now treads upon it unless he first takes off his shoes. Wherever they now pray, they turn their faces toward this sacred spot. Doubtless their temple stood over this rock, and the site of its walls can be distinctly traced. In their zeal to have a monopoly of the holy places, the Samaritans show us on this height the spot where Abraham offered his son. As we stood among these memorials of this remarkable people, it was painful to reflect that they are perishing from among men, without the slightest evidence being given that any of them are brought to a knowledge of the truth. They are dwindling away, and one or two generations more will probably terminate their race. Dr. Robinson thinks there are not more than one hundred and fifty now left in their entire community.

"The view is exceedingly interesting from this summit. On the rich plain below us are villages whose associations are with the earliest records of Israel's history. There lies Salem, the Shalim before which Jacob pitched his tent. Before us lies the plain on which Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel, and gave them his dying charge, and made a dying covenant with them, and took a great stone and set it up under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And that stone which, Joshua said, *had heard* the words of the Lord, was to be a witness unto them lest they should afterward deny their God. Here came the children of Israel with the bones of Joseph, which they brought up out of Egypt; and 'they buried them in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor': and there is his tomb to this day. And every hill-top that I see on this bright Sabbath-day is not more lustrous with this Eastern winter sun than with the imprint of the Divine presence, which faith discovers in all the mountains and valleys of this holy land.

"And just here, at our feet, at the base of Mount Gerizim, is Jacob's Well, — the scene of one of the most interesting and instructive incidents in the life of our Lord. We mark the route by which he was journeying along through this valley; how he would naturally pause about the middle of the day — the sixth hour — at this well, a mile and a half from the city, while his disciples went there to buy food; the woman of Samaria comes thither to draw water as he was sitting on the well, which was stoned up a few feet above the ground; and then followed that remarkable conversation, in which she says, 'Our fathers worshipped in this mountain,' — the Gerizim, on which we are now standing. And then Jesus revealed himself unto her as the Messiah, 'the Saviour of the world.'" — Vol. II. pp. 368 – 372.

Dr. Sprague's book composed of articles recently published

in "The Presbyterian," is compiled from notes of European tours in 1828 and 1836; and its value, if not created, is greatly enhanced, by the years that have elapsed since its materials were gathered. It is the record of interviews and conversations with distinguished persons, most of whom are no longer living, and several of whom are among those illustrious men whose recent decease attaches intense interest to every memorial of their personal history, manners, and habits. For obvious reasons of delicacy and propriety, private and familiar conversations could not be published till death had removed the seal of secrecy, and rendered such reminiscences rightfully the world's property.

The study of man is full as much an art as a science, or, if a science, it is an experimental one. It demands not alone keen powers of observation, but the ability to draw out what is in men of mind and heart, of generous nature and good-breeding, of sense, wit, and wisdom; and this can be done only by one who in social intercourse can make others his debtors, and thus force them from the citadel of reserve and indifference into which "celebrities" are prone to retreat. In skill of this description Dr. Sprague has few equals, no superiors. In person and address commanding respect and inviting confidence, with an inborn courtesy trained by exercise and refined by the highest social influences, and with a position and reputation the prestige of which often prepared for him a kind reception, he had rare opportunities of research in his favorite field. As a collector of autographs, and a virtuoso of unparalleled zeal and success in all that appertains to the personal habits and history of distinguished men, he had, before he first crossed the Atlantic, an almost world-wide knowledge of the living as well as the dead, and, what is of more worth, he had by these pursuits educated his curiosity both generally and specifically, so that he knew where and how to look for the indications of character, and what to expect and watch for in each individual instance. Add to these qualifications a rare tact in procuring the right kind of introduction, and in pre-arranging circumstances for an interview when the case admitted of it, and you have a writer than whom none could be better fitted to furnish a series of

off-hand sketches of character. The several articles are necessarily short, as they are generally confined to what transpired at a single interview; but some of them have a value that is not even approximated by a posthumous biography, for a single section of a man's private life drawn on the spot often reveals more of his true self than a complete narrative of his public acts and relations. Thus the very first sketch in this book, of the splendid fanatic, Edward Irving, occupying but little more than six pages, has for us harmonized the conflicting accounts and opinions of him that we had previously read, and suggests a theory of his character which will more adequately explain the facts of his life than the views that have been presented by those who have treated his course either with weak admiration or with indiscriminate censure.

As regards Neander, we are by no means deficient in the memorabilia of his personal habits, and his lecture-room has afforded the scene for very many word-paintings both before and since his death; yet we have hardly seen anything concerning it so graphic as the following paragraph.

"My curiosity was gratified — I cannot say that my mind was particularly enlightened — by attending one of his lectures on the 'Life of Christ.' The room in which the lecture was delivered had been, originally, a splendid one; but it had been suffered to go to decay, and withal had accumulated quite as much dirt as was consistent with health, and a good deal more than was consistent with decency. The number of students in attendance was large, — I should think not less than four hundred. After I had waited in the lecture-room a good while, the worthy professor made his appearance; and a singularly plain, and to me perfectly unique, appearance it was. As he came in, his head was down, as if he had lost something that he was trying to find; and among other attractive articles of dress was a huge pair of boots, which he wore outside of his pantaloons, and which came up nearly to his knees. I noticed, on his entering the room, and several times during the lecture, that there was a hissing among the students, which I feared, at the moment, was intended as an insult to the lecturer; but I soon learned that it was nothing more than a demand for perfect silence. Neander's manner of lecturing indicated the extreme of modesty and diffidence; but there was nothing about it that was in the least degree attractive. His eyes seemed never to be more than half open; but they were steadily fixed upon his paper. On one hand he rested

his forehead, and with the other he was whirling about a goose-quill; and once in twenty seconds, upon an average, according to an accurate estimate by my watch, he entertained us by *spitting!* I know not whether this was the effect of disease or habit; but I should charitably hope, and I think somebody told me, that it was the former. He delivered his lecture standing, and bending over a desk in the most ungraceful posture; but his utterance was distinct, and sufficiently loud to fill a large room. I could see that the lecture was listened to with great attention, and the lecturer was evidently regarded with the highest respect." — pp. 132–134.

Our author had the rare privilege of being present during one of Elizabeth Fry's ministrations to the inmates of Newgate. The following is the paragraph in which he relates the circumstances of his acquaintance with her.

"At the time of my visit in England, there were few persons, male or female, who were in greater repute, especially in the walks of philanthropy, than Mrs. Fry. It was quite an object with me to obtain an introduction to her, and I succeeded in accomplishing it with great ease. She was a noble — I should say, a splendid looking woman; considerably above the ordinary height, and of a remarkably symmetrical form; with a countenance indicative of great vigor of mind and strength of purpose, and with a general air and bearing more dignified and impressive than I have often met with in a lady. Withal, her face expressed great benevolence; and when I knew that it was Mrs. Fry with whom I was conversing, it seemed to me that she looked exactly as a person of her character might be expected to look. Her great mission, at that time, was reading the Scriptures once or twice a week to the wretched inmates of Newgate. I was very desirous of being present at one of those readings; and, as soon as she knew my wish, she assured me that it should be gratified. Accordingly, by previous appointment, I met her at the prison, and witnessed one of the most interesting and impressive services at which I have ever been present. I entered the prison just as the female prisoners were going up into the room where Mrs. Fry was to meet them. There were about forty, all decently and uniformly dressed, and nearly every one having in her hand a Bible. They had all been tried and sentenced for some crime or other, and most of them had been taken from the streets, — the very refuse of society. Several of them had babies in their arms, that were playful and smiling in their unconscious degradation. Mrs. Fry read the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the thirteenth Psalm; commenting a little upon each with great propriety and feeling.

Nothing could have been more appropriate and beautiful than her manner of reading. I could not imagine that Dr. Mason himself — perhaps the finest model of a reader which the American pulpit has furnished — ever read the twelfth chapter of Romans more impressively than Mrs. Fry did on that occasion. And it had its effect upon other minds than mine; for I saw some, who looked like veterans in crime, burying their faces in their hands, as if overwhelmed with compunction at least, if not with penitence. At the close of the reading, which, in connection with the comments that accompanied, and a brief exhortation that followed it, lasted, perhaps, three quarters of an hour, the different monitors (one from each ward) came up successively and rendered in their account; and all the reports, with one or two exceptions, were very good. There was a young gentleman who came in to see Mrs. Fry, just after the exercise had closed, who looked very modest and retiring; but I was surprised to find that it was a noble lord, who took the deepest interest in her philanthropic enterprise. She gave me a most interesting account of her labors, and assured me that she had good reason to believe that the Word of God, as read by her, had been the power of God to the salvation of a goodly number of those wretched beings. I perceived that all her movements towards them were kind and winning, and their treatment of her seemed most deferential and grateful. I did not think it strange that the Emperor Alexander should have pronounced her one of the wonders of the age. Though she talked with the Quaker precision, the style of her conversation was worthy of the court. She wished me to visit her at her house, but I could not. She, however, sent me a little book, containing an account of her self-denying labors, and gave me also a letter of introduction to her brother, Joseph John Gurney, whom she wished me to visit at Norwich. It is several years since she has passed away; but the record of her good deeds will pass away — never." — pp. 163 – 165.

Among the most interesting portions of the book is the account of a visit to Mrs. Grant, the author of "Letters from the Mountains," whose childhood, it will be remembered, was spent in America, chiefly in the city of Dr. Sprague's residence, and who was able to give him reminiscences of Albany as long ago as when the late venerable Stephen Van Rensselaer was cradled in her arms.

Dr. Sprague's reception by Southey was peculiarly flattering, and from the whole tedious length of the poet's "Life" we could hardly compile so copious a collection of his opinions of his contemporaries as we have in this single day's talk.

Indeed, it has seemed to us lamentable that a character, so transparent as his was in life, should have had so foggy a penumbra thrown around it by his biographer, and we gratefully welcome the clear, though transient glimpse of him presented in the volume before us.

Among the "celebrities" whom our author visited were Wilberforce, Robert Hall, John Foster, Hannah More, Rogers, and Campbell, in England; Dr. Chalmers, Lord Jeffrey, Sir David Brewster, and Professor Wilson, in Scotland; and Guizot, Sismondi, Tholuck, Gesenius, and Alexander von Humboldt, on the Continent. The entire number of names in the table of contents falls little short of a hundred. To believers in the new science of chirognomy the work is rendered doubly interesting by the prefixing to the several chapters of the autographs of the persons to whom they respectively relate. We have no doubt that the ingenious author could discourse learnedly and eloquently on the mental and moral characteristics thus betrayed through the pen; but for ourselves the only generalization which we have been able to reach is that men and women of genius write seldom well, and often illegibly, and that not a few of the names held sacred elsewhere must have left with the goodly fraternity of compositors and proof-readers a memory by no means fragrant.

Professor Upham, with characteristic modesty, has issued of his book only a "private edition" of four hundred copies. We cannot believe that the friends into whose hands these copies have fallen will consent that the work shall go no farther. As a mere book of travels it is indeed of unequal and often defective worth, — meagre in its details in England, France, and Rome, profoundly interesting among the Waldenses, eminently suggestive and impressive in Egypt and in the desert of Sinai, rich almost beyond comparison among the scenes hallowed by the presence of the Saviour. But it is inestimably precious as a record of the author's inward life and spiritual experience in communion with Nature in her solitudes, her grandeur, and her beauty, with humanity under various phases of civilization and religion, and with the memorials of supernatural events, sacred history, religious heroism, and Christian martyrdom. If his vision was sealed

where other men's eyes are open, — if he closed his letters from Rome without so much as a reference to St. Peter's, — he more than compensates us by the promptness of his intuitions and the depth of his insight wherever the nobler faculties of mind and heart are concerned.

While Professor Upham proffers no pretensions as a *connoisseur*, we cannot but regard his comments on art and on individual works of art as eminently instructive. An harmoniously developed nature is necessarily possessed of the canons of the highest art, and is an immeasurably more competent judge of artistical truth, (without which there is neither grandeur nor beauty,) than a person of the best technical training, but of coarser sensibilities and a lower standard of refinement. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." He may not, indeed, employ the conventional terms that pass current among the initiated, but his *verdict* (for it is a *verum dictum*) will for this very reason only the more fully justify itself to the universal consciousness. Such are the criticisms embodied in the following extract.

"In the countless statuary which came under our notice, the defect which seemed to me most frequently to occur was the failure to harmonize expression with character. If it is true that every man has a character of some kind, it is also true that every character, which is only another name for the predominant dispositions of the mind, has its appropriate expression. A sculptor may give the great outlines of the head of Nero or Caligula, but if he adds the comparatively mild and just expression which characterizes the features of Antoninus or Nerva, he violates both history and nature. I am not certain that I shall make myself understood, but it seems to me that the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo may properly be regarded as an illustration of this remark.

"In looking upon this great work, which occupies a place in the church of St. Peter IN VINCULIS in Rome, we felt no disposition to detract from its acknowledged and obvious merits. In all the attributes of art, with the exception, as it seemed to me, of the relation between expression and character, it is a work eminently worthy of its distinguished author. We could not fail to recognize the creative mind of the artist at once. But naturally forming our ideal of Moses from our early readings in the Bible, we were led to inquire, — Where is the other mind which the mind of the artist has undertaken to repre-

sent? Where is the mind of Moses, which it should have been his first object to gather up and combine from history, and re-establish and make alive in marble? Where is the expression of that humble and meek disposition, which his history and his writings have led us especially to attribute to him? We certainly failed to recognize it in that stern and angry grandeur which characterizes the countenance of this statue.

"In many of the numberless paintings and statues of the Virgin Mary which we everywhere saw, there was this painful failure of appropriate expression. Art has exhausted itself in drawing the outlines of her beauty; but they are not inlaid with those revelations of holy thought and feeling, which her personal history has led us to expect. And still more is this defect seen in the statues and paintings of the Saviour. The predominant dispositions of the Saviour in his humanity were meekness, benevolence, pity, and perfect faith in God; — traits which were not overcome or obscured by man's unbelief and persecutions, nor by the inward trials to which his Heavenly Father sometimes left him. He had nothing in himself, but all things in God. And being a 'partaker of the divine nature,' he loved as God loves, and communicated himself to others in all the appropriate sympathies of humanity. His love shone in his tears. His faith was not shaken, when the powers of darkness were let loose upon him.

"In Paris, in Florence, in Rome, I looked upon painting after painting and statue after statue, and in almost every instance missed something of that divine expression, which should have stood out as the interpretation and the symbol of his character. The works in other respects were often admirable. There was symmetry, intelligence, beauty, such as we often see in the statues and portraits of good and distinguished men, but still an absence, in a greater or less degree, of the true and Christ-like disposition.

"I saw a painting in the Vatican by a painter not much known, which is exempt in a great degree from this defect. It does not fully give the idea of Christ's intellectual power; but the expression of his affectional nature, of those heavenly dispositions which I have mentioned, leaves nothing to be desired. In the church of St. John Lateran we were shown a recumbent statue of Christ after his crucifixion, which produced upon us a similar effect. The countenance, as it appeared to be made present in marble, had not lost the look which was appropriate to its humanity; but a mingled expression of sympathetic sorrow and triumphant peace seemed to ally it both with earth and heaven. But I think I never saw the character of the Saviour, the outline and filling up of his inward and sacred disposition, so per-

fectly sculptured in the countenance, as in the marble statue of Christ in death, which we were shown in the church of St. Mary in the city of Naples. This extraordinary work was designed by Anthony Corradini, a Venetian artist of high reputation, but in consequence of his death it was executed by Sarumartino, an artist of Naples, to whom a large share of its perfection is to be ascribed. Christ is laid in the tomb *veiled*. The veil is wrought in the marble with immense care and labor, and with such skill that the form of the body, and even the muscles, are seen through it, and what is remarkable, it is made to appear by the artist as if it were slightly moistened by the perspiration of death. But this veil does not obscure in any unfavorable degree the expression of the Saviour's countenance, which is full of resignation, sympathy, peace, and triumph. My heart, which had long dwelt upon the inward image, was deeply affected in the presence of that triumph of Christian art. The divine countenance, which it had embodied in marble, seemed to come like a revelation from another world, and was present with me many days after. So perfect was the expression of the Christ-like attributes, — it harmonized so completely with the impression left by the frequent reading of the Scripture narrative, — that I could hardly help saying to myself, that I had seen the Saviour." — pp. 245–249.

Another feature of this charming volume is the author's generous sympathy with every form and manifestation of goodness, with every expression of the religious life, with sincerity and devotion under whatever name or rubric, and with whatever admixture of reputed error in speculative belief. What more worthy utterance of this sentiment could be given than in the following paragraph?

"One of the pleasant things of a religious nature, which increases the interest and happiness of the Christian traveller in foreign countries, is the evidence which he often obtains of the essential unity or oneness of character which exists in religious experience. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the child of God is one. Under blazing suns, and in polar snows, under all forms of government and diversities of education, as well as in all varieties of climate, the image of Christ is the same, — drawn in immortal lines by the same mighty Architect, — not always completed, but filling out, with each day's added lines and touches, into the likeness of that great and beautiful model, which exhibited, in the person of Christ in his earthly incarnation, the soul of the Godhead in man's human heart. Names, sects, parties, have no power to hide it, — any more than diversities of language, government,

and color. This beautiful image I saw in my travels, in countries and places far remote from each other; — on the banks of the Po and the Tiber, in London, in Florence, in Alexandria, in Jerusalem, in the cottages of Waldensian Mountains, as I had seen it before in the mountains of America, — differing, undoubtedly, in degrees of completeness, but always true to the great Master's hand. It needed no letter of introduction. I saw it with the eye of the heart. I embraced it with the arms of the affections. I cannot say how much I rejoiced in this multiplication of universal brotherhood. It was more pleasant to me than the beauties of nature, delightful as they are; — brighter than the light of the morning sun on the mountain-tops." — pp. 577, 578.

There is profound truth, as well as kind appreciation, in these remarks. On the lower branches of the tree of human existence, the blossoms, expanding slowly and imperfectly, are so tinged by earthly hues, and thrown out of symmetry by the pressure and attrition of surrounding objects, as to present perpetual diversity and contrast; but on the topmost boughs, in free air and sunlight, where alone they can reach perfection, they unfold after the same pattern of divine beauty and loveliness. The highest types of character bear a close mutual kindred, exhibiting indeed individualities of genius, taste, and capacity, yet no traits that mark them as of different races or conditions, or that interfere with their reciprocal recognition and fellowship. The elect spirits of all nations bear a strong family likeness. The insignia of bondage no more cling in our thought to the thoroughly Christianized slave, than do his frequent fetters and manacles to our conception of St. Paul. The hard, rough features of manhood disappear from the man who approaches the true standard of spiritual greatness, and womanly weakness seems merged in invincible might in those heroic Christian women who in every age have pressed into the foremost ranks of the cross-bearers. The differences of human character grow out of the power of circumstances as compared with that of character. Nations and conditions owe their dissilient peculiarities to the fact that their circumstances are stronger than they are. Individuals put off these peculiarities by accessions of inward might which make them stronger than their circumstances. And while this might has no certain source other than Christianity, the ultimate unity of the race is not only

a vision of prophecy, but a necessary result of the progress of Christianity. Its progress, therefore, must tend toward universal peace. The offensive characteristics of nations no doubt lie behind the pretexts, give birth to the jealousies, are the remote causes of the immediate causes, that issue in war. As these characteristics in their harshness and offensiveness become merged in a common Christian type, filaments of union and of fraternal feeling will so interlace the nations of Christendom, as to render the recurrence of the past and usual grounds of alienation impossible. Indeed, imperfectly as the leaven of Christianity is incorporated into the constitution of even the most favored people, we believe that there are already nations between which war has become a moral impossibility, on account of the assimilation and brotherly sympathy of those in each who have attained the highest type of character, who, perhaps with little direct political influence, wield a power in the creation of opinion and sentiment, to which courts and ministries must unconsciously succumb.

To return to our author, his genial sympathies are by no means confined to the Christian fold. We are accustomed to stories of the disgusting squalidness of the populace of Egypt, and to long-drawn complaints of Arab perfidy and truculence. Not an unkind or distrustful word of any human being escapes him. He refers to the loathsome ophthalmia so prevalent on the banks of the Nile only in terms of compassion, and as proffering added claims on his tender regard and fellow-feeling. He seeks every opportunity of familiar intercourse with the poorest natives of the benighted regions through which his Oriental pilgrimage carries him, and announces the interchange of affectionate greetings and kind offices with some wretched family in a hut on a sand-waste, with the same serene satisfaction with which Dr. Sprague records a successful visit to a professor of world-wide celebrity. We quote the following estimate of the Arabs, with the characteristic apology even for their dogs, and the interview, which is but one of many of its kind, with the shepherd and his household.

"I was favorably impressed with many of their traits of character-

I judge of them from what I saw. They seem to have lost the active and fierce spirit which characterized their ancestors. They are timid, and make but poor soldiers. I am not prepared, however, to condemn that cowardice, if such it may be called, which shrinks from the taking of human life. As a general thing I observed no deficiency of industry; but there is very little enterprise. Their study is to live, and not to improve and advance. I cannot easily join with those who are disposed to make an impeachment of their honesty, — because personally I have had no evidences to sustain it. Nor have I seen evidences of inordinate suspicion, cruelty, and disposition to injure. I have been in their villages daily. The dogs which guard every door have sometimes attacked me. But the dogs were faithful to what they considered their trust; and I have no especial complaint to make of their somewhat premature and unnecessary zeal. And the less so, because in some instances the Arabs themselves came and drove them away. What may be true of the Bedouin Arabs inhabiting the deserts, who are of the same race but differently situated and under different influences, I am unable to say. Time will perhaps determine. But from the Arabs of the Nile I have received as decided marks of kindness as amid the civilization of Europe.

"I will mention a single instance, which may be taken as an illustration of their treatment of me. One day the boat was fastened to the shore on account of a head wind. I strayed away alone into the fields, as was sometimes my practice. Passing near the little hut of an Arab shepherd, who was seated at his door on a mat, he made signs to me to come and sit down. I accepted the invitation and sat down on the mat with him, and we began to converse in signs, aided by a few Arabic and Italian words which one easily picks up. I felt quite at home. In a short time he arose and went to his dwelling, which was a very simple inclosure formed partly by a mud wall and partly by a fence of long reeds which were strongly bound together; and which was covered at the top with a roof of corn-stalks. Bringing out a jug of water and a wooden dish filled with excellent dates, he invited me to eat. I could not well refuse his hospitality. I was pleased, because I saw he had that faith which can take hold of the common link of human brotherhood. Looking up I saw a little child peeping round the corner of the hut. This was a new incident. I made signs to it to come to me; but it was frightened at my strange appearance, and ran away. The father smiled at this, and got up, and ran after the child, and brought it back. I pacified it with a little present, and we soon became good friends. The result of this was, that in a little time all the children, some four or five in number, came round successively from an opening on the other side of the inclosure.

After a little while the Arab's wife — contrary I believe to the usual customs among them — came also with an infant in her arms. The sun shone brightly, but we were on the shady side of the hut and a gentle breeze made music in the reeds. It was quite a family meeting, and I tried to made them as well pleased with me, as I was with them. I staid half an hour, and know not how much longer the visit might have been prolonged; but our captain (the Rais, as the people of the country call him) sent one of his men, named Mohammed, to find me. He came with an amazing long club, to guard me, as he said, against the Arabs, which seemed to me a very unnecessary precaution. I left my hospitable entertainers, well pleased with my visit, and with sincere desires and prayers for their happiness; — and have often thought of them since." — pp. 265-267.

We would gladly copy extracts from the letters relating to Sinai and Palestine, but it is difficult to make selections where there is hardly a paragraph that is not remarkable either for descriptive power or for devotional sentiment; and still more difficult is it by detached passages to convey any idea of the quiet ecstasy of lofty contemplation, reverence, and love that pervades this portion of the volume, — presenting the reflection of a soul whose emotional life is calm from its very depth and fulness, and which with every step upon the soil consecrated by the Redeemer's footprints drinks in his fresh benediction.

Professor Upham has added greatly to the interest of his book by materials of which the title-page gives no presage. In his letters he not only describes his tour and the mental and spiritual experiences immediately connected with it, but freely follows out suggested trains of thought, sometimes in vivid reminiscences of the past, sometimes in the discussion of æsthetic laws and principles. He has also inserted several poems, which purport to have been written under the inspiration of the scenes to which they relate, and were evidently the spontaneous expression of feelings, to which the numbers came unsought and flowed almost unbidden. Of these we copy what seems to us one of the best.

"LINES WRITTEN ON THE MAIDEN FISH-TAMER.

"O maiden of the woods and wave,
With footsteps in the morning dew!

From oozy bed and watery cave,
The tenants of the lake who drew.
Thy voice of love the mystery knew,
Which makes old bards and prophets true.

"They tell us of that better day,
When love shall rule the world again;
When crime and fraud shall pass away,
And beast and bird shall dwell with men;
When seas shall marry with the land,
And fishes kiss a maiden's hand.

"The iron age has done its best
With trump and sword and warriors slain;
But could not tame the eagle's nest
Nor lead the lion by the mane;
With all its strength and all its woe,
There was an art it did not know.

"'T was fitting that a maid like thee,
In childhood's bright and happy hour,
Should teach the world the mystery
That innocence alone has power;
That love the victory can gain,
Which is not won by millions slain.

"O man! if thou wouldst know the art
The shattered world to reinstate,
Like her put on a loving heart,
And throw away thy guile and hate.
A maid shall tell thee how 't is done,
A child shall show the victory won." — pp. 398, 399.

We have by no means done justice, in our brief notice, to a book of which we can only add, that, while as a devotional work it is a worthy companion of the author's "Interior Life," it presents an array of literary resources and imaginative power, which, had it no higher claims, would make it one of the choicest books of the day. We have taken it in hand, not so much for the sake of reviewing it, as to show the author into how great an error his modesty led him, when he wrote concerning these "Letters": — "I cannot at present persuade myself that they would be likely to possess any special interest beyond a very limited circle."

ART. IX. — *Scenery and Philosophy in Europe. Being Fragments from the Portfolio of* HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1855.

WE hear so much, in President's messages, speeches in Congress, and Fourth of July orations, about our "unexampled progress," our "wonderful prosperity," and the "success of our free institutions," that these topics have become trite and tiresome, and are regarded as the peculiar property of professional patriots and orators of the stump. Our advancement is as yet chiefly material and industrial, and therefore so much is said about it, for it is the only kind that the multitude can understand and value. Were it more intellectual and moral, the mental superiority which such progress implies, by revealing a higher standard for effort, would shame and prevent all this boasting. High culture and elevated virtue are always humble, because their gaze is fixed on the difficult and the unattained, and imagination and desire far outrun performance. Therefore it is written, "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Nevertheless the victories of industry have their epic aspect, and America as she now stands is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, toiling Africa chained to the car of Commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco, excite the imagination by all that they imply and foreshadow. They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story; for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune in this new world of boundless resources and free activity are more marvellous than the tales of the Arabian Nights. This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race grasping a vast empire like a homestead to cultivate and plant and adorn, this brave army of workers marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle. Though their weapons —

the axe, the plough, and the steam-engine — have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword, though the heroes of the farm, the workshop, and the counting-house, like village Hampdens, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble fields of man's effort, and their labors found nations, as those of the coral insect lift the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The eager desire for wealth, the "incessant and Sabbathless" pursuit of it, has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil, and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth and virtue and beauty, withers and dies. "In prosperity no altars smoke." The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, are all turned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual, the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal. We are practical, not intellectual, and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason, imagination, and taste. We are smitten with "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our only morality is cash payment. Truly has it been said, that "he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." If intemperate drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate money-making is the besetting sin of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to say which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the senses destroying the mind; the other, a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion blasting the moral sentiments and palsying the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the "baneful cup," which benumbs his soul, "unmoulding reason's mintage," and transforming him

> "Into the inglorious likeness of a beast";

and the infatuated worshipper of Mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of

heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already in this new country luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence the vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the general want of literary taste and culture; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics.

Beautiful indeed are the results of industry, of financial enterprise and mechanical skill, of peace,

"Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births"; —

the steamer, the railroad, the rich and busy city, the cultivated farm, the luxurious and decorated home. But these are material things only, and their chief beauty is in their meaning and expression. If they represent, not virtue and knowledge, cultivated mind and refined taste, but selfishness and worldliness and ignorance, gross feelings and sordid passions, we turn from their splendor to find sentiment and emotion in some scene poor and bare in the outward things which defile not, but rich in thought and feeling, — in some humble home of poet or thinker or artist illumined by genius; some bleak Plymouth rock sanctified by enthusiasm and courage; the muddy trenches and death-strewn fields of some Inkerman or Alma, where wounds and dirt, hunger and tattered garments, are made beautiful by valor and sacrifice. Sweet are the uses of adversity when it develops intellectual power and heroic sentiment. A truth discovered bears not flowers and fruit only, but seed that connects it with all the future; "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and noble deeds are perpetual sermons and exhortations. Poverty and hardship, wounds and death, are shadowy and unreal, and quickly vanish, and then

"The glory dies not, and the pain is past."

Similar to the moral are the intellectual influences of this general desire for immediate, practical, tangible results, — this passion for physical well-being, — by which we are distinguished. We bow down to the idols of the market, and cul-

tivate the understanding which deals with the operative and instrumental, with the application of means to ends, rather than the reason whose province is virtue, truth, and beauty. As Lord Bacon says, ours is "the judgment of Æsop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn to the gem; of Midas, that, being chosen judge between Apollo, president of the Muses, and Pan, god of flocks, judged for plenty." We reverse the celestial hierarchy, in which "the angels of knowledge and illumination are placed before the angels of office and domination," worshipping, not the Seraphim, which are angels of love, nor the Cherubim, which are angels of light, but the inferior spirits, "which are angels of power and ministry." Too generally the sole end and purpose of our education is "lucre and profession," thus making of knowledge, not

"The wing wherewith we fly to heaven,"

but a "shop for profit and sale." Practical ability, talents for action and affairs, are alone generally appreciated and honored, and physical science is more highly valued than literature, philosophy, or art. Even in physical science we prefer the practical to the theoretical, the application of secondary causes to the study of general truths. We work in the "furnace, not in the mine," of natural philosophy, and seek the production of effects rather than the identification of laws. We study arts rather than sciences, and are thus distinguished for inventions, especially those which shorten labor and increase wealth, rather than for discoveries of new truth. We have able engineers and artisans, but few thinkers who devote their lives to the search of abstract principles to enlarge the domain of knowledge and "conquer the obscurity of nature." Therefore De Tocqueville said, "The Americans, who have not discovered one of the general laws of mechanics, have introduced into navigation an engine which changes the aspect of the world." We are thus in danger of arriving at the stagnant civilization of the Chinese, who have arts, but no sciences, because principles have been forgotten and processes alone are remembered.

If such be the spirit in which physical science is pursued, it follows that mental and moral philosophy and art have few

disciples and lovers. These studies will not build railroads and steamers, or raise the price of lots and stocks. Business men and practical men and professional men, engaged in what are called useful pursuits, not merely neglect, but ridicule and despise them, ignorant that they are the fountains of all knowledge and the sources of civilization and government, — ignorant also that they are the springs of man's purest pleasure and highest good. As such persons, eager for material results alone, look only to the proximate physical causes which produce them, disregarding the spiritual laws on which these depend, so, in their absorbing passion for wealth and its enjoyments, they leave out of view the soul, and care only for the body and its surroundings of comfort and luxury. The dignity and delights of knowledge, of the contemplation of truth, and of sympathy with genius, form no portion of their life. Houses and lands, however, and a sumptuous home, are substantial, visible goods, which all can appreciate. It is well and pleasant to possess these, but not these only, nor to sacrifice higher things for them, for not by bread alone is man fed. To give the best years of life, and all thought, desire, and effort, for wealth, is to gain, not wealth, but poverty. As Solomon says, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." Plato declared that only the wise are rich, and prayed not for "outward things," but that he might become "beautiful in the inner man." But these are not the opinions that rule the hour, and govern conduct and manners. Only the few can see clearly that it is better to have an empty purse than an empty head, high thoughts than high ceilings, an enlarged mind than a wide hall, and that a richly furnished intellect is a more beautiful thing than a sumptuous drawing-room.

It is too much forgotten, in our habits, education, and maxims of life, that the mind, its enjoyments and culture, are of more value than the body, its needs and pleasures. Wealth is a good thing, but not the best. We may seek it temperately and use it lavishly, but not love it. We should love knowledge and virtue, truth and beauty. This is the only foundation of individual worth and national greatness. In-

dustry, enterprise, and energy, with their results, physical well-being, social amelioration, and the "relief of man's estate," are of high excellence and value, but are not sufficient. These causes of prosperity are themselves sustained and commanded by higher laws, revealed only to the eye of thought and contemplation; for, as Lord Bacon says, "If any man think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are thence served and supplied."

Philosophy and art have however even nobler uses, — the culture of the individual, the increase of the capacity for enjoyment, the substitution of intellectual for sensual pleasures. Dark and narrow indeed is the path in life, however surrounded by external splendor, of him who is insensible to the mystery and wonders of nature, to the magic of genius, to the elevated and glowing sentiment that arises from the contemplation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Not wealth, but knowledge, opens these sources of excellence and delight; for ignorance has her palaces as well as her hovels, and the difference between ignorant wealth and ignorant poverty is only

"A gilded trough and wider sty."

Philosophy and art alone, by disclosing to the soul the infinite, by revealing to man the faculties of his own mind, his relations to nature and to God, and the beauty and glory by which he is surrounded, by offering to his view new and boundless fields of activity and enjoyment, superior to the tasks of the body and the pleasures of sense, give him true freedom and a foretaste of divine and eternal happiness.

We are not matter only, but spirit also, and throughout nature spirit is the lord of matter. All our virtues, all our highest powers and finest pleasures, are not of the body, but of the mind, and these depend not on wealth and luxury, but on knowledge; — knowledge not alone of material things, which are changing and transient, but, in the language of Plato, of "that which is," of the spiritual, the unchangeable, the invisible, the eternal, the only real, of which matter is the representative and shadow. The masters who disclose to us this world of excellence and delight are the seers, sages, and

prophets, the philosophers, poets, and artists, who hold in their hands

> "That golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity";

whose oracles teach the science of sciences, the knowledge of knowledges, — the primary truths of nature, and the sources of power and beauty. As in heaven's hierarchy the angels of love and illumination hold the highest rank, so these serene and lofty spirits are the seraphim and cherubim among men, whom the wise of all ages have agreed to reverence and honor above others, placing them

> "Among the enthroned gods, on sainted seats."

It is a blessing for a people to have among them great men, espécially thinkers, poets, and artists, who enlarge the scope of thought, gratify and cultivate higher taste, and stimulate to generous efforts by a glorious example. It is a happiness to have something of our own to admire and revere, something to inspire us with noble and disinterested emotion. A nation without intellectual guides and superiors, composed of mere workers in physical things for physical good, a people given up to ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, with none among them to point the way to loftier objects, were a sorry sight. Foreign supply of thought is not enough. It is the home manufacture which rouses effort, and gives animation to industry. We cannot have the healthful influences of work unless we work. The sweat of labor is wholesome, and honor is with those who fight the battle, not with those who idly enjoy the fruits of victory. Our race has added many names to the company of gifted spirits who have taught and delighted mankind, and doubtless, in these vast fields of promise to which it has been transplanted, the descendants of those among whom Shakespeare and Bacon lived and moved will prove their nobility of birth. Amid the dead materialism, the narrow-minded and ignoble devotion to coarse utility, the commonplace and barren thought and talk, and the moral depravity of the day, indications are not wanting of a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up in the track of our prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest

rises after the plough and the manure-cart, — as the tasteful villa succeeds the log cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us, poets and philosophers who are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the fit audiences of Europe. Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable. They will do more for us in all true progress than farmers and engineers, than business men and practical men, than politicians and attorneys at law. They will yield nobler profits than railroads and telegraphs, and weave finer fabrics than the Lowell factories can turn out. A volume of history by Prescott, a novel by Hawthorne, a poem by Longfellow or Bryant, is of higher worth than a cotton or corn crop, and ingots of thought from Emerson's intellect are more precious than the gold of California.

These reflections have been suggested by the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. It is another indication of tendencies and influences nobler than the love of gain, — an additional proof that spiritual culture is gradually attracting the homage of the superior mind of the country, not in study only, but in work also, and that the American intellect is not wholly fettered by gross and material interests.

Our pleasure, however, is mingled with regret, for the work is posthumous. Its gifted author is not here to reap that harvest of fame, the hope of which, we may suppose, spurred him on, through a studious youth,

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

He died in the maturity of his powers and the midst of his career, with faculties trained by cultivation and a mind accomplished with various knowledge. These writings are unfinished. They did not receive the last touches of the artist. Their excellence is a sufficient token of what he would have done had Providence permitted the completion of his designs.

Mr. Wallace was a member of the Philadelphia bar. He was never, however, engaged in its practical, instrumental labors. He studied law as a science, — the science of human rights and civil relations, — and his philosophic mind led him

to the investigation of the principles of jurisprudence rather than their immediate application to affairs. He was thus seldom seen in the courts, but he is known to the profession by several valuable works which he edited in conjunction with his friend, Judge Hare, which display in both writers distinguished learning and ability, and which have obtained high reputation and authority throughout the country. It was not till the publication of the present volume that Mr. Wallace was known to the public as an author beyond the elevated sphere of professional effort which he had chosen. The book was therefore a surprise to all except the circle of his familiar friends. It exhibits so much taste and sensibility, such power of thought and glowing richness of style, that it has at once placed him among the eminent writers of the day.

The philosophy of art, and a criticism of some of its highest manifestations in architecture and painting in England and on the Continent, form the chief topics of this volume. There is an unfinished essay on the Positive Philosophy of Comte, and also some eloquent descriptions of scenery in Italy and the Alps; but art is evidently the subject nearest to the writer's heart, which calls forth all his powers, and he treats it with the skill which is born of knowledge and the enthusiasm which springs from elevated moral sentiment, poetic feeling, and lively sensibility to the beauties of nature and the glories of human genius.

There are few topics more important and of more extensive application. In its highest sphere, art is a source of intellectual and moral power of the noblest kind, and even in its humbler creations and purposes it produces happy and civilizing influences upon society. It excites and gratifies intellectual desires, cultivates a love of nature and of beauty, and surrounds life with the charm of elegance and refinement. It adds grace to luxury, feeling and expression to ornament. It can adorn the useful, and combine intellectual delight with the service of common ends, and its touches shame the vulgar finery of upholstery and the parade of mere costliness, by contrasting them with the beauty that reveals thought and addresses mind.

As beauty is the source of our purest enjoyment, so the

bounty of heaven has everywhere spread it abroad. It beams upon our daily life from every tree and blade of grass and way-side flower, from the clouds and sky above our heads, and from the stones and earth beneath our feet, a constant blessing. Blind and unfortunate indeed is he, who having eyes cannot see it, or whose soul cannot feel and respond to these divine influences streaming forth from universal being around him. It is the province of art to reproduce this beauty; in poetry, and, vaguely and sensuously, in music, by recalling the images of nature and their associations to the mind; in painting, sculpture, and architecture, by visible representations of the things themselves, or suggestions of them.

It is the province of art to reproduce the beautiful, — but what is beauty? It were vain to attempt a definition where Plato failed; but when he mentions in the Hippias Major, as instances of beauty, a fair maiden, a handsome horse, and a well-formed soup-dish, and tells us in the Banquet, that "the beauty which exists in any form whatever is the brother of that which is in a different form," and again, that we should rise in our contemplation and keep ascending, "for the sake of the *beautiful itself*, from one beautiful object to two, and from two to all, and from the beauty of bodies to the beauty of the soul, and from the beauty of the soul to that of pursuits, and from the beauty of pursuits to that of doctrines," or of truth, we get a glimpse of the mysterious unity of nature, and see how wide is the domain of the beautiful, and consequently of art. We see that this feeling of the beautiful is produced alike by the moral and spiritual things contemplated by the mind and by the physical things which affect the senses. The mountains and the ocean, the forest and the river, the blooming clover and the waving grain, the wondrous forms of animals and of man and woman, touch us with the same emotions as the perception of intellectual truth and the contemplation of virtuous deeds. They are manifestations of the moral and inner life of the world, of the Eternal Mind whose thoughts are constant laws, and which is revealed alike by the small and the great, in each as in all, whether it swells the surges of the deep,

"Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving,"

or pushes forth the tender filaments of the fern-leaf or the moss; whether it wheels the planets in their appointed paths, or drops an acorn in the autumn woods. It is the power to manifest the invisible that gives to the visible its influence over us, and this manifestation, this language, is beauty, beauty that gleams and glows around us because it shines within us. Matter is the "oracle of God's works," and is moulded and penetrated by eternal laws of which it is the expression. Every object of nature is beautiful, is an "embodied joy," because it is the outward sign of the moral and spiritual beauty inclosed within it, —

"Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass that screen it from the view."

As nature is symbolical and a language, so must the art be which represents nature, and as man sees in nature the expression of his mind, so the artist finds in external objects types and emblems of the thought and passion of his soul. For these uses he employs them, and in his hands they perform the same office that they do in nature. He selects from the vast magazine of being forms which express his meaning, leaving out the accessories that would diminish the force of the language and mar its effect. But the artist does not merely select, he idealizes. The forms of matter suggest a higher and more expressive beauty than their own, which he "turns into shapes," giving it "a local habitation and a name." This sensibility to the influences of nature, this power to see her splendor, and from her hints to imagine a fairer beauty, is the prerogative of genius, and in the hands of genius art reproduces the objects of nature, moulded to express the sentiment and idea of the artist's mind; thus "submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind," and proving how entirely matter is plastic by thought, — is a vesture of thought. "Thus," says Emerson, whose profound and subtile intellect breathes as its native element "the difficult air of the iced mountain-tops" of truth, — "thus in our fine

arts, not imitation, but creation, is the aim. In landscapes, the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. The details, the prose of nature, he should omit, and give us only the spirit and splendor. He should know that the landscape has beauty for his eye because it expresses a thought which to him is good; and this because *the same power which sees through his eyes is seen in that spectacle;* and he will come to value the expression of nature, and not nature itself, and so exalt in his copy the features that please him. He will give the gloom of gloom and the sunshine of sunshine. In a portrait, he must inscribe the character and not the features, and must esteem the man who sits to him as *himself only an imperfect picture or likeness of the aspiring original within.*"

Such being the nature of art, what is the highest art? Plainly, that which by the most powerful and impressive symbols, idealized by the imagination of genius, utters and records the highest and most affecting sentiments. The most expressive symbol is man, the microcosm of nature, "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." With him we have instant and perfect sympathy, and his form and features are a universal language reaching all minds and all hearts. As man is the highest symbol, so the sentiments inspired by religion are the noblest and most absorbing sentiments. The highest art, therefore, is that which expresses, by representation of the human form, the reverence and awe, the aspiration and love of religious enthusiasm, in a great and intellectual spirit.

Such was the art of Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy. Only twice in the world's history has the tree of human life blossomed with this costly flower. Poetry, philosophy, the thought that founds and moulds institutions and laws, the genius that leads armies and builds up empires, nature reproduces from time to time under different forms, but Grecian and Italian art, each inspired by religious feeling, appeared, reached rapidly a perfection since unapproached, and then vanished, followed as yet by no similar display of power. On this subject we must quote Mr. Wallace.

"In traversing various nations, and viewing the monuments that still remain upon earth of the capacities and accomplishments that, in any

former times, have belonged to mankind, we quickly see that the faculty of Art has only at certain and very rare periods been possessed by man; and that it partook the aspect of a real inspiration, streaming forth free from apparent relation to intellect, intention and will. We shall find that it has appeared, not as the accidental and occasional attribute of individual persons, separated in time and place, and starting up alone and unfollowed, in a community otherwise destitute of the manifestations of such a possession, but rather as a characteristic of a society, nation, or particular people, at certain eras, and in special ages of their history. . . . . In the range of the world's experience, there seem to have been but four special displays of artist-inspiration so undefective in their completeness, so exalted in significance, so absolute in splendor, as to fill every susceptibility that our nature can conceive to be the subject of an emotion. The reason finds in them no sign of deficiency; feeling can suggest no limit to their interest. They stand in the mystery of an inherent Perfection; participating of an apparent divinity in the inscrutableness of their nature, as well as in the overswaying might of their moral power. Through them, the mind runs upward along the viewless chain of spiritual sympathy till it loses itself in the Infinite. These are Greek sculpture, Italian painting, Gothic architecture, and Greek architecture." — pp. 17 – 19.

It would be an interesting study to trace the causes which produced in each period and people this wonderful development of genius. There are circumstances common to both, which show that the same influences led in each case to the result, and that these influences have at no other times been brought simultaneously into action. Grecian art rose to its highest point in the age of Pericles, Italian art in the age of Leo X. and his immediate predecessors. In each nation it was a period of victory after long effort, of wealth and ease won by the hardy virtues of the past, and also of the luxury and corruption that precede decay. Policy and war had placed Athens at the head of Greece, and opened to her sources of unbounded wealth, whilst the excitement of glory and success had stimulated all the powers of the most intellectual race the world has seen. Thus freed from external pressure and the necessity of action for defence, the genius of the people burst forth in art, because the perception and passionate love of the beautiful was part of their nature. This taste was encouraged and directed by Pericles, who ruled because he repre-

sented the dominant sentiment of the people, to the embellishment of Athens, and it became his pride and theirs to make their city the seat of all elegance and delight, to crown her not only with the diadem of power, but with the garland of beauty.

The religion of Greece was a polytheism and a mythology. The gods of her worship were ideal persons, representing the forces of nature and the attributes of humanity. They were truly myths, creations of the imagination of successive ages, embodied in the traditions and poetry of the people. The deities of Olympus were represented as clothed in human form, as moved by human passions, as connected among themselves by human relations. They were the faculties, emotions, and sentiments of man, and the mysterious powers of nature, deified, invested with shape, and the acts attributed to these ideal persons had a moral and allegorical significance.

This poetical and popular religion was the dominant feeling of the time. These forms of gods and goddesses embodied the sentiment and thought of the people, and by them alone could the artist express his own thought and sentiment to the people. It is this necessity of using a language that all can understand, which makes art and literature a record of the genius of the age. As Emerson says, "No man can quite emancipate himself from his age and country, or produce a model in which the religion, the politics, usages, and arts of his times have no share. . . . . Now that which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race." The art of Greece was thus necessarily symbolical of the religion of Greece, and the religion of Greece was the worship of the human form, the most powerful of all instruments for expressing the universal feelings of man to man. Tangible, definite images were thus afforded to art as symbols of thought, and at the same time a boundless scope for idealization, for exalting and refining the type to make it a fit language to represent the ideas of grandeur and beauty in the artist's mind.

These various causes were combined in a striking manner to excite the genius of the Italian people of the age of Leo X., — a people, like the Greeks, intellectual, imaginative, endowed with native taste and sensibility, open therefore to the influences of art, and educated to the love of beauty by the unequalled charms of climate and scenery by which they were surrounded. The Roman Church had then reached its culminating point of wealth and power. It was a time of success and enjoyment, also of elegance and refinement; of corruption and decay too, for it was the period of the Reformation. Rome was to Leo X. what Athens was to Pericles. He devoted himself to the restoration and embellishment of the queen city of so many grand and stirring memories, the seat of ancient empire so vast, of present power even higher and more sublime. For this purpose he summoned genius wherever it could be found, and lavished with unsparing hand the enormous revenues of the Church. At that time, also, an extraordinary mental activity was produced throughout Europe by various events which make it the most interesting and important period in modern history. The then recent discovery of America, the invention of printing, the revival of ancient learning, gave impulses to thought, motives for action, and realms to the imagination, previously unknown, stirring all spirits by new ideas and hopes, by novel views of life and government, by glimpses of fresh worlds of beauty and wonder across the Atlantic and across the ages of darkness, which, more tempestuous than the ocean, had rolled between them and the classic times of Greece and Rome. Whilst the causes of modern civilization were thus commencing their action, and the cities of Italy had become the seats of letters and the arts, the influence of the past was still powerful. The spirit of chivalry, softened by increasing refinement, still influenced the manners of society, and religion, Christianity, moulded and directed by the Church, ruled the minds and feelings of the people.

In Rome, as in Greece, the idea of divinity was represented by the human form. The persons of the Greek mythology were worshipped as gods, themselves possessing sanctity and dominion; the persons of the Christian religion

were worshipped, one as the incarnation of the Deity, the others as inspired by him with superhuman wisdom, and endowed by him with superhuman power. The gods of the one religion were creatures of the imagination, with faculties and attributes higher than humanity, but still human; the God of the other was the Eternal, the Infinite in wisdom, power, and virtue, uncreated, incomprehensible, the Creator of all things, the Witness of all thoughts, the Judge of all actions, the Giver of all good, who in mercy and love to man had manifested himself in the form of humanity to guide and to save. The holy persons of the Christian worship were also men and women who formed part of authentic history, full of interest and warm with the glow of ordinary life. Aside from its religious aspect, the story of Christ, his pure and sublime character, his exalted wisdom and virtue, his sufferings and his death, is the most touching and majestic narrative recorded by man. All the events of his life, all the relations which he bore to others, the virgin mother and holy child, his intercourse with his disciples, his miracles, his enemies, and his crucifixion, have a powerful dramatic interest, palpitating with human feeling. Such, also, were the records of the Old Testament, with its wars and wonders, its kings, prophets, and saints, its celestial hierarchy surrounding the throne of the Eternal. All these events were holy and sacred; all these persons were objects of worship among a people governed by the senses, who could not distinguish between the idea and its type, or prefer the invisible to the external. They were thus offered by the genius of the hour as symbols to art, as a language in which to utter the universal sentiment, as the only language by which it could find utterance or be understood. Religion was again practically a polytheism, and the human form an object of worship. Happily the bounty of Nature furnished great men fitted for the occasion. She gave to the world at the fortunate moment Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, as before she had given Phidias, and they found in Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X. patrons resembling Pericles in wealth, power, and cultivated taste.

The same religious enthusiasm produced the Grecian and the Gothic architecture. To lavish cost, labor, and skill on the

temples, to do honor to religion, to erect fanes worthy its worship, to embellish its shrines and holy places, and to body forth in visible images its solemn mysteries, profound emotions, and soaring aspirations, became the glory and pride of the Church, of princes, and of people. The artist strove to express the religious sentiment by form, — form which is ever plastic to the touch of mind, and which in the world around us is eloquent of thought and feeling. The Greek, elegant and artificial from a commercial and city life, selected as his language the ideal of symmetry and proportion, a fit type of the order, law, and harmony which reign through the works of God, and he thus produced those faultless edifices, aptly described as "frozen music," whose beauty is still a model unsurpassed. The nations of Northern Europe, descendants of the warriors and hunters, of the free and generous race of "barbarians" who overturned the ancient empire, sought the instruments of expression in the striking and majestic scenes of nature amid which they lived. To speak to them the artist caught from the vistas of the forest, with its roof of interlacing boughs, its checkered and painted light and sounding aisles, its delicate tracery of leaf and spray; from the mass of the mountain, its gray pinnacles, craggy buttresses, and rocky sides decorated with oak and pine, images of grandeur and beauty which, combined by the creative hand of genius, resulted in the Gothic architecture, more glowing and more varied in expression, altogether more noble and sublime, than that of Greece, and which looks, as Mr. Willis happily said, "as though it had been built by giants and adorned by fairies."

The first three Essays of the volume under review are devoted to a consideration of the principles of art, and Mr. Wallace has shown, with eloquence and force, that its wonderful development and perfection, both in Greece and Italy, arose from the same causes, religious feeling and the worship of the human form; to which we think may be added, the patronage of wealth and power, and the fortunate appearance in the world of artists of supreme and unrivalled genius. But Mr. Wallace has gone farther than this, and seems to regard religious sentiment as the sole source, not only of the

highest, but of all worthy and valuable art. This, we think, is taking too narrow a view of its province and powers, a view philosophically untrue and practically injurious. Religious sentiment is not the whole of man's life. He is moved and interested also by the passions and affections that spring from human actions and relations, and by the influences of nature around him. For these too plastic art, like poetry, is a language reaching our sympathies with a directness and force often more powerful than words. It would be easy to prove this by a reference to the history of art, which is indeed an epitome of the history of man. Even the great masters of Greece and Italy were by no means exclusively employed upon religious subjects. Love and war, chivalry and romance, were frequently their topics. And the more modern schools, from Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude, Poussin, and Hogarth, down to our own day, the day of Canova and Thorwaldsen, of Turner, Gainsborough, and Wilkie, of Powers and Steinhauser, have displayed in every variety of effort the power of art to delight, elevate, and purify by the representation of beauty and the expression of the universal feelings of humanity.

It is said by Mr. Wallace that "art is symbolical, not imitative." It would be more correct to say that it is symbolical because it is true. He attributes too much to the imagination of the artist, and too little to the expressive power of nature.

"Art," he says, "discovers and works out the inherent capacity of natural forms, *when idealized by the imagination*, to symbolize those spiritual sentiments which form the subject of Art. This is its perfect condition. Finally, in its last and lowest stage, it forgets its prophetic and mediatorial function, and merely reflects the *dull actual:* and this is the state in which art is at the present time, and to which it has been tending for two centuries and a half. . . . . The modern, critical principle, which recommends and applauds the most real and life-like imitation of figures, is false and erring; for natural forms must be recast in the imagination, and exalted by the reflection of the mind, before they enter into the symbolic dialect of inspiration. In proportion as an artist makes his figures actual and real in appearance, he diminishes their æsthetic significance; and when he accomplishes an effect of deception or illusion, he has set the seal of dumb imbecility on his work."

Unquestionably the highest purpose of art is the expression of thought and sentiment, and the more spiritual and noble the idea and feeling in the artist's mind, the greater will be his work. But to attain this power of expression, perfect truth, life-like and real representation of forms, is essential. The art which merely presents to us a copy of nature, provided it be really a copy, has its value, and a high value, because it excites in us the emotions of the actual scene; but the art which, by means of the forms of nature truthfully rendered, tells us a story, either of fact or fancy, and puts us in sympathy with the emotions and visions of genius, has a far nobler significance and value. This is accomplished by selection and idealization, which last consists, not in the improvement of nature, (for the works of God cannot be improved by man,) but in catching the real, yet the highest and most spiritual expression of natural objects; or, when the subject is wholly imaginative, in giving to the chosen type the perfection which itself suggests, and which its class as a whole contains. The genius of the artist consists in being able to read and understand the characteristic meaning of objects, which are dumb to common minds. He can convey that meaning only by representing what he sees as he sees it, which is not as others see it. The splendor and beauty perceived by him are not apparent to all, and therefore, when he renders it in his work, men say that it is his imagination and not nature, just as poetry, which is the highest truth, is in popular language called fiction. If the artist seek to symbolize his thought, not by copying, but by imagining a form, he must still recur to nature as his source and guide. He paints or cuts from the marble a Hercules or an Apollo, a Minerva or a Venus. He selects that which embodies his thought, and gives to it a perfection which no individual man or woman perhaps exhibits. But in structure and proportion, in every feature and lineament, it must be human, it must be minutely true according to its character, and its beauty must be the beauty of that whole of which it is the representative. So also with all the forms of nature. The mountain and forest, sky and clouds, ocean and river, tree and flower, rocks, weeds, and pebbles, earth and animals, are

voices many-toned and harmonious, instinct with life and with power to speak to the soul all that it can imagine and feel. The artist may choose them to suit his mood and thought, but he must render them truly. In figure and color, in light and shade, he must give their specific character, or the language will be unmeaning, and will punish him by utter failure.

This truthful realization of nature is a very different thing from the minute imitation which is intended to deceive, and which displays mere mechanical skill. There is no deception in a work of art. It is meant to appear what it is, the representation of a thing, — not the thing itself, — and the attempt to make it anything else excites, not pleasure, but, like all falsehood, disgust. We ask from the artist, not dexterity, but truth and life, and the expression of life is not increased, but injured, by laborious and exact copying of surface and texture. Truth does not depend on the multitude of details, but on their fidelity. The outlines of Flaxman and Retzch are full of expression, yet they simply delineate form correctly. Engraving adds light and shade; painting, color. In all, the one thing needful for effect is, that there be truth of form, of shade, of color, — that truth on which characteristic appearance depends; above all, that there be no falsehood, or exaggeration, or substitution of the imaginings of the artist for the objects of nature.

May we not say, then, that art is symbolical only because nature is symbolical, — because man in nature sees himself, the expression of his own mind and heart, in every object by which he is surrounded? Our consciousness is stimulated, our whole moral and mental being is called into activity, by the outside world. It is the instrument by which spirit speaks to the soul through the senses. Our reason very soon informs us that matter is phenomenal only, that it is penetrated by ideas and is the expression of ideas, that its beauty is the beauty revealed to us by consciousness in ourselves. "There seems," says Emerson, "to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms, and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of

preceding affections in the world of spirit." And what is man also, but spirit taking form and revealing itself, and thus becoming a telegraph of electric sympathy communicating to his fellow the thoughts and emotions of a common nature? We live in the midst of these powers, we are steeped in them from our birth, and they are our education. Except through this world we can see nothing; it incloses and forms our minds, and

> "like a dome of many-colored glass
> Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Ever the earth and sky, the sun and stars, are raining influences upon us. Every day the forms and features of men and women stir and excite us. To quote Emerson again, "Man is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. . . . . This world, this shadow of the soul, or other me, lies wide around. . . . . Nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it, part for part; one is seal and one is print."

There is, therefore, no such thing as the "dull actual" in nature. Forms, necessarily, in themselves, represent thoughts, sentiments, and emotions, and art consists in the "real and life-like" rendering of them, with minute fidelity, as they actually appear to the educated eye and quick sensibility of genius.

As nature expresses God, so man's works reveal his thought and character. He is placed in the midst of forces, some beneficent, but others hostile, which resist him, and which he must subject and govern, or perish. These task and develop his powers of body and mind, and, once conquered by his strength and intellect, they become his servants. Wonderful indeed is it to see how obedient matter is to mind. Man moulds it according to his idea; he uses it to serve his purpose. From that idea and purpose it takes form and pressure, and is ever after a record of them. He cannot touch it but it tells its tale. Everything he does with it was first a thought in his mind, and his work becomes a representative of that thought. Thus the characters of individuals, classes, and nations are revealed by external things. If we visit a farmer, we read him as we drive through his farm before we see him. His fields and fences, his barn, house, and cattle,

have already told us their story. If we go into a library, a glance informs us whether it is for show or for use. The books themselves will tell whether they are read and loved. If we enter a drawing-room, however it may glitter with silk and rosewood, gilding and glass, the glowing carpets and rich hangings, the ottomans, tables, and chairs, will all say in a moment whether they are there to express vulgar ostentation or a refined and sumptuous taste. All things have tongues. A person of low feelings and uncultivated mind, of hard, coarse, or commonplace character, will reveal himself unconsciously in everything he selects and uses, though he may fill his house with luxury and splendor. He cannot avoid displaying his real tastes, not only by his conversation and conduct, but by the material objects which he controls. The cock will always show that he prefers the barley-corn to the gem, the cat transformed to a princess will resume her shape whenever she sees a mouse, and only Cinderella can wear the glass slipper. So with a people. Not in its history and literature only, not in its trade, diplomacy, politics, and laws, is its character to be read. Its towns and cities, its roads and dwellings, its tools and furniture, its dress and ornaments, all depict it. Meaning streams alike from palaces and farm-houses, from the Parthenon and St. Peter's, from the spire of the country church, from New England villages, Irish hovels, and Southern negro-houses, from the diamonds and velvet of fashion and the "hoddin gray" of the laborer. All are symbolical of human life, its history and destiny, its struggles and toils, its joys and sorrows, its thoughts and affections. Religious sentiment has ceased to be the inspiration of art, because religion has ceased to be concrete. It has become reflective and intellectual, and is no longer associated with external objects of worship. But the expressive forms of nature, the relations, labors, pleasures, and passions of social life, the scenes of domestic happiness and grief, the delineation of individual character, the illustration of history and poetry, still afford scope and materials for genius, and will always afford them.

We have seen that art is symbolical because nature's works and man's works are symbolical. Art also is delightful because nature is beautiful. This element of beauty lavished

on the material world by the bounty of God seems specially intended to call forth our nobler qualities, to soften, elevate, and refine. Without it nature might still afford the materials of thought, supply our wants, excite, task, and discipline our faculties, and open a field for our activity. But we are born with a susceptibility to beauty, and Nature is beautiful in all her aspects. What infinite variety of forms and colors is displayed around us! What an inspiring spectacle of grandeur and power, of elegance and grace, do we behold every day of our lives! Not only is this wondrous beauty of Nature spread over her masses and her more important works, man and woman, beast and bird, ocean, lake, and river, sky and clouds, sun, moon, and stars, forest and field, but the smallest objects and most minute details are finished by its delicate touches. Leaves, buds, and grass, the wheat-head and corn-ear with its husks and tassel, the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, branches and twigs of trees, the plumage of birds, the horns, paws, and claws of animals, eggs and fruit, rocks and pebbles, water and fire, — everything that we use most and see oftenest, is decorated for our delight. We are immersed in this atmosphere, this encasing element of form and color, all our days. Beauty is the prism through which we look on nature, which thus appears to us overspread with radiant hues.

Let us, therefore, welcome and cultivate the art that reproduces this beauty, not only in its higher efforts, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, but in its humblest sphere. Let us bring it into our houses and grounds, and our daily life. Every homestead, farm, garden, and apartment should be a work of art, that is, should be beautiful, and should express appropriate feelings and uses. We should endeavor to surround ourselves with beauty, because it is a source of the noblest pleasure, and a means of the highest culture. It is not the privilege of the rich, but a common property. Without it, wealth is vulgar, and with it, a humble home elegant and refined. Let us go to Nature for it, and not to the upholsterer. Let us catch and combine her forms and colors, and fix them in our dwellings for daily solace and delight. Her suggestions and teachings are to be found without much seeking, in every field and wood, in way-side

bushes and flowers, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We should cultivate art, because it educates us to the perception and love of beauty, and thus leads us from the beauty of the external and visible to the beauty of the internal and invisible, of which matter is the image, so that we come to consider, as Plato says, "the beauty existing in the soul of greater value than that existing in the body." We ascend naturally from the contemplation of material beauty to the moral and spiritual beauty of which it is the type. To express this is the highest excellence of art; but it is more powerfully expressed by character and conduct. Thus we see the deep meaning of Plato when he compared the beauty of a horse, a maiden, and a soup-tureen, with the beauty of actions and of doctrines, and therefore has it been said that an heroic life is the noblest poem, and "a beautiful behavior the finest of the fine arts."

Nature was not exhausted by producing the art of Greece and Italy, but has been ever since prolific of genius. A remarkable combination of similar causes developed that art to a perfection since unequalled, but there are many grades of excellence below the highest yet worthy admiration. There are flowers on the earth as well as stars in the sky, and if in our day the heavens are so clouded that the stars cannot shine out, we may love and cherish the flowers. As Ruskin says, "We all know that the nightingale sings more nobly than the lark, but who therefore would wish the lark not to sing, or deny that it had a character of its own, which bore among the melodies of creation a part no less essential than that of the more richly gifted bird?" Europe is embellished by art, ancient and modern, and this gives to foreign travel its chief interest and charm. Art there pervades the life of the cultivated classes, and diffuses through society its elevating and refining influences. Every city has its fine specimens of architecture, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its public parks and gardens. America is herein necessarily deficient. Our past has been employed in the rude contest of man with nature, and our country is not adorned with the accumulated treasures of ages of civilization and wealth. Our efforts are

still chiefly devoted to the necessary and the useful, to supplying common wants, not to the gratification of intellectual and cultivated tastes, and our habits and manners lack the grace and charm which æsthetic culture alone can give. That we feel this want is shown by the multiplied attempts to supply it. That it will be supplied is apparent from the accumulating collections, public and private, of paintings and sculpture, and the marked improvement of late years in domestic architecture and landscape gardening. In this as in other things we must rely on the future. The world around us, here as in Europe, now as always, teems with the materials and inspiration of art, and doubtless, in the perennial fertility of nature, the genius and the occasion will again arise to give birth to works which may equal or excel the past.

The most attractive portions of Mr. Wallace's book are his descriptions of the scenery of the Alps and Italy, and of the cathedrals of Europe, and his criticisms of the paintings of the great masters. He exhibits careful study, and full appreciation of the highest meaning and use of art. Taste, which is the perception and love of beauty, varies with natural susceptibility and cultivation. The domain of the subjective is vague and undetermined, but without doubt the outside world is different to different individuals. This difference is caused perhaps to some extent by diversity of physical organization, but is chiefly the result of mental constitution. As color cannot be perceived by the blind, so beauty cannot be felt without sensibility; for beauty is not in nature, but in the mind. Like all our faculties, taste is improved, made more comprehensive and acute, by exercise and observation. Most persons enjoy a fine prospect, especially in summer or autumn, but the student and lover of nature sees and feels the beauty of every season, of all landscapes, of every object. The ability to appreciate the moral and spiritual expression of nature is still more rare. It implies a soul open to such influences. As, according to Lord Bacon, we live only so far as we know, in like manner we see in nature only what we are. The coarse and dull, the sensual and worldly, do not see beauty in nature; for we see not with the eye, but the mind.

They behold only themselves. In the tree they see so many feet of timber; in the field, its worth per acre; in the waving harvest, so many bushels. Nature for them is a workshop for profit or a table for food, whilst to the artist and the poet it is at once a solemn temple and a festive palace.

The artist also sees according to his sensibility, and the difference between him and other men is, that his sensibility is more keen, his delight more vivid. Nature fills him with quicker feelings and more glowing ideas, which necessarily seek for human sympathy in expression. Inspired by these, he seizes pen, pencil, or chisel, and his work is a record of the meaning the world has for him, of his own thought and emotion, of himself. He can be understood only by related minds. As in nature, so in art, insight keeps pace with sensibility; we can see in it only so much as reflects ourselves. Thus it is that the highest secrets of the great works of genius, whether of philosophy, poetry, or painting, are necessarily esoteric, — are closed to the multitude, — and fame is the verdict of successive generations of the wise. Therefore has Ruskin truly said that the highest art, "being based on sensations of peculiar minds, sensations occurring to them only at peculiar times and to a plurality of mankind perhaps never, and being expressive of thoughts that could only arise out of a mass of the most extended knowledge and of dispositions modified in a thousand ways by peculiarity of intellect, can only be met and understood by persons having some sort of sympathy with the minds that produced it, sympathy only to be felt by minds in some degree high and solitary themselves."

That Mr. Wallace was one of those minds, this little volume is sufficient evidence. He was keenly sensitive to the beautiful in nature and art, and responded with eager and passionate sympathy to all their noblest influences and meanings. Indeed, the tone of his mind was so philosophic and lofty, he was so filled with moral and religious sentiment, that he was led to overlook and depreciate the humbler, but still delightful and instructive, provinces of art. He wrote under the influence of enthusiasm produced by the greatest works. He saw in them a reflection of his own feelings, he found himself, and was satisfied.

The interest of the subject has already led us too far, but we cannot close this article without giving to our readers a few specimens of Mr. Wallace's style of thought and language. The following extracts from his descriptions of Alpine scenery will show the impression made on him by its sublime solitudes.

"Perhaps no intellectual emotion of our maturer life comes upon us with so much novelty, and strength, and delight, as that shock of surprise and pleasure which we receive from the sight of the snowy pinnacles of the Alps, shooting up into the blue heaven and standing together in silent, mysterious vastness. It provokes not to expression, but sinks into the stilled heart, with a strange, exquisite feeling, essentially spiritual in its solemnity and depth. Our native and familiar earth is seen expanding into the sublimity of the heavens, and we feel as if our destiny were exalted along with it. The wonder and sensibility of childhood return upon us. Niagara, — the ocean, — cathedrals, — all these, when seen for the first time, touch chords of immortality within our being. But none of them in quickness and fineness and depth of force can be equalled to the aspect of the Alps. Material and moral qualities combine to render it the most awing and ennobling that can pass before living eyes. There is a calming, elevating, consoling influence in the quietness of power, the repose of surpassing magnificence, in which these mighty eminences rest, living out their great lives in silent and motionless serenity; and our turbulent and troubled souls are reproved and chastened by the spectacle." — p. 169.

"The glittering glacier of the Bright-horn at the upper end of the valley overhangs you throughout a third part of the ascent. When you are half-way up, and wind round the mountain so as to get directly above the ravine from which you have ascended, the noise of the torrents of the Lauterbrunnen, inaudible when you were below, comes to you in a mingled roar, like a deep chorus of waters. Here a man was blowing upon a long, crooked Alpine horn, and the mountainous response was most singular and beautiful. When the tune on the horn was ended, the Alps made, not an echo, but a reproduction of it, in an improved and heightened character. They took it up, and chanted the air again with infinite sweetness, and a dancing grace that was delightful. They seemed to constitute a natural instrument of music, to which the horn was but the awakening breath, and which transmitted the original impulse, varied into the richest melody. When this repeated tune was done, there came a soft, long gush of sound, as if the vocal mountains breathed, after the protracted air they had executed. Further up, and

almost at the top of the Wengern, were herds of kine, and sheep, with their keepers. The bleating and lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the piping of the boys, amid the stillness of all but natural sounds, formed a fine specimen of the picturesque in *sound*." — p. 174.

"The day was perfect; of the brightest clearness, but with a few white clouds rolling and whirling, and dashing about with swiftness before the westerly wind, to diversify the scene; sometimes enveloping the summits and hiding them from view, then drawing off and letting them flash out in unshrouded effulgence. The contrast between the pearly white of the foaming clouds, the metallic radiance of the icy mountains, and the profound blue of the sky, was indescribably fine. Immediately before and above me was the broad, dazzling summit of Jungfrau; a little nearer, the Silverhorn, which is a projection upon its breast, in shape like a bent wave or half-curled leaf of pure snow, as lustrous as silver. On either side of them were a throng of Alps. The avalanches were falling at brief intervals. The sight is nothing, but the sound is magical. You see, perhaps, a few fragments of ice slide over the surface of the mountain, and after it has all fallen, you begin to hear a plunging sound, echoing along like softened tones of thunder. It is as deep as thunder, but not so sharp and harsh. The vision from the summit of the Fauldhorn, in vastness and brilliance and diversity, suffers nothing to be brought into comparison with it; but for moral impression the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, stands alone in its transcendent majesty. It is the apparent nearness, yet sense of untraversable remoteness, of that august form, that shines so distinct and still so distant, that belongs to earth, and yet is visited and companioned by the clouds. You seem to be in the inner court of the mundane heaven of Alpine glory; to have approached within the veil of the recess of that sublimity which sends its light over the land for hundreds of miles. In the beauty of that scene, grandeur is exalted into holiness." — pp. 175, 176.

"On the following morning I was on the spot at a quarter before five o'clock, to see the sun rise. The morning star yet glittered like a diamond over the peak of Finster-Aarhorn, and the crescent moon was lingering above the snowy piles. The sky was cloudless; and the principal thing to be noted was the roseate blush with which the High Alps responded to the sun's first rays, before any other peaks had become conscious of his coming. Schrieckhorn first caught the messenger ray of the morning; but in an instant after Jungfrau was aglow, and the radiance streamed along the whole of the lofty range. The actual rising of the sun is not visible from the top of Fauldhorn, at least at

that particular season. It is hidden by the Schiedeck and Schwartzhorn, which intervene, and we saw the sun only as it came over their shoulders. At nine o'clock I began to descend; taking leave with profound regret of these snow-capped summits, with which for nearly two days I had been in intimate companionship. There is something inexpressibly interesting in such society. In their age and their duration without change, in the complete inability of human power to act upon them in any way whatever, they carry with them such suggestions of sublimity, and they are in themselves of such peculiar and surpassing beauty, that one conceives almost a passionate affection for their exalted presence." — pp. 184, 185.

Nature, it seems, was full of moral and spiritual meaning for Mr. Wallace, and after reading such eloquent and animated passages, we are tempted again to ask, Would not the art that should truthfully represent these grand and majestic scenes, as they appear to the eye and mind of genius, be of high worth and dignity, and symbolical like the scenes themselves?

From the Alps Mr. Wallace went to Italy, and his description of Italy, after the Alps, is like the brilliant burst of spring after the solemn sublimity of winter; glowing and beautiful, the effusion of a mind sensitive, thoughtful, and informed, excited by the influences of the present and thronged with the associations of history.

His descriptions of the great cathedrals of Europe are very elaborate, and exhibit careful study of the subject. In some parts they are too minute and technical to interest the general reader, but they nevertheless, in many passages, represent with powerful effect the characteristics of the architecture, and are evidently inspired by genuine enthusiasm for art. They are admirable criticisms, at once poetic and learned, the result of love and knowledge, the highest sources of all excellence. We make a few extracts, selecting such as illustrate Mr. Wallace's leading idea, that art is an emanation of religious sentiment.

"The composition of the whole façade exhibits a varied and luxurious invention, a nice sense of proportion, and a power to dispose multitudinous details into grand and orderly masses, by which simplicity is restored to a combination that otherwise might have become embarrassed. As your eye returns over the whole façade, or lingers upon the brilliant effects which its many combinations develop, you cannot but

admire the creative vigor which could marshal and group the elements of sculpture and architecture into union without mixture, and in a manner to co-operate without losing their distinctness. The lowest story or base, consisting of the portals, is exceedingly rich with sculpture, and is the heaviest part of the whole front. In the middle range, with its central wheel-window and the open lancet arches on each side of it, there is no sculpture except half a dozen figures between and at the outsides of these. Above this, the third story, in its line of kings, prophets, and apostles, returns upon sculpture, yet in a manner lighter and simpler than that which prevails about the portals. Then rise on high the towers, in airy openness, altogether free from figures. Thus the first and third stories correspond in being chiefly sculptural, but the higher one much less copiously so; the second, and the towers, in being purely architectural; the second, however, which allies the first and third, has enough of sculpture to keep up the sense of consistency and connection between them. Thus a series of sculptural and architectural courses, interposed in an ascending and diminishing range, carries you from the gates of the church, around which earthly life clings, into the pinnacles above the church, which no mortal form may scale, and which may be visited only by the viewless angels from the air. . . . . I touch but a few points of the interest and beauty of this noble front. Like all other cathedrals that were built while Gothic architecture was yet a living and plastic essence, it must be studied, in its combination and unity, as a creation of inspired art; the forms and figures which it deals in being but the elements whose significance is derived from the moulding shapes in which they are disposed. Thus dealt with, architecture becomes a symbolic medium of spiritual meaning, of imaginative suggestion, not less ideal and prophetic than music, painting, and song. In the rich and grand impressions which this remarkable front evolves, one may see, as in an opera of Mozart, an ever-gushing sensuousness of melodies, regulated and toned down by a yet mightier and more commanding power of harmony." — *Rheims Cathedral*, pp. 89, 90.

"Of all the cathedrals I have seen, I know of nothing of such imaginative, spiritual, ethereal beauty, as the interior of Bourges. In regularity and simplicity, it exceeds perhaps even Salisbury; yet in every line of its fabric, the vivifying touch of creative genius is visible. The elements are the finest and most delicate that were ever combined for so great an effect as this; but it is the inspired ideality of impression with which these forms are played upon, the poetic significance and suggestiveness of the composition, that constitutes the mental charm of this half-heavenly erection. Beneath his hand who fashioned this structure, arches, vaults, columns, surfaces, were as the finest notes

of an organ under the fingers of a master, who, forming in his mind some airy conception of the beautiful and exalting, steeps it in sounds, that crystallize around it, until some one of Art's deathless existences is formed for the glory and gladness of the world. Matter, under the contagious fires of such an artist's handling, becomes animated and co-operative: his touch seems to shoot electric energies of intelligence into mechanical substances; to infuse instincts of forms by which they voluntarily marshal themselves into the array of beauty." — p. 95.

"The front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of nature. A vast interior may produce the impression of a profound and mystic grandeur; but that is chiefly because it is viewed apart from standards of comparison, and thus the mind's solemn feelings flow forth and distend the space into an ideal immensity corresponding with an emotion of reverence that grows within the spirit. But look upon the front of Strasbourg Cathedral from some point when you may view at the same time the noble mountain ranges of the Vosges and the Black Forest, divided by the broad waters of the grandest river in Europe; view it when the sun in heaven stands in splendor beside its sky-piercing spire, and sends down upon it a gushing tribute of enkindling lustre, or when the ancient stars come forth upon the sky to gladden themselves with its beauty, and the new moon walks over the whole circle of the heavens to view the entireness of the whole pile; then, even then, in the presence of such objects, which are the joy of creation, the representatives of the energy of The Infinite, Strasbourg Cathedral seems, and ever shall seem, 'a glorious work' of power, of beauty, and of grandeur. The extraordinary height to which the vast breadth of this façade rises, shooting thence still upward in the fountain-like jet of its spire, furnishes some explanation of this effect. As you come upon the place where it stands, it seems to rear itself aloft like the wall of the world, coming athwart you, as if it would stop all progress and all view. It is enough to say, that it is the highest human structure upon the face of the earth." — pp. 111, 112.

We would gladly, did space permit, make further extracts from these descriptions of the noblest works of human genius, particularly from those of the cathedrals of Friburg, Milan, and St. Peters. They are rich with eloquence and feeling, cultivated taste and philosophic thought. Unfinished as they are, it would be difficult to find in our language, even in Ruskin's wild, erratic, but brilliant, poetic, and often profound dis-

courses, compositions of a higher character. We must also pass by, with merely an admiring reference, the Essays on the works of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. Though they show, more perhaps than the rest of the book, the want of the writer's last touches, and therefore must not be viewed as completed productions, yet they are admirable specimens of discriminating criticism. The knowledge of the nature and history of art, the spiritual insight and imaginative power which they exhibit, entitle them to a high rank in the literature of the subject. The Essay on the Philosophy of Comte relates to a topic too extensive to be touched upon at present.

It has been said that every man owes a debt to his profession. That debt Mr. Wallace discharged. It is also true that every scholar and thinker owes a debt to society. Unspoken thought is barren of fruit; it is the written word, a seed cast into the field of time, that connects a man with the future and makes him a cause. To express its thought, is the high life-purpose of genius. Whatever is in a man's mind that seems to him good, let him say it, and add it to the influences that control opinion, and thus determine the destiny of the world. Let him cast it forth, without misgiving or fear, to take its chance. If it have truth and beauty, it is vital, and will grow and germinate, and in its turn bear seed, and take its rank, high or humble, among the spiritual powers of life, in time and eternity. It appears from this work that Mr. Wallace belonged to this privileged and noble order of scholars and thinkers, and that he was laboring faithfully at his task when summoned away from earthly labors and hopes. He was working in the highest sphere of man's effort, the study of moral and spiritual truth, with what zeal and ability these fragments show. It is painful to receive them thus, and in their present shape. It would have been pleasant to greet this bold diver into the depths of the unknown, rising joyfully from the waves, and holding in his victorious hand the pearls of truth; to cheer him onward in his career, instead of lamenting its early close. We feel a sense of loss in thinking of all that he would have been and done. Therefore we the more wish to possess what he actually accomplished, and hope that a judi-

cious selection from the works he has left may be given to the public. The well-considered opinions and convictions of such a mind must be of value, and should not be withheld. They may not meet with ready reception and general appreciation, but works on philosophy are not popular, and the higher their merit, the more limited is their immediate influence and the more tardy their meed of fame. Yet both are sure to come at last. As Goethe says, —

> "The truly great, the genuine, the sublime,
> Wins its slow way in silence, and the bard,
> Unnoticed long, receives from after time
> The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward."

Art. X. — *Learning and Working. Six Lectures, delivered in Willis's Rooms, London, in June and July*, 1854. *The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization. Four Lectures delivered in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in December*, 1854. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M. A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge (England): Macmillan & Co. 12mo. pp. 350.

The name of Frederic Denison Maurice is known in this country better and better every year, and always as connected with some energetic and hopeful effort for the welfare of England. One of those faithful ministers of the English Church who have found out that, whatever the rust on her machinery, their business is to make it do what it will, and to trust God that he will work with them, Mr. Maurice, as a theologian, a classical scholar, or a social reformer, appears as a man more eager to work than to argue, and to set things right than to prove that others have been in the wrong. He catches the sympathy of his readers all the more, we believe, because it is quite clear that his natural genius tends not so much to execution as toward speculation, — perhaps dreamy speculation. But the bent of his conscience is as decided towards action and immediate action. And his work in the world, as from

our scattered observations it appears through three thousand miles of fog, is the resolute work of a religious man, who sees that, while it would be charming to talk about the causes and tendencies of the sorrows of England, God sent him and other men into the world to mend them before they talk about them. He could, undoubtedly, discuss the "condition-of-England question" with the daintiest of her political economists; but he chooses rather to do what he can to improve the condition of Englishmen.

In sermons, lectures, tracts, and labor, Mr. Maurice shows the principle on which he relies in his hopes for his country and the world. It is a principle as old-fashioned as the truth of the Christian religion. The power of the Christian Gospel for lifting up those who have fallen down is no matter of rhetoric with him, — nor is it spoken of merely as a decent or dignified wind-up of schemes based on some lesser principle, — but it is the motive-power which propels his machinery, and the promises of its victory are the promises which give him encouragement.

No careful readers, who watch the efforts of England, have failed to observe the passing notices of the Workingmen's College, established by Mr. Maurice during the last winter, in the northern part of London. The book which we have named at the head of this article contains his own account of his plans for that institution. Waiving, for the present, what would be the agreeable duty of reviewing all his considerable works, — which now make a large collection, though he is still a young man, — we propose to give some abstract of these plans; for we know we shall thus meet the wish of a large circle of readers here, who in their own duties, or their own wishes for the instruction of men, are anxious to know his system and its success.

Mr. Maurice delivered these Lectures a year since, to explain the plan of his "Workingmen's College," before such an audience as was likely to meet at Willis's Rooms. By this somewhat courtly phrase is meant an audience from the upper classes, of the west end of London, Willis's Rooms being the rooms of the identical Willis known to novel-readers by the legends of Almack's. The Lectures go to the root of

the whole principle of the College. It is Mr. Maurice's way to show that his notions have foundations very deep, indeed all the way down. His enthusiasm leads him, perhaps, to exaggerate the amount of historical testimony and scientific support which can be accumulated for a favorite view. No matter for this. The enthusiasm carries him through, it lights up his book, and gives it fire and force so that we can read it; — a desirable quality this in a book, though infrequent, — and there is no danger that for workingmen's colleges, or for other schemes like them, too eager effort will be enlisted.

In this spirit, the first Lecture handles without gloves the popular notion that the destiny of nations rests wholly on the instruction of its youth. Following the history of the schools and colleges of Europe down, Mr. Maurice shows that the school instruction of youth — almost a novelty in the time of James I. — was a novelty that checked arrangements which had from Charlemagne's day been in force for the schooling of men, and had been effective arrangements too. He shows this in no Kenelm Digby fashion, not as a worshipper of the Middle Ages, — there is no Englishman in whom there is less of that nonsense, — but as a preparation for his thesis, that the schooling of boys does not prove that there is not room and need for the instruction of men. And, as England and English society are, he shows, what could be as well shown of America and American society, not only that there is ample room, but that there is a loud demand, for arrangements which shall give to all grown men opportunities for study. As it is, such opportunities are confined to the more prosperous. The workers, poorest paid, have the least chance to get more learning than they have. Mr. Maurice argues, and proves, that they ought not to be debarred from such opportunities merely because they are no longer boys.

But can they study? Grant a ten-hour system even, can men study who have been working steadily ten hours in a day? For this plan proposes, not what we call a manual-labor school, but an institution for men who are at work all the while at their daily industry. To answer this question, practically the most difficult of all involved, Mr. Maurice addresses himself in his second Lecture. He does it in his

gallant, daring way, not satisfied with proving that they can study pretty well, but resolved to demolish the notion that leisure is necessary for learning, — "the pretty alliteration of Learned Leisure," — and to show that work and learning have gone together always, must go and will go together always. He makes the very best of his argument. We hope his College will show that it is strong enough. It does not carry us so far as it carries him. There is no doubt that the men who have the most to do can best undertake more and accomplish it, — that the harder a man works, the better disciplined for work is he, and the more capable. This Mr. Maurice proves. But it does not follow, that a man who has been working all day at polishing needles, or stitching leather, has by these details best prepared his mind for an hour of political economy before he goes to bed, or that the political economy is the best preparative for the night's sleep which he must have if he is to do the next day's work in its turn. These are matters of experiment. And the few facts we have at command would have disposed us to make some other arrangements of the hours of the classes than those in the programme of Mr. Maurice.

Of course the notion of the money-worshippers must be met. The third Lecture is devoted to "Learning and Money-Worship incompatible." We cannot better describe the drift of this Lecture than by copying the following eloquent words from its close: —

"I should be dishonest if I did not confess that I think the reformation must begin at both ends, that we must raise work to make it fit for association with learning, as well as bring learning to bear upon work. But I am far indeed from thinking that these schemes, or any schemes, have any virtue of their own. Their one use is, that they may help to raise the workman to a sense of manhood and freedom; to the feeling that he is a person and not a thing, a citizen and not a slave. If you can accomplish that end without these means, — if you can make us who resort to them look ridiculous and contemptible by the better machinery which you bring into play, by the higher spirit with which you set it in motion, — God speed you! I am trying to show you that there is another method, quite different from the one which I have hinted at, by which you may improve the social position of the mechanic, and secure your own." — p. 96.

The fourth Lecture is an admirable statement, worthy of study by all teachers and all learners, of the value of learning as the minister of freedom and order. Here come in some admirable considerations as to the place which the study of the fine arts occupies in the training of ignorant men. We cannot but copy the following words, as a fair hit at those who, in America as well as Europe, are afraid that working-people may learn what they never will have use for.

"Such disappointments, I think, may arise from several causes. We all know, I think, from our personal experience, that it is not enough to say to us, 'You would be much wiser if you did not trouble yourself about great matters which do not concern you; about events in the Baltic and Black Sea; about Russian aggression or Austrian diplomacy. Have not you business enough to do in your own village, in your own house? Why should you be sending your thoughts to the ends of the earth, when you might concentrate them there?' Such words, I am sure, make many of us very much ashamed when we hear them. They touch our consciences. We *have* many accounts unsettled in our own circles; we cannot pretend any special call to Cronstadt or Sebastopol. We are not likely to sway the counsels of Vienna or Petersburgh. Nevertheless, there lies the newspaper on the table; under protest, we turn to it again." — pp. 119, 120.

By this Lecture we are led to the two last, on the studies in a Workingmen's College, and on the organization and the teachers of it. It is evident that Mr. Maurice felt that his audience perhaps, and the public certainly, would think he took too wide a range in admitting such studies as "The Gospel of John," "Political Economy," "Astronomy," and other subjects which do not directly bear on what is called practical duty, — which do not belong, that is, to "Technology," strictly defined. He makes a noble plea, therefore, for the right of the workingman to the widest range of study, — and he shows, as attested by practice, that it is best worth while to teach men what they want to learn. The experience of our lyceums would have been entirely to his purpose, and would have furnished him encouragement, if not suggestions. The time has long since gone by with us when even mechanics' institutes have chosen to listen to lectures on the physical sciences, — and the popular lecturers, even to audiences made up wholly of working-people, are such men as

Mr. Sumner, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Parker, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Curtis, and Dr. Holmes, moralists or poets, lecturing on points of somewhat recondite political or ethical speculation, of historical philosophy, (not narrative, which is never popular with such audiences,) or on poetry, or the criticism of poetry. On this principle, when, last winter, the Workingmen's College went into operation, the following was its schedule of subjects: —

TIME.	P. M.	SUBJECT.	TEACHER.
Sunday,	8½–10	The Gospel of St. John	The Principal.
Monday,	8–9	The Structure and Functions of the Human Body	Mr. Walsh.
"	8–9	Algebra* (Section 2)	" Litchfield.
"	8–9	Natural Philosophy (Mechanics)	" Watson.
"	9–10	English Political Writers: Sixteenth Century	The Principal.
Tuesday,	8–9	Geometry	Mr. Hose.
"	8–9	French	" Talandier.
"	9–10	English Grammar (Section 2)	" Furnivall.
Wednesday,	8–9	Political Economy	" Neale.
"	8–9	Algebra* (Section 2)	" Litchfield.
"	8–9	Natural Philosophy: Astronomy	" Locock.
"	9–10	Latin	" Irving.
Thursday,	7–9	Drawing	" Ruskin. / " Rossetti, / " Dickinson.
"	8–9	English Grammar (Section 1)	" Furnivall.
"	8–9	Natural Philosophy (Mechanics)	" Watson.
"	8–9	Sanitary Legislation	" Hughes.
"	9–10	Geometry	" Hose.
"	9–10	Structure and Derivation of English Words	" Furnivall.
"	9–10	The Law of Joint-Stock Companies	" Ludlow.
Friday,	8–9	The Geography of England as connected with its History	" Brewer.
"	8–9	French	" Talandier.
"	9–10	The Reign of King Richard II., illust. by Shakespeare's play	The Principal.
Saturday,	8–10	Algebra (Section 1)	Mr. Westlake.

— p. xxii.

* The treatment of the subject in this section will embrace the principles and practice of Arithmetic.

When the College went into operation, last November, about one hundred and forty pupils entered the different classes. That number was maintained through the second term. These men all paid an admission fee; for the instruction is not an eleemosynary affair. The classes most frequented were those in Algebra and Arithmetic, the English Grammar Class, the Drawing Class, and the Bible Class. The class in Geometry was well attended. The other classes had comparatively few pupils. Classes in French and Latin, opened after Christmas, became very popular; and an evening adult school, formed for those who needed preparation in reading, writing, and arithmetic before becoming members of the College, was well attended.

"It has been arranged that ultimately the College should be divided into five classes. The first will consist of the general body of the matriculated students; the second, of students who obtain a certificate of competency in some one branch of study, after they have attended the College for four terms; the third, of associated students, who shall prove that they have a competent knowledge of the principal subjects of our teaching, no effort being made to elicit their opinions, but a reasonable knowledge of Scripture History, of English History, of the principles of English Grammar, and of either Geometry or Algebra, being considered indispensable. The fourth class will consist of Fellows, that is, of persons chosen out of the Associates, who shall be considered morally and intellectually capable of assisting in the education of the students. The fifth class will contain the Council, which it is proposed should be recruited from the Fellows. These arrangements may admit of modifications, but they are the basis of a scheme which we trust will give solidity and unity to our society." —p. xxii.

It will be observed that the whole plan differs from that of the ordinary "classes" which Mechanics' Associations and other bodies have often organized for the evening instruction of apprentices and adults, in those features of organization which attempt to enlist all the students in the interest of the institution, and ultimately to associate them, more or less remotely, with its government. The institution is in fact a "college," — "*collegium*," — where men shall be bound together, shall mutually instruct, if they can, and when they can. As we understand it, Mr. Ruskin enters it in the same way

as any of his pupils, (though he is more able to give instruction in drawing than they,) and gives the lectures and the information, which they are very glad to receive. In its embryo state, this arrangement is of course but a mere matter of form. It may be hoped, however, that it will not prove to be so, as years pass on. The teachers now are teachers, the pupils pupils, as they would be at any other school. But if, in one of Mr. Ruskin's drawing-classes, some new Giotto, laborer like Giotto though he be, shall one day draw an O with as true a hand as Giotto, and prove himself, under real tests, a man of genius in art and design, we can conceive that such a man shall go on with lessons in the "College" which trained him, with such zeal and sympathy as shall excite all of kindred tastes in the district around, and call in such classes of men, eager to learn to draw, as even Mr. Ruskin's reputation does not summon now.

For the issue of such hopes we must wait. Meanwhile, we have to thank Mr. Maurice for pointing the way, in his own true and manly style. We cannot but be hopeful when we find, by merely incidental allusions, that he, and Kingsley, and Ruskin, Trench the theologian, and Wilson the candle-maker, — that these — and, we may say, all the men who remember Arnold — are at work together, or sympathize with one another, while they differ in opinion. These Lectures are the theory of education, of which Kingsley's noble book, "Westward Ho," is the illustration. Such men may make mistakes, but they never fail.

The spirited Lectures on Roman Religion, though included in the same volume, have no immediate reference to the work or plan of the College, and we do not, therefore, speak of them now.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Lectures on English Literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson.* By Henry Reed. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

The little volume, the title of which is given above, is a book full of beauty, taste, and learning. Henry Reed, its lamented author, was born in Philadelphia, in 1808, a grandson of the friend, companion, and correspondent of Washington. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Pennsylvania in 1825, studied the law under Mr. Sargeant, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. Two years later, in 1831, he relinquished the legal profession, and accepted the office of Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University, and soon after was chosen Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy. In 1835 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. For twenty years he continued in the assiduous discharge of his duties to the University, never being absent from his post, except on account of illness. In the spring of 1854, having long felt the natural desire of a scholar to visit the Old World, he asked and obtained leave of absence for that purpose. He sailed for Europe with Miss Bronson, his sister-in-law, early in May. In England he was received with the characteristic kindness of the cultivated society there. The family and friends of the late Dr. Arnold, with whom he had corresponded, the Wordsworths, Southeys, Coleridges, Lord Mahon, and other persons distinguished by rank and literary accomplishments, showed their appreciation of his scholarly acquirements and the amiable qualities of his character, by the genial kindnesses which none know better how to extend to the stranger who is entitled to them. From England he went to the Continent, travelled through France and Switzerland, through the North of Italy, visiting Milan and Venice, and returned by the Tyrol to Innspruck and Munich; thence down the Rhine to Holland, and so to England. "His last associations" (says his brother, the editor of the volume) "were with the cloisters of Canterbury (that spot, to my eye, of matchless beauty), the garden vales of Devonshire, the valley of the Wye, and the glades of Rydal. His latest memory of this earth was of beautiful England in her summer garb of verdure. The last words he ever wrote were in a letter of the 20th of September to his venerable friend, Mrs. Wordsworth, thanking her, and his English friends generally, for all she and they had done for him."

On that same day he embarked at Liverpool for New York, in the United States steam-ship Arctic. On the 27th of the same month, this ship, moving in a dense fog, at full speed, near Cape Race, along the thronged highway of the sea, on the track over which outward-bound and homeward-bound ships are constantly sailing, came into collision with another vessel, at noon, and in four hours afterwards went down. A disaster so awful filled the country with horror, and carried mourning, bereavement, and desolation into hundreds of homes. Men, women, and children, in sight of their native land, sank into the remorseless depths of the sea, and suddenly perished from among the living, victims to the unholy greed and impious rashness which have, in these latter years, strewn the bottom of the ocean with the bodies of their murdered victims. Among the victims on this most tragical occasion, there was no one whose death was a heavier public and private calamity than that of Henry Reed.

> "It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
> That sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

We quote with satisfaction the following words of Mr. William B. Reed, and thank him for having written and published them: —

"Nor can I conclude this brief narrative without the utterance of an opinion, expressed in no asperity, and not, I hope, improperly intruded here, — my opinion, as an American citizen, that, in all the history of wanton and unnecessary shipwreck, no greater scandal to the science of navigation, or to the system of marine discipline, ever occurred, than the loss of the Arctic and her three hundred passengers. There is but one thing worse, and that is the absence of all laws of the United States either to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe; to bring to justice those, if there are any such, who are responsible; or, at least, to secure a judicial investigation of the actual facts." — p. xxii.

We entirely coincide with the opinion thus expressed by Mr. Reed. We have had some opportunity of knowing how the dangerous region where this tragedy was enacted is crossed by careful and responsible navigators; and we are entirely convinced, first, that had such a navigator been in command of the Arctic, the accident in all probability would not have happened; and secondly, even if it had happened, that the ship and her precious freight of human lives would have come to land in safety. With these remarks, we pass on to our subject.

We know not the volume in American critical literature which contains more valuable and appreciating criticism than this. It consists of a course of Lectures, delivered by Professor Reed before the University and the public. They exhibit abundant proofs of the author's varied acquirements, sound scholarship, pure feelings, and exqui-

site literary taste. Mr. Reed was a modest and retiring man, with a love for quiet and contemplative life, of gentle manners, and the most amiable disposition. All these moral and intellectual qualities shine out beautifully on every page of his book; at the same time, they account for some opinions (very few indeed) on literary matters and literary men, which we think will not in the end meet with general acceptance. He was a lover of English poetry, and the spirit of it had entered into and taken possession of his soul. The English Muse, in her general purity, the love of nature with which she glows, the domestic affections which inspire so many of her nobler strains, is peculiarly in harmony with a mind so delicately attuned as that of Mr. Reed. But besides this general harmony between his own style of thought and feeling, and the spirit of English poetry, he had special affinities to that class of poets of which, in modern times, Wordsworth is the most illustrious representative. Accordingly, we find in his Lectures the name of Wordsworth dwelt upon with fondness, and fine passages cited from his works, with a genial and hearty love, which is after all the best kind of criticism. It is not a common thing to find these particular inclinations so strongly developed, and at the same time the mind endowed with such a catholic love of varied excellence as Mr. Reed himself preserved, and, in one of his most eloquent Lectures, inculcated on others. This is the special charm of his literary character; intense love of *particular* forms of beauty, united with a hearty appreciation of *every* form of beauty.

The style of Mr. Reed's criticism is simple, and yet it is the result of conscientious study and deep thought. It is easily intelligible, but is not, for that reason, superficial. In the clearest waters we see the shining pebbles or silvery sands on the bottom, while shallow streams are sometimes so thick and turbid, that, while we see only the surface, we are cheated into the belief that they roll over unfathomable depths. The best writers of Athens are as transparent as the sparkling waters that sweep murmuringly into the basins they have hewn and polished in the shores of Attica, where you may count the glittering pebbles that inlay the marble floor.

Mr. William B. Reed, in giving a modest estimate of his brother's book, has underrated its real merits. Unpretending as it is, and simply as it is written, it embodies profound results, thoughtfully and studiously worked out, and beautifully worded. It contains a series of admirable criticisms on the English language and the principal authors in English literature. The Introductory Lecture is a valuable and thoroughly reasoned discussion of the Principles of Literature, full of philosophical thought, and of suggestions on reading, which would be

useful to any person desirous of being guided aright in the selection of books that shall fill his leisure hours with profitable as well as entertaining study. The same general remarks may be applied to the second Lecture, on the Application of Literary Principles. The third Lecture — that on the study of the powers of the English Language in prose and verse — gives the results of much reflection and learned research, in a style at once perspicuous and elegant. It would not be easy to find in so narrow a compass so much interesting information, with so much of fine analysis and beautiful illustration. The richness, variety, and expressiveness of our noble tongue are eloquently set forth, and the sources whence its unsurpassed wealth of expression is drawn, historically explained. Some of its peculiarities — such as that almost inexplicable mystery to foreigners, the difference between *shall* and *will* as auxiliaries in the formation of the future, — are ingeniously accounted for, by quite original explanations. The Lecture on Early English Literature contains a very beautiful and characteristic description of Chaucer's genius and style, and abounds in the most delicate appreciation of the sweet and natural graces of his Canterbury Tales. In closing this topic, the author falls into a strain of eloquent discourse upon the changes and the decay of language. "The most wondrous mortality the world witnesses is the dying of language." His remarks on the subject are singularly striking and impressive, — nay, even solemn. The first sentence in the following passage, for picturesque beauty, is hardly to be surpassed: —

"So must it ever be as long as a cloud of divine displeasure travels onward with the earth, casting down upon it a dark shadow; and hence no language, no matter how lofty its literature may be, can boast a privilege from decay:

'Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her *speech* one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.'

"The Pyramids, mysterious in their unnumbered centuries, are standing almost as imperishable as the Nile, and yet not one word survives that was spoken by the tens of thousands who toiled in building them:

'Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell'; —

and all their dialects are silent as the desert sands. That noble language, too, of antiquity, with which Athens sent forth her philosophy and poetry to the islands of the Ægean and the shores of Asia, and 'fulmined over Greece with her resistless eloquence,' — the language that Corinth, from her famous isthmus, spake over the eastern and western waves, has, for many ages, known no other existence than that which it holds on the pages of books.

The speech of the Roman, — the language of empire and of law, spread by consul and emperor till it was stayed by the ocean and the barbarian, — how has it ceased to hold companionship with the voice, and learned men of modern times can only conjecture respecting its accent!" — pp. 144, 145.

Beautifully argued, and true in one aspect; but, in another point of view, it may be answered that nothing is so entirely indestructible as language. Even Babylon is unlocking the secrets of her speech, through the wedge-formed inscriptions on her bricks, to the researches of Rawlinson, Hincks, Burnouf, and Lassen; the Egyptian Sphinx has long since allowed her riddle to be read, and Lepsius has printed a book of Egyptian Literature, with movable types; while in Athens herself, within an arrow-shot of the Lyceum of Aristotle, learned teachers discourse to eager classes of young Hellenes, in an Attic language which the great philosopher of antiquity would not disdain to own as his mother tongue.

The Lecture on the Literature of the Sixteenth Century contains admirable sketches of Surrey, Sackville, Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, and the other stars that make up the unequalled constellation which shone upon that great age. The sixth Lecture — that on the Literature of the Seventeenth Century — treats with equal taste and ability of the great prose-writers, and the early poems of Milton. The criticism of the Comus is exquisite. In the following Lecture, the old age of Milton, and the brilliant period of Dryden, together with Addison, Pope, Bolingbroke, Gray, Collins, Cowper, and Goldsmith, are discussed. The remaining Lectures are devoted to the Literature of the Nineteenth Century; Contemporary Literature; Tragic and Elegiac Poetry; the Literature of Wit and Humor; and the Literature of Letter-Writing. We have no space to enlarge on any of the themes suggested by this splendid array of subjects; and can only say, that they are all handled with feeling, ability, and elegance. In many of our New England schools, of the higher grades, the critical study of English literature has within a few years taken a prominent place. The careful reading of this volume — in parts more than once repeated — has brought us to the conclusion, that the purity of taste, correctness of judgment, deep and sound religious feeling, that mark its pages so strongly, and yet so unobtrusively, are precisely the qualities that make it suitable — more suitable than any book we remember — to be introduced into the schools for the purpose of being read in connection with the study of the great masterpieces of our literature; and we should not hesitate to recommend it to our friends and brethren in the ranks of teachers, confident that it would contribute at once to the refinement of the taste and sensibility of the young, and

help to kindle their admiration and enthusiasm for all that is lovely in literature, and noble in conduct and character.

2.— *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. Madden, M. R. I. A., Author of Travels in the East, etc., etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 547, 599.

The name of Dr. Madden has been familiar to us for many years, in a ghostly sort of way, as the author of sundry unreadable books, and a hanger-on of titled people in different parts of the world. The present work is saved, by the interest that attaches to many literary names occurring in it, from the awful obscurity into which his other works dropped stillborn from the press. The principal heroine is of course Lady Blessington; but she could not, of herself, have sufficed to rescue these ponderous tomes from the fate of their predecessors. A lady whose early career is surrounded by a mythical cloud, from which she emerged into the false glare of a middle age of extravagance and vanity, leading to disastrous overthow and flight, can hardly be an object of permanent interest to sober, thinking people. She first became known in this country by the glowing descriptions in Mr. Willis's Pencillings by the Way. Others have since helped to blazon her personal and mental charms, and her literary genius. She aspired to be a leader of society; but her circle included only men. The ladies of England may be, as they have been, accused of prudery, by those who desire to lower the tone of society by lessening the rigor of its moral laws; but to their honor be it said, they have steadily maintained the dignity of their sex, by withholding their countenance socially from those who have tarnished the jewel of their souls. Literary and accomplished Aspasias may gather around themselves men of talent and genius; they may dazzle by their luxury, and fascinate by the graces of their conversation; but there is a barrier of womanly displeasure which hems them in, and which, in English society, they cannot overpass. Lady Blessington, after many years of more than Oriental extravagance passed on the Continent, in which her husband, a weak-minded absentee Irish landlord, squandered the revenues drawn from his wretched tenantry on costly palaces, and gilded furniture, and sybaritic dinners, returned to London, with Count D'Orsay, the separated husband of her husband's daughter, and there, upon a moderate jointure, made the vain attempt

to keep up the splendor to which she had been accustomed in her husband's lifetime. We find her house frequented by eminent persons, from the aristocracy of England; we find great historical names gathered around her, as if she were really the star which her flatterers would have the world believe. Noblemen and gentlemen, authors and artists, add their presence to the fascinations of the scene; but noblemen's wives and gentlemen's wives, author's wives and artist's wives, are never mentioned in this gay and brilliant company. And when the bubble bursts, and the pageant is over, what sorrowful scenes are disclosed to the eye of the moralist! An execution put into the gorgeous palace, where such revellings have been; crowds of curious and gossiping people filling the elegant saloons, and lounging on luxurious divans; scarcely one truly sympathizing friend to lament the dire catastrophe; the splendid vagabond, Count Alfred D'Orsay, first imprisoned, like Dick Swiveller, in the house, except on Sundays, and then obliged to flee to France, with a single valet and valise,—a fugitive, and a swindler of honest tradesmen, whose patience had been exhausted by broken promises and eternal failures to pay; and the gorgeous furniture, the silken hangings, the works of art, the sumptuously-bound books, that surrounded the goddess of the place, knocked down by the hammer of the eloquent auctioneer, George Robbins. A hurried flight to France, whither the battered Adonis had preceded her, a few brief days of disappointment and sorrow and desertion, a sudden death, close the melancholy history.

If we judge of Lady Blessington's powers by the influence she apparently wielded over men of talent, we shall estimate her intellectual gifts very highly. But this would be a false standard; for none are more impressible than men of genius to the fascinations of the soft voice, the bright eye, the beautiful dress, the rich furniture, which such a woman knows how to employ. If we judge of her by the *descriptions* of her conversation given us by admiring frequenters of her saloons, we shall again place her high on the list of intellectual women. But here, too, the standard would be a false one; for these same accessories lend a delusive charm to words, which, if spoken by an unknown person in a gingham dress, would never have arrested attention a single moment. It is a curious fact, that, of all these brilliant conversations, whose effects are so enthusiastically described, nothing is reported beyond the reach of very commonplace powers of talk. Of her writings, the novels of society, in which we might have supposed she would excel, in tone and style are uniformly flat. The characters are drawn without vigor; the dialogues are carried on without point; the stories display the very poorest invention; the reflections are superficial, and the morality of

that shallow and obtrusive kind, which people of doubtful lives are ever ready to furnish in phrases to make up for the short-comings of their conduct. The conversations with Lord Byron, however, are vigorous and instructive; incomparably the best of her ladyship's prose writings. Here she apparently found something solid and real to deal with. The annuals which she edited with contributions by noble persons, — the Books of Beauty, the Children of the Nobility, and Heaven knows what besides, — why, it is impossible to express, in anything but the language of infinitesimal mathematics, their literary merits. Can any human being recall a line or phrase, in any or all of them, which the most comprehensive literary charity would wish to rescue from oblivion? Her Ladyship's verses are of that intolerable kind to which neither gods nor columns grant permission to exist; and what is singular, all the verses made by poets and poetasters under the inspiration of her society have a leaden dulness about them, which is almost preternatural. The Smiths themselves cease to be witty. Lord Erskine's lines halt as if the gout had struck into them from his legs. Mr. Madden parades three or four heavy pieces discharged by "Dr. William Beattie, M. D." at Lady Blessington and himself. Dr. Beattie was the modest author of the Heliotrope, a poem; of John Huss, another poem; and we believe of several other works in verse; and he "was a frequent contributor to the periodicals edited by Lady Blessington." He ought to have been let alone; but Dr. Madden must needs add to the other ponderosities of his book three or four mortal pages of occasional verses from this deluded man. In one of Dr. Madden's letters to Lady Blessington he compliments her by a story of "some pages of manuscript, inscribed 'Extracts from Lady Blessington's Works,' found among the papers of a lamented friend who was one of your greatest admirers, and has died in the prime of life, of consumption." No wonder, poor man!

There are many evidences in this book of Lady Blessington's real kindness of heart, and amiability of manners, — and that is nearly all that can be said. Her acquaintance with famous men, and their correspondence, would have furnished materials for a readable volume. But we must say, that we have been grievously disappointed by the greater part of the letters which Dr. Madden has printed. Sir William Gell, the Bulwers, Landor, and others, appear to very little advantage. There is an exaggerated, falsetto tone running through their letters to her, as well as through Mr. Willis's, and even through those of our good Connecticut countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, as if they were conscious of the unreal mockery concealed under the form of idolatry at the Gore House shrine. There is but one really good letter in the volumes, and that is written by Charles Dickens, from Milan. The de-

scription of the purse is in his best manner. The infinite vivacity of his genius was an overmatch for the influences under which he was brought, like the rest, in that enchanted castle. We cannot help quoting a passage of this spirited letter.

"The Roman amphitheatre there [at Verona] delighted me beyond expression. I never saw anything so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are the four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place, (the whole population of Verona would n't fill it now,) and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a baby; the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice. . . . .

"Your old house at Albaro — Il Paradiso — is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gallant place it is! I don't know the present inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since with great splendor, in the French style, and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich, and could buy it. There is a third-rate wine-shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull, and miserable, and ruinous enough.

"Old ——— is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties, at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices, — no other refreshments. He goes about constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry, and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bedroom, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow, — a kind of profane King David, but truly good-natured and very harmless.

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay everything that is cordial and loving from me. The travelling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail, as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy? Five hundred francs were laid low on that day for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount — and got it. This end, worn into teeth

like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom-houses, boy, this passport, and the shabby soldiers at town gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach-windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!'" — Vol. II. pp. 225, 226.

Lady Blessington's own letters abound in good feeling, and have a certain literary merit, not of a very high order. They are more sincere in tone than those of her correspondents generally to her. But the literary opinions she expresses are often wonderfully extravagant. She writes, for example, to Sir William Drummond, of his "beautiful poem, Odin," that "passages in it are of such transcendent merit as to be above all comparison except with Shakespeare and Milton. In the sublimity and harmony of your verses, you have equalled, if not surpassed, the latter; and in originality of ideas and variety, you strikingly resemble the former"!!!

We should like to know how many of the present generation of Englishmen ever read one line of "Sir William Drummond's Odin." Indeed, these letters resemble in tone nothing more closely than the antistrophic rhapsodies of the *société d'admiration mutuelle.*

Dr. Madden's part of the book is made up in the worst possible manner. Not content with the infinite deal of nothing with which the volumes are filled, he must needs crowd into a heavy appendix such trash as "Proceedings on Inquest on the Body of Joseph Lonergan, shot by Edmund Power," the father of Lady Blessington; "Prosecution of Edmund Power for Libel on Colonel Bagwell"; "Certificate of Burial of Members of the Blessington Family"; "Annuities, Mortgages, Judgments, and other Debts, Legacies, Sums of Money, and Incumbrances, charged upon or affecting the Estates of the said Charles John, Earl of Blessington, at the time of his Decease"; — and other equally interesting matters.

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3. — *Prémices, by* E. FOXTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 196.

THIS volume, as its title seems to indicate, is the first fruits of the author in the way of poetical production. It consists of three parts, each of the first two containing a poem of considerable length, and the third a few miscellaneous pieces. The first, Hilda, is a love story of chivalry, the departure of which Burke so eloquently lamented. It purports to be told by a friend to a friend, the evening after one of the

assemblies at Union Hall. As it closes, the Old South strikes the hour of midnight, and the friend who enacts the listener says,

"Good by; and my very best thanks for
An excellent nap."

Notwithstanding this effect upon the young gentleman who had probably danced all the evening at the assembly, and therefore felt a little more sleepy than usual, we, who are quite beyond the age for assemblies, and, according to the notions of the world, for romances too, have read this love story with no little interest. It has defects of execution, in the details; sometimes the style is inverted, harsh, or obscure; and there is here and there a visible effect of the study of Mrs. Browning, who, with her wonderful genius, has a mannerism not to be imitated. But there is a vein of poetry not to be mistaken; a vigor of expression and a ring of poetical cadence, which show that a strong hand is sweeping the lyre. Part Sixth of Hilda opens with the following striking stanza: —

"Of the roystering lord of the castle
Was left but a low earthly mound,
A spirit that stood at the judgment,
A corse in the ground."

But such verse-endings as the following three, occurring on one page, ought to be avoided: —

"To the crowd, garnered up for the *prize of*
Affection alone."

"A cheek smooth and white as the *shroud of*
A still, buried woe."

"Full often, beneath the fringed *fall of*
Each maidenly lid."

There is some obscurity and imperfectness of expression in the following: —

"From the time that her soft, girlish fingers
Yielded mine to the clasp of steel glove."

And the hypothetical threat in the following must have mystified a little the monk in disguise: —

"He who asks me such questions, good father,
For a cleftless, needs thank a shorn crown."

But a truce to fault-finding. How well these lines picture to us the old hard-handed knight: —

"From the castle,
Still as erst, fierce and grim the Earl goes,
And cometh back wounded and fiercer,
From bouts with his foes."

The story of the second piece is gory enough to incarnadine the mul-

titudinous seas. We do not wonder that the writer, as we are informed in a note, was nearly frightened out of *his?* (unluckily the English has no pronoun of common gender) wits. If such a story must be told, — *mais je n'en vois pas la necessité,* — why, it is well and vigorously told, in "The Princess' Bath." As to humanizing such a demon by an admixture of love, it is a rather desperate adventure. We pardon a deal of blood and murder for the many noble thoughts, strongly and harmoniously expressed, in passages. The description of Leonore is well conceived and skilfully wrought, and the contrast of Gabrielle has a fine poetical effect.

The following stanza is very felicitous: —

> "The tempest roared and raved without;
> *And tapping on the window-pane,*
> *To minstrel cricket's rhyme beat time*
> *The ceaseless finger of the rain.*

And another, a little further on: —

> "Behind the tapestry paused the dame;
> *And in the midst stood listening Fate,*
> *That loveth, in her sport, to change*
> *To prophecy men's careless prate."*

We might multiply our quotations of such passages, in which poetical thoughts are tersely expressed; but our lessening space bids us pause. We can only say, as a parting word, that the author of "Prémices" wields a pen of uncommon ability. Something more is needed by way of avoiding forced, and occasionally far-fetched, turns of phrase; something more, in working out the details in all the parts as felicitously as they are worked out in some. With these few drawbacks, the volume is marked by terseness of language and vigorous harmony of verse, and has passages of great beauty and richness of imagination, which give good promise for the future.

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4. *Grace Lee.* By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Daisy Burns," "Madeleine," "Nathalie," etc. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1855.

WE have read with much interest Miss Kavanagh's new novel, entitled Grace Lee. In these days, when so many poor novels and so few good ones are published, one may well greet with pleasure the announcement of anything new from the pen of the gifted lady whose name is mentioned above. We have somewhere seen it remarked, that there are personages in books, as in real life, that always seem equal to

the occasion, and do the right thing at the right moment, and that Grace Lee is one of these. With strong admiration for her character, we cannot, however, quite agree with this opinion. Miss Kavanagh has given us a noble specimen of a woman, with an earnest, hearty, healthy, and devoted spirit; but she does not (as she has said in the Preface to another of her books) profess to give one without faults, and even great faults. She shows her power, perhaps, most strongly in that curious and natural mingling of noble impulses and mistaken judgment in the spirit of the heroine, so often shown in her two novels, — Nathalie and the one before us. Grace inherits a fortune; she burns the letter containing the request involving one half of that fortune, because she knew (as she afterwards proved) that such a request would be as binding upon her own sense of honor without the letter as with it. She chooses the short and brilliant path, gives to those who need, without thought or fear for her own future, — does that good to the suffering and sorrowing which so many may dream of, but can never accomplish. But how many more could have been served with what was thrown aside for no purpose whatsoever! Must we not call that an indifference almost culpable which leaves "the best part of her costly Roman treasures" in Palace Colonna?

Her beautiful spirit of patience and devotion towards Dr. Crankey must touch the hearts of all who read of it. Her submission to circumstances and her strength to wait may give a lesson to many an impatient being who finds it hard to submit, still harder to trust. But we would ask, — not in the spirit of mere criticism, but in justice to the character of the heroine, into which we can see that the author has entered with heart and soul, — Is her conduct towards John Owen quite consistent with the rest of her character? She was proud, very proud, — nobly presented and nobly consistent are her understanding of his attempt to discover her feelings for him, or what he supposes her feelings to be, when he does not in the least return them, and her dignified reproach when alone with him in the storm upon the mountain. But she afterwards loves him, as he does her, with an intense and devoted love, and, we must confess, it sometimes grates upon our sense of her dignity and kindliness of nature, that she should smile, and even laugh, at times when deep seriousness at least, if she does not choose to show her real feelings, is due to the earnest expression of his. We dare not call her a coquette, and she is not capricious; but she knows, and in truth she values, the intensity of his love; she can measure it by her own: — has she a *right* to refuse his hand without any reason which can convince him of her firmness of purpose? We will give a short extract. He has been urging his love, and again she has said, as

before, that she will not marry him. Some expression rather more earnest than usual, from her, has caused him to leave her rather suddenly, feeling, as he has felt before, vexed, even angry. Late in the evening he returns.

"Grace remained alone working. At half past eleven the parlor door opened, and Phœbe looked in with a frightened air.

"'Please, ma'am, there 's Mr. Owen at the door, and he says he must come in, and that he must speak to you!'

"Grace looked flushed and flurried, and, rising, she said, 'Show him in, Phœbe; it can only be to say a few words, — wait in the passage.'

"Scarcely had she ceased when he entered; he closed the door; he flung, rather than put down, his hat, and threw himself in a chair. Grace stood by him, waiting silently. At length he spoke.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I am come back, after all. Make your own conditions. I submit, — hard as they are, they are not so hard as absence. Two hours ago I left this house, vowing to enter it no more, for you had stung me; and when I reached my own home I found that anger is weak, and that love is strong; and so I came back, a willing slave to the chain I had broken, glad to wear again the badge of my bondage. Grace, you told me so yourself this evening, — you are not a young girl, you are not very beautiful; by what spell, by what charm, you have bewitched me, me a man, — not a boy, — your equal in every respect, — I know not; but I feel that, rebel as I will, spite of pride and shame, I must come back to you as to the sun and light of my life.'

"His brow burned, and his lips quivered, as he uttered the passionate confession, all the more passionate for being both indignant and reluctant. Grace blushed like a rose, and as she blushed she smiled.

"'I knew you would come back to-night,' she said, 'I sat up waiting.'

"He looked up at her, leaning his elbow on the back of his chair; she gazed at him smiling.

"'What ails you?' she resumed; 'let the past and the future sleep, — is not the present pleasant? Your prospects are promising, but uncertain. You are in debt too, and you want to take a wife. My friend, you have other work to do; give to that work all your energy, and your might. Forget that I am a woman; remember that I am a friend; come and see me often, and leave to time that which is time's own.'

"He could not take his eyes from her; she stood by him, familiar and fearless; and in her lover's eyes, both fearless and enchanting.

"'And so,' he said, 'you knew I was coming back, and you sat up waiting, and yet you would have banished me. Grace, I do not understand you. Are you prudent, or are you indifferent? Ah! if I could think it was prudence. Speak, Grace, for the doubt tortures me.'

"But Grace only smiled, and did not reply; she seemed to take a dangerous pleasure in keeping under control a nature so rebellious and so ardent." — pp. 262, 263.

Can we wonder that John Owen so placed should at times lose his

temper and his trust, though at the very moment when he has apparently most reason for so doing he may be most mistaken in his judgment?

She at last consents to marry him. Remembering, however, that even then she does not confess her love, (strange order of pride,—well might shame arise in its place,—that could allow him even for one hour to misunderstand her motives for consenting,) though intending to do so,—remembering this, we can scarcely blame him, that, finding her gone when she herself has begged him to return, and promised to await his coming until any hour when he may be free, he should judge her wrongly; and that the anger which has so often blazed for a short time, and then died out, should, in its sudden fierceness, consume even the wish for her love, leaving nothing but cold ashes in its place,—few even of those.

"Some perish by mistrust; through too much faith Grace suffered. She would have smiled if any had told her that she was no longer loved. She would have laughed at the thought of being forsaken. Yet time wore on, and Mr. Owen came not.

"'He is very angry,' thought Grace, 'very angry. I did not think he could be so angry with me.' And still she waited, and she had not a doubt, not a suspicion, not a fear."—p. 329.

He is angry, and with every appearance, so far as he can possibly know, of justice; is it not due to him and to herself not to allow him to remain in anger, but to send an explanation? When does she do it? Then, when she feels in her heart of hearts, that he loves her, and must be suffering from misunderstanding her conduct? No,—but when she at last knows that he is engaged to another woman. True, she knows, or thinks she knows, he cannot love that other. She says of him that "Mrs. Gerald Lee would never be his wife." Certainly, if he receives Grace's letter she never will; without that there seems, to the reader at least, every reason to believe that she will be his wife, and that too in one or two days.

Miss Kavanagh loves her heroine, but she has not quite done her justice. One so strong in faith, so clear-sighted as to right and wrong, so earnest in pursuing the right, would see her path more clearly towards justice to herself and to the lover of many years (so nearly her husband), than to allow him to mistrust her, through the means she uses to strengthen his cynicism, and to sacrifice himself and another in the effort to forget—for want of a few words involving no sacrifice of just and true pride.

It may be said, "But much of the story must have been lost, but for these very misunderstandings!—how would you have had it written?"

To the remark we reply, True enough, apparently; and to the question we must answer, We do not know, — we never tried to write a novel, and if we had, we should probably know no better; but from what we have read of the best of Miss Kavanagh's works, (always excepting Daisy Burns, a book so inferior in tone and style that it is difficult to believe it the work of the same brain that produced the rest,) we have faith that she can write a novel in which the story shall not depend upon a forced incident, or a want of consistent action on the part of her heroine; and we hope some time to read such a one. We, too, love Grace Lee. She is a noble conception, and it is perhaps the jealousy which one sometimes feels on behalf of a friend which makes us unwilling to grant that she would not, in real life, have been one of those "who always do the right thing at the right moment."

To those who have not read this book we can recommend it as extremely interesting, and among the few of its kind to which one may often resort as to a pleasant hour with an agreeable friend. The style is free, easy, forcible, and at times even singularly natural. The plan of the story, as it seems to us, is very striking and original.

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5. — *Elements of Analytical Geometry.* By WILLIAM SMYTH, A.M., Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College. Boston: Carter & Bazin. 1855.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a treatise upon the Modern Analysis, or the application of Algebra to Geometry, which had been for some time in use, and which was no longer to be obtained in print. It is one of a series of books on the several subjects of Algebra; Plane Trigonometry, with its Applications to Surveying and Navigation; Analytical Geometry; and The Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus, which Professor Smyth has prepared with special reference to the course of study pursued in Bowdoin College; but which is admirably adapted to the wants of the more advanced pupils in academies and high schools. The advantage of this treatise over most others upon the same subject, so far as relates to the purposes of elementary instruction, consists in its greater clearness and conciseness, and in the aptness and fulness of its illustrations. It begins with an explanation of the Ancient or Geometrical Analysis, and a comparison between that and the Modern, showing in what respects they differ, and in what respects the latter is preferable to the former. It then proceeds to the construction of algebraic expressions, the

algebraic solution of determinate problems, the demonstration of geometrical theorems, and, finally, to the investigation of the properties of curves of the second degree, and the construction of Geometrical Loci. It concludes with explanations and demonstrations relating to Geometry of three dimensions.

The whole series is commended to the notice of both learners and teachers.

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6. — *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.* Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Vol. I. London: Walton and Maberly. 1854. 8vo. pp. 1108.

ENGLAND is the only country which possesses at once the learning and the practical ability to produce such a work as this. She has, too, the right to do it; for it is principally her scholars and travellers whose researches have made it possible. It is not without pride in our mother country that we see the writings of Leake, Mure, Gell, Fellows, Rawlinson, Layard, and other Englishmen, referred to throughout as the most thorough and trustworthy sources of information. But the late important labors of Germans are by no means overlooked by the compilers, and the works of Forchhammer, Curtius, Ross, Ulrichs, Mommsen, and others, have been carefully used. The book is also remarkably free from the typographical errors, and incorrect dates and citations, which disfigure the others of this series of Dictionaries. But it would be unjust to the American public to suffer some inaccuracies — unaccountable to say the least — to pass unnoticed; or to recommend the work as without faults. The first we will mention is not only ridiculous in itself, but fails to impart information. P. 264. a, "None of the houses were more than one story high, and the upper stories often projected over the streets." The second clause of this remarkable description is a literal translation from Boeckh's "Staatshaushaltung der Athener" (Vol. I. p. 92 of the German edition of 1851), and may, therefore, be accepted; the first clause rests perhaps upon some less reliable authority. A trifling mistake on page 410. a, ten lines from the bottom, is the printing of west for east. P. 413. b, the river Œroe is said to rise in Mount Helicon, instead of Mount Cithæron. P. 304. a, "Wordsworth was, we believe, the first writer who pointed out the identity of Lycabettus and the Hill of St. George." Wordsworth's work was published in 1836; but in 1832, Forchhammer, in a letter to K. O. Müller, (published in 1833 under the title "Zur Topographie

Athens,") established the identity by so clear proofs that no subsequent writer has added to them. One or two of his arguments and references, indeed, are omitted in the Dictionary; as, for instance, that Theophrastus, on the Signs of the Winds, I. 4, speaks of Mount Lycabettus being used as a gnomon, which could apply to no hill in the neighborhood of Athens except St. George. With regard to the Pnyx, p. 282. b, it is said that "its true identity was first pointed out by Chandler, and no subsequent writer has entertained any doubt on the subject." In point of fact, there is no question of ancient topography more debated or more difficult to determine than this. It is true that until quite recently it was thought a settled fact that the Pnyx was somewhere upon this hill, and that the discussions have been principally carried on within the last three years; but the date 1854 on the title-page gives us a right to expect the results of all that had appeared up to that date. In Bergkh and Cäsar's "Zeitschrift für Alterthumswissenschaft," for the year 1844, Professor Ulrichs, in an article on the Emporium in the Peiræus (*referred to in Smith*, page 304. b), gave it as his opinion that the so-called Pnyx was in reality only an altar of Zeus Hypsistus. (We quote from the third page of Welcker's treatise presently to be mentioned.) This idea was fully carried out by Professor Welcker, a scholar whose opinions are deservedly esteemed in England. In a treatise read May 13, 1852, in the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and published in the "Akademische Abhandlungen" for that year, under the title "Der Felsaltar des höchsten Zeus, oder das Pelasgikon in Athen, bisher genannt die Pnyx," he maintained at great length, and with great fulness of detail, that the Pnyx must have been situated somewhere in the hollow between the Acropolis and the Museum. His views upon the position of the Pelasgicon and the Pnyx were attacked early in 1853 by Ross ("Die Pnyx und das Pelasgikon"); in the same year Göttling ("Das Pelasgikon und die Pnyx") argued for the old position of the Pnyx; and in 1854 Welcker defended himself against both, in an article in the Rheinisches Museum, reprinted the same year under the title "Pnyx oder Pelasgikon?" Ross replied to this in a short article in Fleckeisen's (late Jahn's) "Jahrbücher für Philologie und Paedagogik," March 20 of the current year. These last two works we of course only mention for the sake of completeness; the others should have been known to the compilers of the Dictionary. We will add, before leaving this point, that the article on Athens is one of the least satisfactory parts of the book. The work of Forchhammer (Die Topographie von Athen), a very valuable one in many respects, is by no means entitled to be followed so implicitly as it is by Mr. Smith.

Under the article Coroneia, p. 688. b, we have a concise and distinct

statement of the important battle fought at this place, B. C. 447, which forms one of the turning-points in the history of the Athenian empire. "It was here that the Athenians under Tolmides were defeated by the Bœotians in B. C. 447, in consequence of which defeat the Athenians lost the sovereignty which they had for some years exercised over Bœotia." On page 595, however, under Chæroneia, we have a strangely confused and incorrect statement of the same simple fact. We read: "It [Chæroneia] is first mentioned in B. C. 447, when an important battle was fought near the town, in consequence of which the Athenians lost the supremacy which they had exercised for a short period in Bœotia. Chæroneia had previously been in the hands of the party favorable to the Athenians; but having been seized by the opposite party, Tolmides, at the head of a small Athenian force, marched against it. He succeeded in taking the town, but was shortly afterwards defeated by the Bœotians in the neighborhood, and fell in the battle." What is the authority for stating that there was any battle at all at Chæroneia at this time? Thucydides in the passage quoted (I. 113) states that the Athenians were attacked by a party of Bœotian exiles from Orchomenus, Locrians, Eubœans, and others, at *Coroneia*, and adds, that this defeat caused the evacuation of Bœotia on the part of Athens. Diodorus (XII. 6) gives substantially the same account, adding, that Tolmides was killed in the battle. Pausanias, in a passage not cited (I. 27. 5, Bekker), places the same battle at the entrance of the Haliartia, which territory was still farther than that of Coroneia from Chæroneia. In a country of the small size of Greece, it is unpardonable to speak of a battle at *Coroneia* as taking place "in the neighborhood" of Chæroneia; and this imaginary battle is in the next sentence alluded to as the first of a series of battles "at Chæroneia," in which the great battle B. C. 338 is the second. We considered this confusion at first as the result of the division of labor in the preparation of the work, and thought of the possible value of the case in the Homeric controversy; the two articles are, however, from the pen of the same writer. We do not imagine that the writer is ignorant of the true history of the battle of Coroneia, but we allude to the case as a striking example of that carelessness and historical inaccuracy which are alike misleading to the schoolboy and offensive to the scholar. It will be seen that our remarks have been entirely confined to the articles on Greece. We have made an equally careful examination of those on Italy, but have no errors to point out in them.

So much for special errors. The work is open to the more general criticism, that it is in its character adapted to the wants neither of schoolboys nor of scholars. Its size and minuteness show that it is intended

for the latter, but for these it is by no means brought up to the desirable fulness of detail. When we consult a book of reference, we wish to know, not merely what the writer thinks upon a given subject, but his reasons for it; and if the point is disputed, what other views are held, and the reasons for them. In this respect the work before us often fails. For instance, p. 413. a, we read: "Permessus and Olmeius, two streams rising in Mount Helicon, which, after uniting their waters, flow into the Lake Copais near Haliartus. Leake regards the Kephalári as the Permessus, and the river of Zagará as the Olmeius." This is very well for a school-book; it gives what the author considers as the correct view, and what is explicitly stated by Strabo in the passage cited. But a book of this character should not fail to state that Leake, in a subsequent part of the volume which he cites, leans to the opinion that the river of Thisbe, which flows southerly, was the Olmeius; while Kiepert and others, arguing from an inconclusive passage in Pausanias (IX. 28. 5, Bek.), invert the relative position of the two, and think the river of Thisbe to be the Permessus, and that which flows northerly the Olmeius. Other instances of this nature might be mentioned, especially with regard to the Pelasgicon in Athens, page 266. These few errors and deficiencies, however, do not prevent us from pronouncing the work a most admirable compilation, and, in the main, remarkably full and accurate. If not indispensable for the scholar, it is at least fitted to save him a vast deal of labor, and will be welcomed as an important aid to the study of antiquity.

7.— *Historical Memorials of Canterbury.* By Arthur P. Stanley, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1855. 8vo. pp. 236.

An English Cathedral city is at once delightful and dull, picturesque as a park and still as a graveyard. Few events in the year's circuit disturb its placid monotony; its streets, even on the feast-days of the Church, are but scantily frequented; trade will not thrive under the shadow of its great trees and its majestic towers; and pilgrims have quite ceased from its pathways. Once in a while, a special occasion rouses apparent excitement, but this is spasmodic and quickly subsides. There is an annual fair at Gloucester, an annual music-festival at Hereford, and an annual visit of the royal family to Scotland to gather together crowds in the cities on the line of the London and Edinburgh

Railway. For the rest of the year, everything is toned down to the most profound quiet, as sober and conservative as Oxford or Cambridge in the long vacation. The daily matins and vespers go decently on, with their score of choristers and their half-score of hearers; the verger collects his regular harvest of shillings as the summer brings visitors to see in its Gothic remains what the glory of England was; the sweet chimes scatter to the country around their morning greetings, and the passing-bell mourns with the funeral train, pacing silently beneath the great elms; a vacant show of traffic is kept up in the few shops; smiling faces suddenly show themselves, to give and receive the dean's salutation as he goes down town on his forenoon walk; some of the chapter are trimming trees in their gardens, others practising chants for the service, and a few in their arm-chairs poring over choice editions of the classics; — such is the average daily life of Salisbury, and Winchester, and Wells, and most of the Cathedral cities.

The dullest and the most interesting of all is Canterbury. There is no rural city in England where the historic associations are so rich and attractive, and the present life so utterly stagnant. A branch railway from the Southeastern terminates there, but we doubt if that enterprising company have ever realized, as they certainly never expected, large dividends from that investment. You can spend a day in Canterbury most pleasantly, but you wonder that any one should spend more than a day there. Nevertheless, as candidates are never wanting for consulships on the Syrian and Adriatic coasts, so numbers are ready to go into honorable exile at Canterbury, and to live a semi-monastic life within three hours of London among the relics and gravestones of the old monasteries.

For a scholar of antiquarian and poetic tastes, who is willing to take things leisurely, there is material in Canterbury for the profitable use of time. There are several subjects which may be investigated, — the origin here of Latin Christianity in England, — the influence, theological and political, of the great line of archbishops who adorned for many centuries this ruling see, — the famous tragedy of Becket's murder, and the strange pilgrimages to his marvellous shrine, — the numberless legends of the old inns and by-streets, — the history of the religious sites, the ruins of St. Martin's in the Fields, St. Augustine's Abbey, and the monuments of the Cathedral, — the critical accuracy of the crowning poem of Geoffrey Chaucer, — all these may give a Canon, who is reasonably patient and enthusiastic, an agreeable work to do.

We wish that it might always be done as gracefully as in the volume before us. The four essays here contained may be regarded, we trust,

as only the *first series* of memorials of a city of such abundant antiquarian resources. Mr. Stanley has peculiar gifts as a local historian of the Church. His tastes, his ability, and the healthy constitution of his mind, all fit him to deal fairly with the traditions which surround him in an old town like Canterbury. He is a diligent inquirer, yet not a blind eulogist of the past. One of the essays in his volume, on "The Murder of Becket," was originally printed in the Quarterly Review for September, 1853, and attracted much attention at the time to its vigorous and careful handling. The other three essays, "The Landing of Augustine," "Edward the Black Prince," and "Becket's Shrine," were delivered as Lectures before an Association at Canterbury, and are now first published. They are all exceedingly well written, in a clear, manly, Saxon style, which is dramatic rather in the fine grouping of its parts than in the forced brilliancy of its sentences. The narrative goes steadily on, never wearying by prolixity, and using minute details only when these are necessary for the final effect. The trite story of Gregory and the Angles in the Roman slave-market, with its result in the conversion of Ethelbert the Saxon king, and the permanent establishment of Christianity as the British religion, is so graphically told, as almost to seem fresh and new; while the really new and curious facts concerning Becket's murder are so presented as almost to seem old and familiar. The tomb of the Black Prince in the Trinity Chapel, back of the High Altar of the Cathedral, in some respects the most striking of all the monuments in that crowded mausoleum of the noble and revered dead, is made the text of an accurate sketch of the early life, the exploits, the character, and the death of that chief of the Plantagenet heroes. Appended to this essay is the will of the Black Prince in Norman French, which illustrates at once his superstition, his pride, and his accomplishments. It was dictated on the day before his death. The construction of his tomb, with all its ornaments, its place, its dimensions, its inscription in fourteen stately hexameters, — the arrangements for the funeral, — the disposition of all his effects, even the most trifling, — the names, titles, and offices of the eight executors, and the customary blessing upon his son Richard if he keeps these parting charges, the curse if he neglects them, — all are elegantly written down, and witnessed in the comic Latin suffix of John de Ormeshevede, public notary of Canterbury. Mr. Stanley adds some notes which explain parts of this singular will, but naïvely admits that he cannot tell why the executors changed the place which the Prince had expressly ordered for his tomb. The symbol of the ostrich feathers, with the motto "Ich diene" upon them, which appears on six of the escutcheons on the monument, is relieved from its mys-

tery, and the relics suspended from that beam above the canopy are described much better than in the rapid rehearsal of the verger, who repeats ten times a day what they are, what they cost, and how long they have hung there. The likeness of the Black Prince on this monument is said to be more accurate than any other now existing.

The last of the four essays is the longest and the most elaborate. It is a very complete account of the rise, glory, and downfall of the most remarkable of all English shrines; in fact, the only shrine in England of which any mention is made to-day. Multitudes visit Ripon to see the magnificent ruin of Fountains Abbey, without ever hearing of the once famous St. Wilfred, whose monument in that town pilgrims came from near and far to honor. Have not the chronicles of that most industrious Benedictine, Mabillon, told of the miracles wrought at the shrine of St. Cuthbert? Yet it is the last thing one inquires for in that glorious Durham Cathedral. The shrine of Becket, on the contrary, is the first thing one asks for in the Canterbury Cathedral. Who has not read of its wonderful treasures, the silver and gold and precious stones, the great carbuncle which leaped from King Louis's ring and fastened itself to the shrine, — the fervor of the pilgrimages in winter, on the anniversary of the saint's death, and in summer, on the anniversary of the translation of his bones, — the throngs of the regularly recurring jubilee, — the reverence which prelates and nobles and kings paid here to the memory of the greatest of modern martyrs, — the characteristic visit of Erasmus, — the final daring act of Cranmer, destroying at a blow the chief relic of Romish superstition in the land? If any one has not heard of these, let him find them all delightfully related in Mr. Stanley's narrative, with the poetic embellishments which Chaucer's Tales so copiously furnish. One is sad, however, to find that the iconoclasm of Henry went so far, that the place of the shrine is now an empty space, with no vestige of its former honor except in the stones hollowed by the knees of the pilgrims. The round in which the pilgrims once were led, from the bloody stones in the south transept, where the prelate fell, to the wooden altar where he prayed, and the statue of the Virgin with which he talked, — down into the crypt where his body was first buried, and where his hair-cloth shirt and his sacred skull-bone wrought perpetual miracles, — up again to the choir and the sacristy, where the extraordinary wealth of relics, which the Bohemian Leo von Rosmithal has indicated by specimens in his Latin Journal, was presented to the faithful to kiss and adore, — and at last ending at the shrine itself, where many were like to expire in the zeal of their wonder and joy, — alas! all the glory of this round is gone, and the pilgrim of to-day

finds never a relic, but only the worn stones, to kiss. The least striking among the monuments of Canterbury Cathedral now is that which preserves the name of him who once was known all over Europe, and, according to Romish chroniclers, even in the Holy Land; — for the popular legend will have it that the murderers of Becket expiated their crime in penance at Jerusalem, and built there an altar to the saint.

Mr. Stanley has added to his essays several interesting documents, illustrating the history of Canterbury, and has faithfully compared the very numerous and conflicting authorities upon the murder of Becket. He makes no parade of learning, but proves that he has examined the original sources as carefully as Gough or Professor Willis. His estimate of the character of Becket is candid and impartial, and his *reflections* are full of good sense. The errors of the Romish Lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury are pointed out, but not harshly. One statement has to our ears a novel sound, that a large lie in America is called "a Canterbury." We have been less fortunate than "the intelligent American clergyman," who mentioned that to Mr. Stanley as a common Yankee expression.

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8. — *Corsica, Picturesque, Historical, and Social: with a Sketch of the Early Life of Napoleon, and an Account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, Pozzo di Borgo, and other Principal Families, suggested by a Tour in the Island in* 1852. Translated from the German of FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 522.

WE are glad that a book which was so emphatically praised in the Westminster Review of last July has so quickly found a translator, and one so competent. The style in which Mr. Morris has done this work leads us to hope well for the original work on Naples which he is now preparing. With the exception of a few awkward renderings in the Historical Sketch, the English of this volume is as idiomatic as if it had been originally written in that tongue.

Who is Gregorovius? The name has not a German sound, and, if a fictitious name, does not sound particularly sweet. Whatever his name, the man who wrote this book has established an enviable reputation. It is a finished book, leaving nothing to be said about its subject, and saying nothing that ought not to be said. Its arrangement is

philosophical; — first, a concise historical sketch, and then the personal adventures, discoveries, and reflections of the author. The background is finished before the colors are laid on.

The observations of this writer in Corsica are wonderfully various, reminding one constantly of the many-sided Goethe. Nothing seems to escape him. Every important town of the island, on the coast or in the hills, — every region, from the tropical heats of the southern plains to the eternal snows of the central mountains, from the fertile ridges of Cape Corso to the chalk cliffs of Bonifacio, — the haunts of noted robbers, and the homes of famous men, — the tower of Seneca, the retreat of Pascal Paoli, the birthplace of Napoleon, — the scenes of tragic catastrophes, and the quiet village life, — the geology, botany, industry, commerce, traditional customs, patriotism, and poetry, — all come into the undulating play of the author's emotions and thoughts, while over all is thrown the ever-present and terrible shadow of the "Vendetta," which no change of time can banish from the Corsican land. Charming digressions beguile us along the way, and surround, before we know it, this rough and neglected island with the richest classic and romantic associations. At the beginning of the book, we marvel that so dull a country should have been chosen for a summer tour; at the end, we have vowed that no visit of ours to Europe shall leave out this most interesting excursion. Pascal Paoli has become one of our heroes, and we shall join Corsica henceforward to the thought of his stern and noble virtue, much more than to the name of that great conqueror who so ungratefully forgot the humble home of his childhood.

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9. — *The Mayflower, and Miscellaneous Writings.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 471.

A LARGE amount of high intellectual ability must needs go almost unrecognized, or pass into speedy oblivion, because employed in contributions to periodical literature, which is impersonal to such a degree as by no means to confer the character it possesses. Though we recollected many of the pieces in this book, and they had made us think the better of the magazines in which they originally appeared, they yet had not separately produced upon us the impression which together they now make with regard to their writer. As we read them in their collective form, we perceive that her world-famous tale was not the

miraculous outblooming of a genius that had previously given no sign, but that in the "Miscellaneous Writings" of earlier years there had been the distinct presage of high and enduring reputation. There are among them specimens of character-painting and of dialogue, of the ludicrous and the pathetic, which are hardly surpassed in their kind by corresponding passages in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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10. — *The History of Massachusetts. The Colonial Period.* By JOHN STETSON BARRY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 516.

THIS is but the first of a series of volumes in preparation by the author. It embraces the history of Massachusetts from its discovery by European voyagers to the union of the territories of Massachusetts (the Bay Colony), Plymouth, and Maine under the "Province charter" in 1692. It lacks no characteristic needed to win for the finished work a place among the standard histories that do honor to our country and our age. As to the fundamental merit of accuracy, the best authorities have been uniformly consulted and carefully collated; conflicting testimonies have been weighed with judicial impartiality; and, on points that must remain doubtful, the entire sum of extant evidence is given. In the next essential of personal interest in his subject, the author manifests an enthusiasm, fervent, but not blinding. He reveres, without worshipping, our Puritan ancestors. He beholds in them men of lofty courage, firm principle, and faith worthy of the primitive ages, but does not see in them "gods in the likeness of men." He admires them enough to make the most of their kingly and priestly elements of character, but not enough to deny their frailties, or to ascribe to them preternatural insight and foresight. As a specimen of the discriminating judgment which marks the entire volume, we quote the following paragraph with reference to the provisional constitution adopted on board the Mayflower.

"While, on the one hand, much eloquence has been expended in expatiating on this compact, as if in the cabin of the Mayflower had consciously, and for the first time, been discovered, in an age of Cimmerian darkness, the true principles of republicanism and equality, — on the other hand, it has been asserted that the Pilgrims were 'actuated by the most daring ambition,' and that, even at this early period, they designed to erect a government absolutely independent of the mother country. But the truth seems to be, that, although the form of government adopted by the emigrants was republican in its character,

and remarkably liberal, at the same time its founders acknowledged suitable allegiance to England, and regarded themselves as connected with the land of their nativity by political and social ties, both enduring and endearing. Left to themselves in a wilderness land, apart from all foreign aid, and thrown upon their own resources, with none to help or advise, they adopted that course which commended itself to their calm judgment as the simplest and best; and if, under such circumstances, their compact was democratic, it seems chiefly to intimate that self-government is naturally attractive to the mind, and is spontaneously resorted to in emergencies like the present. It is as unwise to flatter our ancestors by ascribing to them motives different from those which themselves professed, as it is unjust to prefer charges against them to which they are not obnoxious. They were honest, sincere, and God-fearing men; humble in their circumstances, and guided by their own judgment; but endowed with no singular prophetic vision, and claiming no preternatural political sagacity. They could penetrate the future no further than to confide in the justice of God and the power of truth. The latter they knew must ultimately prevail, for the former was pledged to secure its triumph." — pp. 84, 85.

We are gratified to find that Mr. Barry does ample justice to the worth and services of Roger Conant, than whom the infant Colonies had no better man, but some of whose virtues were so far beyond his age as to have failed with his contemporaries of so emphatic a recognition as is beginning to be awarded by their posterity. He was, no doubt, a Puritan in faith, and a man of the severest sanctity in morals, but evidently was less afraid of Episcopacy than his first associates, and cherished other sentiments than those of aversion and loathing for the ritual and liturgy of the English Church. Indeed, it seems highly probable that, both at Cape Ann, and at Naumkeag before the arrival of Endicott, the religious services performed under his auspices were in accordance with the worship of the Established Church; and, if this were the case, it may account for the degree to which a man of so much energy, discretion, and experience was suffered to fall into retirement and obscurity.

We are glad that the work undertaken by Mr. Barry has been left unattempted until now. There has been no previous time, when numerous omissions or inaccuracies would not have been inevitable. But the labors of the last few years on public documents, local traditions, and family records have accumulated for the state historiographer materials which almost oppress him with their copiousness, and which, though far from settling all questions of interest and moment, oftener leave doubt from the discrepancy than from the silence of witnesses. In this field, the harvesters have been so numerous and zealous, that the gleanings which yet remain can be of comparatively little value. It was well, then, that we should hitherto have depended for the past for-

tunes of our State on compends and monographs; and it is well now that we should possess a permanent and voluminous history, which may, indeed, in future editions demand the correction of some of its details, but can hardly need to be reconstructed in any essential portion. Hoping, if not before, on the publication of the remaining volumes, to take such extended notice of this work as it claims and merits, we will only add, that the style is worthy of the subject, chaste, unambitious, free from offensive mannerisms, and neither obscure by overconciseness, nor wearisome by prolixity.

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11. — *The History of Dublin, N. H., containing the Address by* CHARLES MASON, *and the Proceedings at the Centennial Celebration, July* 17, 1852; *with a Register of Families.* Boston. 1855. 8vo. pp. 433.

MORE than a fourth part of this volume is occupied with the services, public and festive, at the Centennial Celebration, and the residue is precisely what a town-history ought to be, containing everything which it can be of any use or interest to have in permanent record, — lists of town and church officers, of the owners and occupants of estates, and of the members of trades and professions, collections under appropriate heads of traditions and anecdotes, and a genealogical register as complete as it could be made of all the families that have ever lived within the precincts of the town, together with numerous portraits of its eminent natives and leading citizens. Dublin has the distinction of containing within its limits a large portion of the Monadnock Mountain. Its central village is "set upon a hill," being little less than two thousand feet above the ocean, and at considerably more than half the height of Monadnock itself. It occupies the water-shed between the Connecticut and the Merrimac, and the droppings of the sanctuary for many years found their way from the opposite sides of the roof through different rivers to the ocean. The territory of Dublin, attractive in the highest degree to lovers of the picturesque, offered in regard to soil and climate but few inducements to early settlers; yet it has maintained a rank among the very first of our New England towns as to the intelligence, virtue, and prosperity of its inhabitants, the liberal support of educational and religious institutions, and the number of choice men and noble women all over the country who claim it as their birthplace. It need be no secret that this volume has been compiled by Rev. Levi W. Leonard, D. D., Senior Pastor of the First Church in Dublin,

whose long, wise, and indefatigable services to the cause of learning and of piety have contributed not a little towards creating the best part of the history he has written.

12.—UHLEMANN'S *Syriac Grammar, translated from the German by* ENOCH HUTCHINSON. *With a Course of Exercises in Syriac Grammar, and a Chrestomathy and Brief Lexicon, prepared by the Translator.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 367.

To one already versed in the Hebrew, the character presents the only (and that not a serious) obstacle to the study of the Syriac. The anomalies of the former, as compared with Occidental languages, almost all reappear in the latter, and the two bear hardly a less close mutual kindred than the German and the Low Dutch. The book before us contains not only a complete apparatus for the study of the Syriac, but a method which would entirely supersede the need of an instructor. We have never seen materials of the kind so skilfully arranged, or so large an amount of help in the acquisition of a language brought within so brief a space. The Chrestomathy is composed of extracts from the Peshito, followed by a minute verbal analysis; and these extracts are sufficiently varied to furnish specimens of every variety of style to be found in the entire version.

13.—*A Collection of Familiar Quotations, with Complete Indices of Authors and Subjects.* Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855. 16mo. pp. 295.

THE plan of this little book might be extended indefinitely, and its worth would bear a close proportion to its size. The compiler's object is to show whence come the scraps of verse and prose, that have been wrenched from their original connection, have fallen into common use, and have often lost all record of their paternity; and, where they have been corrupted, to restore the *ipsissima verba.* The arrangement is very felicitous. The quotations from each poet and prose-writer are placed by themselves, and an alphabetical index of all the quotations is given at the close of the volume. Shakespeare, so many of whose sayings have become household words, (some of them not infrequently

quoted as from the Bible,) furnishes the material for more than a fifth part of the volume. Tertullian, we are reminded, was the author of that most expressive, yet unrhetorical mixture of metaphors, — "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." It is much better in Latin than in English: "Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum."

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14. — 1. *Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* Part I. *Remarks on Christianity and the Gospels, with Particular Reference to Strauss's "Life of Jesus."* Part II. *Portions of an Unfinished Work.* By ANDREWS NORTON. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 309.
2. *A Translation of the Gospels. With Notes.* In Two Volumes. By ANDREWS NORTON. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 443, 565.

MR. NORTON was a sceptic by nature and by habit. He repudiated intuition as a ground of belief, could not tolerate mysticism, and had so little appetency for the supernatural that he could admit it only on compulsion. We doubt whether the fraternity of learned men has ever had a member more cautious in the weighing of evidence, or more reluctant to express assent where positive proof was wanting. We deem it therefore a fact of no little interest and value, that of all Biblical scholars none has expressed more uniformly or more emphatically than he implicit faith in Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and in our present Gospels as its authentic records, and the genuine works of the men whose names they bear. To his mind, it was the part of weak credulity to assume any other ground. He had the keenest possible sense of the incongruities and absurdities involved in the postulates alike of Paulus, Eichhorn, Strauss, and the Tübingen School. His faith in the integrity of the Gospels and the divine authority of their central personage formed the basis of his intellectual, no less than of his spiritual character, and was never more conspicuous than in his boldest criticisms upon the sacred text, which were always profoundly reverential in their tone and temper. The object of his three earlier volumes on the "Genuineness of the Gospels" was to demonstrate their substantial integrity and their authorship by their reputed writers, by the testimony of early witnesses, by the circumstances of the times, and by the impossibility of accounting for what we know of the reception and

circulation of these books on any other theory. The posthumous volume first named at the head of this notice was designed to complete the demonstration by the internal marks of genuineness presented in the characteristics and contents of the Gospels. The First Part of the volume is occupied, not in a direct answer to Strauss, but in the development of precisely those points of evidence which have a direct bearing upon the Straussian theory. The Second Part illustrates the arguments derived from "the consistency of the narrative in the Gospels with itself, and with all our knowledge bearing on the subject," and from "the character of Christ as it appears in the Gospels."

The two remaining volumes — the Translation and Notes — are the complement of Mr. Norton's original plan, and embody the results of his lifelong study of the Gospels. They indeed contain many renderings and glosses which we are not prepared to accept; but if the translation has any fault, it is an over-close literalness, which led him often to represent single Greek words by the corresponding English words, instead of transforming Greek idioms into corresponding English idioms. The Notes are not mere transcripts and modifications of preceding criticisms, but display throughout first-hand dealing with the sacred text; and, if they do not always command assent, they are always of value as conveying the matured opinions (and the reasons for them) of one whose adaptation and culture for the work of an interpreter have been equalled by few in any age, and surpassed certainly by none of our own fellow-countrymen.

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15. — *Memories of Youth and Manhood.* By Sidney Willard. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 351, 334.

Few men have been more beloved, none more worthily, than Professor Willard, by the numerous ranks of his pupils, fellow-laborers, and friends. It was the misfortune of his life to have been intrusted with the forlorn hope of Hebrew literature. If any man could have rescued the office of Professor of Hebrew from decadence, he would have done so by his patience, thoroughness, and amenity as a teacher, and by the profound respect and affection with which he inspired all who came under his tuition. In the work before us he has compiled valuable memoranda of men and things from the papers of his father, the late President Willard, autobiographical sketches of the most interesting character, reminiscences of College history, and notices of the many

persons of greater or less distinction with whom in the course of his long life he has been more or less intimately associated. These volumes contain much which else would not have seen the light, yet for lack of which we should have been the losers. They are marked equally by keen discernment and uniform kindness of spirit. They are at the same time worthy of the author's literary reputation, and make us regret that what he had previously written should have been for the most part buried in periodical literature, which, however full of life when new, it is proverbially hard to resuscitate. They cannot fail of a welcome from the graduates of Harvard generally, and from all who love to trace the fountains of history in personal biography and anecdote.

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16. — *Christianity, its Essence and Evidence: or, An Analysis of the New Testament into Historical Facts, Doctrines, Opinions, and Phraseology.* By GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 410.

THE promulgation of the doctrines of Christianity was accompanied by an array of historical facts, natural and miraculous. In recording these facts, and in communicating the contents of the divine revelations which they attested, the sacred writers employed of course the style of their country and age, and could not have avoided the use of phraseology conformed to the then current opinions in philosophy and on general subjects. Had they taken a different course, they might have written for remote posterity, but would have been unintelligible to the people of their own times. But it is from the phraseology thus used, and the opinions thus referred to, that recent infidelity and naturalism have derived a very large proportion of their most specious cavils and objections. On this ground they have been successfully met by Christian scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, among whom we might name as foremost Neander and Stuart. Dr. Burnap's work has this same purpose. He attempts, by a logical analysis of the component elements of the New Testament, to discriminate between the revelation and its media on the one hand, and the necessary conditions of its being put on record on the other; and to ward off from the former objections which cease to be objections when it is understood that they have sole reference to the latter. The work manifests equal ability and learning. In great part its conclusions cannot fail to win the suffrages of every reasonable believer in Christianity; though on some points those who admit the author's general principles might differ from him as to their application.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, and the Medical School of Maine: Spring Term, 1855. Brunswick: Joseph Griffin. 1855.

Circular and Catalogue of the Law School of the University of Albany for the Year 1854–55. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1855.

Catalogue of Antioch College for the Academical Years 1853–54 and 1854–55. Cincinnati. 1855.

Harper's Story Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 5. Prank. No. 7. Virginia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

Library of Select Novels. No. 197. The Country Neighborhood. By Miss E. A. Dupuy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

Review of the Veto Message of President Pierce of February 17, 1855, on the Bill relating to French Spoliations.

Know-Nothingism; or, the American Party. By Franklin. Boston: E. W. Hinks & Co. 1855.

Adam and Christ, or the Doctrine of Representation stated and explained, by E. C. Wines, D. D. Philadelphia. 1855.

The United States Insurance Gazette, and Magazine of Useful Knowledge. Edited by G. E. Currie. New Series. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: G. E. Currie. May, 1855.

The Nazarite's Vow. An Address delivered before the Sons of Temperance, in San Francisco, Sunday, March 4, 1855. By C. F. Winslow, M. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

The Sixth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large, in the City of Roxbury. Roxbury. 1855.

On the Influence of Social Degradation in producing Pauperism and Crime, as exemplified in the Free Colored Citizens and Foreigners in the United States. By the Rev. Robert Everest.

Doing Good. A Sermon preached before the Unitarian and Baptist Congregations of Jamaica Plain, on Fast Day, April 5, 1855. By Rev. Heman Lincoln. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855.

Twenty-Third Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation. Cambridge. 1855.

A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Rev. James Flint, D. D., Senior Pastor of the East Church in Salem; with an Address delivered on the Day of his Burial, March 7, 1855. By Rev. Dexter Clapp. Salem: Henry Whipple & Son. 1855.

Navy Register of the United States for the Year 1855. Washington. 1855.

Report of the Commissioners of Alien Passengers and Foreign Paupers, 1854. Boston. 1855.

Arithmetical Calculations of the Elements of the Orbit of the Moon. By Samuel E. Coues. Washington. 1855.

The Immaculate Conception. A Sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, Worcester, and in the Second Congregational Church, Worcester, on the 14th and 21st of January, 1855. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

Semi-Centennial Celebration. Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of the New York Historical Society. Monday, November 20, 1854. New York. 1854.

The Education demanded by the People of the United States. A Discourse delivered at Union College, Schenectady, July 25, 1854, on the Occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Presidency of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D. By Francis Wayland. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

Report of the School Committee of the Town of Winchester, Massachusetts, for the Year 1854 – 55. Boston. 1855.

What makes Slavery a Question of National Concern? A Lecture, delivered, by invitation, at New York, January 30, and at Syracuse, February 1, 1855. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855.

Speech of Rev. Rodney A. Miller, of Worcester, on the Plummer Professorship. Delivered April 12, 1855, before the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

The Old and the New: A Sermon containing the History of the First Unitarian Church in Washington City. Preached on Sunday, December 31, 1854, by Moncure D. Conway. Washington. 1855.

Proceedings of the National Institute for the Promotion of Science. New Series. Vol. I. No. 1. Washington. March, 1855.

The Strength and Beauty of the Sanctuary. A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the First Congregational Church in Natick, Massachusetts, November 15, 1854. By Rev. Elias Nason. Boston: S. K. Whipple. 1855.

Report of the Commissioners for the Establishment of a State Reform School for Girls, under the Resolves of April 12, 1854. Boston. 1855.

Sixth Annual Report of the Female Medical Education Society, and the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1855.

The Terms of the Gospel Trust: A Sermon preached at the Installation of the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, as Associate Pastor of the First Church in Portland, Me., January 31, 1855. By George E. Ellis. Portland: George R. Davis. 1855.

A Sermon preached at the Installation of Caleb D. Bradlee, as Pastor of the Allen Street Church in Cambridge, December 11, 1854. By Thomas Starr King. With the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, and Address to the People. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1855.

My Brother's Keeper. By A. B. Warner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 385.

My Mother: or, Recollections of Maternal Influence. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 254.

The Two Guardians; or, Home in this World. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 338.

The Altar at Home: Prayers for the Family and the Closet. By Clergymen in and near Boston. Boston. 1855. 12mo. pp. 350.

Essays by Theophilus Parsons. Third Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 192.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God; a Dogma of the Catholic Church. By J. D. Bryant, M. D. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1855. 12mo. pp. 322.

Tricolored Sketches in Paris, during the Years 1851-2-3. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 368.

The School of Christ; or, Christianity viewed in its Leading Aspects. By the Rev. A. L. R. Foote. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 200.

The Saints' Inheritance; or, The World to Come. By Henry F. Hill. Fourth Edition. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 264.

Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament. St. Luke. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 476.

The Golden Reed; or, The True Measure of a True Church. By B. F. Barrett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 311.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and Kindred Papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. With an Introduction by Horace Greeley. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 428.

History for Boys; or, Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe. By John G. Edgar. New York. 1855. 16mo. pp. 451.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher; or, "A Child Gathering Pebbles on the Sea-Shore." (Founded on the Early Life of Ferguson, the Shepherd-boy Astronomer, and intended to show how a poor Lad became acquainted with the Principles of Natural Science.) By Henry Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 16mo. pp. 500.

The Robertsonian System. The Whole French Language. By T. Robertson. Edited by Louis Ernst. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. 1855. 24mo. pp. 605.

The Robertsonian System. Key to the Whole French Language. By T. Robertson. Edited by Louis Ernst. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. 1855. 24mo. pp. 107.

Prize Essays on Juvenile Delinquency. Published under the Direction of the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Edward C. & John Biddle. 1855.

The Magic Word. By Alton. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 183.

The Practical American Cook Book; or, Practical and Scientific Cookery. By a Housekeeper. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 267.

Leaves from a Family Journal. From the French of Emile Souvestre. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 277.

Le Curé Manqué; or, Social and Religious Customs in France. By Eugène de Courcillon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 255.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. By Mrs. Jamieson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 329.

Virgil; with English Notes, prepared for the Use of Classical Schools and Colleges. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Stereotype Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 600.

Our Countrymen; or Brief Memoirs of Eminent Americans. By Benson J. Lossing. Illustrated by 103 Portraits, by Lossing and Barritt. New York: Ensign, Bridgman, & Fanning. 1855. 24mo. pp. 407.

The Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., the only Native of New England who was created a Baronet during our Connection with the Mother Country. By Usher Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 352.

Outlines of Chemical Analysis, prepared for the Chemical Laboratory at Giessen. By Dr. Heinrich Will, Professor of Experimental Chemistry in the University at Giessen. Translated from the Third German Edition by Daniel Breed, M. D., and Lewis H. Steiner, M. A., M. D. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 297.

Message from the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the Second Session of the Thirty-third Congress. Part I. Washington. 1854. 16mo. pp. 629.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1853. Washington. 1854. 8vo. pp. 87, 186. Charts 54.

Records of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Printed by Order of the Legislature. Edited by Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D. Vol. III. 1644 – 1657. IV., Part I. 1650 – 1660. Part II. 1661 – 1674. V. 1674 – 1686. Boston. 1854. 8vo. pp. 510, 518, 647, 607.

The Poetical Works of John Dryden. With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 314, 344.

History of Turkey. By A. de Lamartine. Translated from the French. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 403.

Cotton is King: or, The Culture of Cotton, and its Relation to Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce; to the Free Colored People; and to those who hold that Slavery is in itself sinful. By an American. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 210.

Surgical Reports, and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects. By George Hayward, M. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 452.

A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By John Lingard, D. D. A New

Edition, as enlarged by Dr. Lingard shortly before his Death. In Thirteen Volumes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Vols. VIII.–XIII. 1855.

An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, with a Collection of Astronomical Tables. By Elias Loomis, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 16mo. pp. 497.

Literary and Historical Miscellanies. By George Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 16mo. pp. 517.

Treatise on Sociology, Theoretical and Practical. By Henry Hughes. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 292.

Foster's First Principles of Chemistry, illustrated by a Series of the most recently discovered and brilliant Experiments known to the Science. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 136.

Catholic and Protestant Nations compared in their Threefold Relations to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality. By Rev. Napoleon Roussell, of Paris. With an Introduction, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel, of London. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 635.

A Journey through the United States and Part of Canada. By the Rev. Robert Everest, M. A., Late Chaplain to the East India Company. London: John Chapman. 1855. 16mo. pp. 178.

A History of the Christian Church. By Dr. Charles Hase, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the Seventh and much improved German Edition, by Charles E. Blumenthal and Conway P. Wing. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 720.

The Eastern War an Argument for the Cause of Peace. An Address before the American Peace Society at its Twenty-seventh Anniversary, May 28, 1855. By Hon. William Jay. Boston. 1855.

Peg Woffington. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 303.

Spirit Communion, an Immovable Fact in the Internal Consciousness and External History of Man. Being an Address, delivered in the Regular Course of Public Ministration in Nashville, April 15, 1855. By Rev. J. B. Ferguson. Together with a Discourse on Christian Sympathy Angelic, delivered in the Congregational Church of New Orleans, La., by Rev. Theodore Clapp. Nashville. 1855.

Christie Johnstone. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 309.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Overthrow of the Western Empire, A. D. 476. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. With copious Chronological Tables. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1855. 12mo. pp. 466.

The History of Switzerland, for the Swiss People. By Heinrich Zschokke. Translated by Francis George Shaw. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 405.

A Journey through the Chinese Empire. By M. Huc. In Two Volumes. Harper & Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 421, 422.

Louis XIV., and the Writers of his Age. By Rev. J. F. Astié. Introduction and Translation by Rev. E. N. Kirk. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 413.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXIX.

OCTOBER, 1855.

ART. I. — *Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.* Rendered into Modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

IT is the merest commonplace to say that the Reverend Charles Kingsley is, in many respects, a remarkable man. Of aristocratic connections, he is thoroughly democratic in his tendencies and opinions. A clergyman of the Church of England, he maintains a liberal creed. Conservative by education, he is a radical reformer. As a writer, he is well known to be an indefatigable worker, expressing his thoughts in pure and Saxon diction, with a compact and forcible style, and exhibiting a wonderfully versatile genius. Four or five works of fiction, a volume of sermons, and a book of poems, already before the public, bear witness at once to his ability and his industry. Besides these, several papers in leading English reviews, of a rare historical and scientific value, are attributed to his prolific pen. Each of these productions has a character different from all the others, unless we except the first two works which gave their author an American, as well as an English, reputation. "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" are attempts to present the social problems of English life.

"Hypatia" reproduces the scenes of the struggle between the outgoing Heathenism and the incoming Christianity of the fifth century. "Westward Ho!" gives a lively picture of those remarkable events in the reign of Elizabeth, which were the germ of the future maritime supremacy of Great Britain. The "Village Sermons" are plain, simple, practical discourses, with a fresh and healthy tone, not infrequently exhibiting the characteristics of free and bold thought. The "Poems" bear evident tokens, that their reverend author is no less at home in the higher walks of imaginative literature than on the lower plane of prose.

The work now before us we regard as the best of the author's performances, in the line of fictitious literature; for while objections may be brought against his other compositions, on the score of a too denunciatory spirit, and perhaps of historical inaccuracy, "Westward Ho!" is deserving of the highest commendation for the vigor of its delineations of character, the vivacity of its narrative and description, and the general correctness of its historical statements. It is evidently the result of a careful and thorough study of the times which it attempts to portray. It is a difficult matter, we are aware, to bring upon the stage of fiction personages who have really lived in history, and about whose proper position there has been much discussion, and still to preserve the peculiarities of each so as to present them truthfully to the reader. Yet Mr. Kingsley has completely succeeded in this respect, and if the sober truth about them is sometimes too highly colored, the men themselves appear before us scarcely different from what they really were. Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, the lion-hearted Richard Grenville, look out upon us from the pages of the book, as they must have seemed to their contemporaries, and we feel as though we were reading a chronicle of real occurrences, rather than a fictitious story.

A brief examination of the work itself shall serve us for a preface to a consideration of the character of the period and the events which have contributed so essentially to make up the sum of subsequent history.

Amyas Leigh is the name adopted for a gentleman adventurer of North Devonshire, who takes a prominent part in

the scenes of that eventful age, during which the exploits of British seamen made England famous in the history of maritime discovery and maritime warfare. In his boyhood he barely escapes participation in the lamentable expedition of John Oxenham. He afterwards accompanies Drake in his famous voyage through the Straits of Magellan, into the South Sea, and, by way of California, the Molucca Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope, to England, thus completing the circumnavigation of the globe. He is with Winter, Raleigh, and Lord Grey de Wilton, at the capitulation of Smerwick, when the hopes of the unfortunate Desmond were extinguished, and his rebellion was effectually quelled. He accompanies Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his last voyage to Newfoundland, and is one of the witnesses of his heroic death. He even ventures upon an expedition in search of the El Dorado which filled the dreams of the prominent men of the time. Returning, he engages in the conflict with the Spanish Armada in the English Channel. Pursuing an enemy's vessel round the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, he is struck blind by lightning in the same tempest which drives the ship of his foe upon the rocks of Lundy Isle. It will be seen that a rich field is laid open for the imagination of the writer, and he has peopled it with creations of surpassing power. Mrs. Leigh, the mother of the hero, is a fine specimen of a truly Christian woman. Francis, his brother, is a generous and chivalrous youth, whose untimely death, at the hands of the Inquisition in South America, fills us with grief. Salvation Yeo, one of Oxenham's sailors, who managed to escape from Spanish captivity after years of suffering, and subsequently became the servant and friend of Leigh in his adventurous career, is a grand portraiture of the stern religious fanatic of the day, whose creed was that God had sent him into the world to kill Spaniards for the glory of his truth. Rose Salterne, the daughter of the Mayor of Bideford, with whom all the young men of North Devon are in love, but who marries a Spaniard whom Amyas had sent, a prisoner of war, from Ireland, goes to La Guayra with him, and is at last burnt with Frank Leigh at Carthagena, is a good sample of a village beauty, and somewhat of a coquette. Ayaca-

nora, a natural daughter of Oxenham, who is found in the woods of South America by Amyas, and is brought home by him on his return, exhibits the transition from heathen savagism to Christian civilization, and is one of the best delineated characters of the book. These persons, with a number of young country squires, a hedge parson, a female fortune-teller, a Jesuit or two, a few Spanish gentlemen, and the distinguished men whom we have already mentioned, are the principal actors whose movements give life and animation to the scenes described. With such excellent materials as the adventurous character of the period afforded, Mr. Kingsley has given us a book of absorbing interest.

The reign of Elizabeth, famous in the annals of literature and in political history, was no less famous for its maritime and commercial adventures. Before this time, indeed, England and her monarchs had not been slow to take advantage of the opportunities which offered themselves for discovery and trade. Henry VII. had accepted the services of Columbus, proffered through his brother Bartholomew, four years before they were engaged by Ferdinand and Isabella; and had not the ambassador been unfortunately taken and held in durance while on his journey home, England would doubtless have had the honor of the discovery of the New World. As it was, the Cabots may well be called the discoverers of North America, John and his son Sebastian having been at Newfoundland, "to which they gave the name of Prima Vista," as early as 1494. Henry VIII. was not blind to the naval interests of his kingdom, and early sent out his subjects upon known and unknown seas. His vessels went up the Mediterranean to Candia and Chio in 1534. Master William Hawkins, "a man for his wisdom, valure, experience, and skill in sea causes, much esteemed and beloved of" his sovereign, made three voyages to Brazil in the years 1530, 1531, and 1532. Hawkins evidently was a man of great skill and sagacity. He gained the confidence of the savages to so great an extent, as to receive from them, on his second voyage, one of their chiefs, whom he carried to England. Martin Cockerane (to whom Mr. Kingsley introduces us on the quay at Plymouth) was left as a hostage. On the return voyage,

however, the chief died. Yet so deeply convinced were the natives of Hawkins's integrity, that the hostage was readily given up, and the enterprising sailor returned safely home, with a rich cargo of Brazilian merchandise. Encouraged by this success, other voyages to that portion of South America were made during the latter part of Henry's reign, and a profitable trade was carried on. Edward VI., though the internal affairs of his kingdom were unsettled, had still in mind projects of discovery. The Newfoundland fisheries were prosecuted with considerable success. An act of Parliament, passed in the year 1548, protected the merchants engaged in that business from extortionate demands made upon them by officers of the crown, by which "it appeareth that the trade out of England to Newfoundland was common and frequented, and it is much to be marveiled, that, by the negligence of our men, the countrey in all this time hath bene no better searched." The reason may have been, that the attention of mercantile men was directed eastward rather than westward, and attempts were making to reach the islands of the South Seas, for the purposes of a more gainful traffic. During this reign the company of "Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of New Lands" was formed, with Sebastian Cabot, now an old man, and an oracle in all matters of navigation, at its head. Under the auspices of this company, Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition was undertaken for the discovery of the northeast passage to India. The fleet was separated by a storm, Willoughby with his company perishing on the coast of Lapland, while his lieutenant, Richard Challoner (or Chancelor), continuing his course, entered the White Sea, and, wintering at Archangel, travelled overland to Moscow, had an interview with the Czar, Ivan Vasilovich, and afterwards returned to England with his vessel in safety. Thus, notwithstanding the failure of the expedition in its immediate object, the Russian trade was secured by the English merchants. Mary's reign, though not so favorable for commerce as the preceding period, was yet noted for a further extension of the English marine service. While the queen's marriage with Philip of Spain prevented any English interference with the valuable commerce in

which the Spaniards were engaged with their new conquests in the West Indies, yet the intercourse between the two nations afforded considerable information to the English mariners, who took abundant occasion to avail themselves of it afterwards. Both mercantile and diplomatic intercourse with Russia was continued to the great benefit of English traders, and a valuable trade with Guinea, Morocco, and the northwestern coast of Africa, was opened to English enterprise.

But it was in the reign of Elizabeth that the nation made the greatest progress in maritime affairs. That sagacious sovereign, who, whatever her faults, must be admitted to have been an active ruler for the promotion of her kingdom's interests, clearly saw that England, to be powerful, must make herself felt upon the sea. The insular position of the country precluded conquest by land. The ocean offered a way for the industry and daring of the people to go abroad. England must be, if a power at all, a naval and a commercial power. Elizabeth early gave herself to the task of accomplishing this object. True, she was economical, perhaps parsimonious, in her expenditures. But a plea may be found for this course in the scantiness of her means. What she could do, she did, with her accustomed vigor. One of her panegyrists declares, that "she neglected nothing that might keep up and promote a maritime spirit among her people; she sought out and distinguished the sea-officers that had served under her father; she was continually fitting out, on one pretence or other, little squadrons, at a small expense; she gave the command of them to different officers, that she might excite a spirit of emulation; but what principally conduced to aggrandize her power was the pleasure she showed, whenever any occasion offered, of rewarding her subjects, who undertook, at their own expense, such expeditions as coutributed to extend their commerce and open new branches of trade."

As was to be expected, English commerce was widely extended, and new and profitable branches of trade were opened in all directions. The flag of Elizabeth was fanned by tropical breezes, and rent by polar storms. The coast of Africa, the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the island harbors of East Indian oceans, Newfoundland and California, even In-

dia and the confines of China, were reached by English travellers. While Frobisher and Davis were searching for the northwest passage to Cathay, with their small vessels, among the ice of the Arctic seas, Drake and Cavendish, with scarcely larger barks, were sailing through the untraversed oceans of more genial, though hardly less dangerous climes. English merchants, "being desirous to see the countreys of the East India," were to be found along the Barbary coast, in Turkey, in Syria, on the banks of the Ganges, in Pegu, Malacca, Cochin China, and on all that shore; while, to crown the whole, Anthony Jenkinson made the tour of Muscovy, Tartary, Siberia, Bucharia, and Persia, and even penetrated by land to the Arctic coast, where Willoughby had met with his sad fate.

In diplomacy, as in commerce, the English queen was entirely successful. The emperor of Morocco received her ambassador with favor, and gave his "princely commandment," on the 20th of March, 1587, that "which way soever they [the English merchants] shall travaile, no man shall take them captives in these our kingdomes, ports, and places, which belong unto us, which also may protect and defend them by our authoritie from any molestation whatsoever, and that no man shall hinder them by laying violent hands upon them, and shall not give occasion that they may be grieved in any sort, by the favor and assistance of God." The Grand Seignior also turned a friendly ear to the English envoy, and gave commandment, June 1, 1584, that "the Englishmen should pass in peace, without any disturbance or let, by any meanes, upon the way," to and from his dominions, along the shores of his African provinces. He was disposed to view with kindness the enterprise of the English merchants, and gave them abundant help in various ways. Even on the mediation, between himself and the king of Poland, of Elizabeth's ambassador, he granted a willing peace. "For your Majestie's sake," writes his secretary in 1590, if the record is authentic, "his Imperiall Highnesse hath exhibited this so singular a favour unto the said king and kingdome of Poland." We likewise find in Hakluyt "a letter, written by the most high and mighty Empresse, the wife of the grand Signior Sultan Mu-

rad Khan, to the Queene's Majesty of England, in the yeere of our Lord 1594," in which the Sultana declares, that she "will always be a sollicitor to the most mighty Emperour for your Majestie's affaires, that your Majesty may at all times be fully satisfied." Elizabeth also wrote letters to the sultan of Cambay and the emperor of China, which, we trust, if those powerful personages ever received them, were for the exceeding benefit of her subjects in those parts. "Everywhere," says Mr. Kingsley, while relating an interview between Amyas Leigh's captive Spaniard, Don Guzman de Soto, and the merchants of Bideford, — "Everywhere, English commerce, under the genial sunshine of Elizabeth's wise rule, was spreading and taking root; and as Don Guzman talked with his new friends, he soon saw that they belonged to a race which must be exterminated, if Spain intended to become (as she did intend) the mistress of the world; and that it was not enough for Spain to have seized, in the Pope's name, the whole New World, and claimed the exclusive right to sail the seas of America; not enough to have crushed the Hollanders; not enough to have degraded the Venetians into her bankers and the Genoese into her mercenaries; not enough to have incorporated into herself, with the kingdom of Portugal, the whole East Indian trade of Portugal, — while these fierce islanders remained to assert, with cunning policy and text of Scripture, and, if they failed, with sharp shot and cold steel, free seas and free trade for all the nations upon the earth."

There was one branch of traffic, however, for which both England and America have been long and sorely punished. It was a sin which afterwards, as our author very properly declares, became "a national curse for generations yet unborn." We allude to the slave-trade. It was in the month of October, 1562, that Master John Hawkins put off with three small vessels, the largest measuring but one hundred and twenty tons, and one hundred men, for the coast of Guinea. Here he "got into his possession, partly by the sworde, partly by other meanes, to the number of three hundred negros at least, besides other merchandise." With this cargo of stolen men, he proceeded to Hispaniola, and there

sold the whole number, "for which he received by way of exchange such quantitie of merchandise" as not only to load his own ships, but two others, which he procured for the purpose. "And so, with prosperous successe and much gaine to himself" and his companions, he went home, arriving in the month of September, 1563. So profitable was this traffic that Hawkins fitted out a second expedition, and sailed, with three larger ships (one of which was strangely named, for such a voyage, the Jesus) and one hundred and seventy men, October 18, 1564. Arriving upon the Guinea coast, the ships were filled with negroes, not however without severe battles, in which several Englishmen were killed. Reaching, without danger or loss, the West India Islands and the South American coast, he managed — sometimes by forcing, sometimes by persuading, the Spaniards to trade with him — to dispose of his living freight, and returned to England, September, 1565, greatly enriched in gold, silver, and precious stones, but with the loss of twenty men from his crew. In this voyage Hawkins coasted the shores of Florida, and landed at several places in the province. A third voyage, undertaken in 1567, was not quite so successful as the other two. The chronicler calls it a troublesome voyage. A fleet of six vessels sailed in October. The ships were separated and injured by storms; the negroes were disposed to make fight, with serious loss to the adventurers; the Spaniards would not trade, except in secret, or by force, the king of Spain having forbidden any such traffic; the Spanish fleet drove them out of San Juan de Ulloa; most of the vessels were abandoned, a large number of the men were set on shore on the Mexican coast, and the Admiral himself narrowly escaped on board the Minion. On the voyage home, the crew suffered greatly from scarcity of provisions, and from sickness, in many instances fatal. England was not reached till the 25th of January, 1569. For these voyages and the returns which they brought to the kingdom, Hawkins was knighted, and received as a crest to his coat of arms, "a demi-Moor, in his proper color, bound with a cord." It is gratifying to know that the public sentiment in regard to this inhuman traffic has so changed, among Englishmen and their descendants, that what was then given as a

token of honor, can now be looked upon only as a memorial of disgrace. Those who may desire to trace out the line of retribution in this world, may find an instance of its certainty in the case of this family. Sir John suffered a miserable death from disease brought on by chagrin at the failure of an enterprise undertaken in the West Indies. He, with Drake, died on a predatory voyage to the Spanish Main, in the years 1595, 1596, which resulted in the loss of several of their ships, and the discomfiture of their fleet by the Spaniards. His son, Sir Richard Hawkins, was taken by the enemy in 1593, with his ship, the Dainty, after a running fight of three days; experienced the horrors of a Spanish prison; and afterwards, when a Privy Councillor, suddenly died, the last of his race, "some say, at the very Council table, leaving behind him naught but broken fortunes and huge purposes which never were fulfilled." Lady Hawkins is truly represented by Kingsley as an excellent and godly woman, bowed down by the remembrance of her husband's sins and her son's misfortunes. She it was who christened Richard's ship the Repentance, but Elizabeth renamed her the Dainty, as of better omen. But her altered name did not avert her doom.

In many instances, indeed as a general rule, the expeditions of this period were of a peaceful character. The merchants could better carry on their trade by preserving amicable relations with the nations on their route. Master Edward Fenton's instructions in his attempted voyage towards China, in 1582, were to "take nothing without justly paying for it," — to "deal like good and honest merchants," — to traffic "with all courtesie, as well with Ethniks as with others, in order to procure their friendship rather than mislike." The English traders were generally known as men of probity and kindness. Yet upon occasion they could fight as well and as bravely as practised veterans, and it behoved them oftentimes to be on their guard. The time was not altogether one of a highly advanced civilization. The rights of the seas were not, in all cases, certainly determined or strictly observed. Algerine corsairs, Barbary pirates, Turkish galleys, were hovering about the coasts, on the look-out for an unwary merchantman; and many an Englishman had the undesirable oppor-

tunity of experiencing the trials of Moorish captivity. A singular story is told of the "worthy enterprise" of one John Fox, who was taken in 1563, with the ship "The Three Halfemoones," near the Straits of Gibraltar, by some Turkish galleys, carried into Alexandria, with the survivors of the fight, and there held in servitude for fourteen years. At last Fox, being "too weary of the gentle entreatance" of himself and his companions, of whom in the prison there were two hundred and sixty-eight, "of sixteen sundry nations," devised a plan of escape, which was happily accomplished. On New Year's night, 1577, having, in connivance with a captive outside, sent away the keeper of the road upon a fictitious errand, John Fox, as leader of the attempt, "tooke him to an olde rustie swordblade, without either hilt or pomell, which he made to serve his turne, in bending the hand ende of the sword, in steed of a pomell," and, with a few trusty associates, armed with such spits and glaives as they found in the house, awaited the keeper's return. "The keeper, now being come into the house, and perceiving no light, nor hearing any noyse, straightway suspected the matter; and returning backward, John Fox, standing behind the corner of the house, stepped foorth unto him; who, perceiving it to be John Fox, saide, 'O Fox, what have I deserved of thee, that thou shouldst seeke my death?' 'Thou villaine' (quoth Fox) 'hast bene a blood sucker of many a Christian's blood, and now thou shalt know what thou hast deserved at my handes'; wherewith, he lift up his bright shining sword of tenne yeeres rust, and stroke him so maine a blow, as therewithall his head clave asunder, so that he fell starke dead to the ground." It was an easy matter for the little band to surprise and put to death the remaining guards, to possess themselves of the prison keys, and to liberate the other prisoners, who were on the watch for their arrival. Then, fighting their way to the harbor, with the loss of two of their number, they took and fitted a galley with all speed, and, a favoring breeze springing up, they sailed away, by God's grace, escaping from their enemies. After drifting about for twenty-eight days, they made the port of Gallipoli, in the Isle of Candia, and were hospitably received by the monks of the convent there. The

monks took "the sworde, wherewith John Fox had killed the keeper, esteeming it a most precious jewell, and hung it up for a monument" of the deliverance of two hundred and sixty-six Christians from the hands of the infidels.

But it was not from infidels alone that the English merchants had cause to fear attacks. There were freebooters on the northern, as well as on the southern, shores of the Mediterranean. There were Spanish galleys, which it was somewhat dangerous to meet. The jealousy of Spain in regard to the growing commerce of her rival led to frequent outrages. When hostilities were fairly commenced between the two nations, an excellent opportunity for making reprisals upon the rich trade of the Levant was offered, and readily embraced. The merchantmen were compelled to take arms with the peaceful implements of commerce. Their precautions for defence were found to be not wholly superfluous. On the 13th of July, the Merchant Royal and the Toby, with three small consorts, bound from Zante to England with full and valuable cargoes, were attacked off Pantellaria by eleven Spanish galleys and two tenders, then called frigates. For five hours the desperate fight continued, when the Spaniards, having received "a sour welcome," hauled off in a crippled and sinking condition, and, as was supposed, having suffered great slaughter. The loss on the side of the English was only of two men slain, and another wounded in the arm, whom the captain, "Master Wilkinson, with his good words and friendly promises, did so comfort, that he nothing esteemed the mark of his wound, in respect of the honor of the victory and the shameful repulse of the enemy." On the 24th of April, 1590, ten merchant-ships of London, on their homeward voyage from the Levant, were met and attacked by twelve Spanish galleys, which, after a terrible conflict of six hours, were beaten off. The English fleet, though becalmed for several days in the Straits of Gibraltar, was not again troubled, so completely had the galleys lying there been shattered in the conflict. The most valiant fight on record, against the galleys in the Straits, is that of the Centurion, manned by a crew of forty-eight men and boys, with five galleys, on Easter Day, 1591. The galleys had on board

two hundred soldiers each, and lay "two on one side, and two on the other, and the Admirall full in the sterne." "In which sore and deadly fight" — continuing five hours and a half — "many a Spaniard was turned into the sea, and they, in multitudes, came crawling and hung upon the side of the shippe, intending to have entered into the same; but such was the courage of the English men, that so fast as the Spaniards did come to enter, they gave them such entertainment, that some of them were glad to tumble alive into the sea, being remedilesse for ever to get up alive." In this action the Centurion lost four men killed and ten wounded. Having beaten off the Spaniards, she pursued her voyage, and not long afterward safely arrived in London.

If peaceful Englishmen in the merchant service could exhibit such proofs of courage and valor, what might be expected from those trained to arms, and seeking conflict? Mr. Kingsley gives a highly graphic and vivid description of a sea-fight, between the good ship Rose (in which Amyas Leigh and the young men of Devon were seeking their fickle mistress, Rose Salterne) and a Spanish cruiser, assisted by two galleys, off the harbor of La Guayra. Of course the Spaniards were beaten, and their vessels sunk. Mr. Kingsley, in showing the superiority of the English, mentions with considerable pride the fact, that, "in the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, and but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins's Dainty, had ever struck their colors to the enemy." We are not fully confident of the entire truth of this statement. It may be, that the English did not strike their colors, but in several instances they were worsted, and compelled to flee. Their ships, too, were sometimes abandoned or sunk. Yet it must be confessed that the English were, in a great majority of cases, victors in the naval actions of the time, and fully gained the supremacy of the seas, not to be deprived of it till the very "fruit of their own loins" taught them that they were not invincible. Even in the case of inferiority of numbers and armament, they did not hesitate to join battle, and not without great success. One or two of their vessels would engage whole fleets, and do them "incredible damage." The West Indian

seas, and the neighborhood of the African islands, were the scenes of the bravest intrepidity, and the stoutest valor, on the part of the "fierce islanders." Even when they failed, it was only because of the utter impossibility of success.

Two of the most desperate battles in the annals of naval warfare are recorded among the memorials of this Spanish war. The Content, owned by Sir George Cary, and commanded by Master Nicholas Lisle, with two consorts, the Hopewell and Swallow, was attacked by three Spanish men-of-war and two galleys off Cape Corrientes, on the morning of the 13th of June, 1591. Her consorts left her to sustain the shock of battle alone. Her heaviest gun was a nine-pounder, and she had, for a great part of the time, but thirteen men fit for action. The Spanish ships were of six and seven hundred tons burden, armed and manned accordingly. Against these fearful odds, the Content (her crew having sung the first part of the twenty-fifth Psalm, and commended themselves and their estate into the hands of God) sustained a contest for sixteen long and weary hours, from 7 o'clock A. M. till 11 o'clock P. M. The darkness of the night alone closed the unequal conflict. And then, with the loss of only two men wounded, but crippled in her spars and rigging, and with her "sides sowed thick with musket-bullets," the gallantly fought vessel made her escape, — her battered condition the best token of the bravery of her heroic defenders.

The most memorable battle of those times was that in which the Revenge, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, was engaged with a whole Spanish fleet off the Azores Islands. On the last day of August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard's fleet, of which Grenville was Vice-Admiral, was riding at anchor near Flores, when a fleet of Spanish vessels hove in sight, and bore up for the anchorage. The English ships immediately got under way, and went to sea. Howard, being weak both in arms and men, ninety being on the sick list on board the Revenge alone, thought it best to avoid an action. All the vessels, with the exception of Grenville's, succeeded in getting to windward. Sir Richard, scorning to yield even to a vastly superior force, resolved to make his

way directly through the enemy's fleet. He had partly attained his object, when the St. Philip, a huge ship of fifteen hundred tons, came down upon his weather bow, and, running alongside, took the wind out of his sails, and effectually becalmed him. Other vessels immediately closed around the devoted English ship, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard side. Sir Richard, nothing daunted, immediately poured in his broadsides. The St. Philip, receiving the lower tier of the Revenge, "discharged with crosse-bar shot, shifted herselfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment." The fight, beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. The Spaniards, whose ships were filled with soldiers, (some of them having not less than eight hundred men,) attempted several times to board the Revenge, but were in every instance beaten back. The battle continued into the night. Two Spanish ships were sunk, and on board the others great slaughter was made. Many of the English crew were slain and hurt. A little before midnight, Sir Richard himself was struck down with wounds in the body and head. Still the combat did not slacken. There was no thought of surrender. Fifteen different vessels engaged the Revenge, and "all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grewe our discomforts." The sun rose upon a sad scene. The Spanish ships, fifty-three in number, were formed in a circle round the poor Revenge, which lay disabled in the centre. All her powder to the last barrel was spent, all her pikes were broken, forty of the hundred sound men with whom she entered into action were slain, most of the remainder wounded, and ninety sick in the hold; the masts were all beaten overboard, the ship's tackle all cut asunder, her upper works altogether shattered, and she lay almost even with the water's edge, unable to move, but as she moved with the waves and billows of the sea. For fifteen hours she had borne the fight. Still her stout-hearted commander would

not hear of striking his flag. He gave orders to the gunner to "split and sinke the shippe." Willingly would the gunner have obeyed, had not the acting master and the ship's company prevented him. The commander, resolute man, would have slain himself with his sword, had he not been taken by force and locked into his cabin. The gallant vessel was then surrendered by the mutinous master. Sir Richard was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's vessel. As he was lifted over the side of the Revenge, he swooned, and, "reviving again, asked the company to pray for him." So badly was he wounded that he died a day or two afterward, on board the enemy's ship, valiant to the last. His last words were: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, Queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do." The Revenge did not long outlive her brave commander. She was driven ashore, with a large part of the Spanish fleet, by a furious storm, which took place a few days after.

Sir Richard Grenville's character is admirably depicted by Mr. Kingsley. Our limits will not allow of quotation, and we refer the reader to the book itself, particularly to the conversation with Amyas and Salvation Yeo, related in the seventh chapter. His heroism is unquestionable, and it was heroism of the highest sort, for with it was conjoined a gentle and a godly spirit. In this very conflict his generosity was manifest. "In the beginning of the fight the George Noble, of London, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force; Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune."

In estimating the courage of the English seamen of those days, the size of the vessels in which their voyages were made is to be taken into account. Cavendish's largest ship in his voyage round the globe was but of one hundred and twenty tons. Davis's vessel, on his first voyage to the Arctic Seas, measured but fifty tons, and Frobisher's but twenty-five. Sir

Humphrey Gilbert was not afraid to trust himself, for an Atlantic voyage from Newfoundland to England, in a shallop of ten tons. Jaques Cartier made the discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with two ships of sixty tons each. The largest vessels, even men-of-war, could seldom have exceeded five hundred tons. Sir John Burrough, in 1592, captured a large Spanish vessel, the Madre de Dios, which was called "a high and mightie carak," and which was said to have been "farre beyond the mould of the biggest shipping used among us either for warre or receit." The measure of this "carak" is given at 1,600 tons, and her dimensions were as follows: length from beak-head to stern, 165 feet; breadth in widest part, 46 feet 10 inches; draught when loaded, 31 feet; length of keel, 100 feet; length of mainmast, 121 feet, and of main-yard, 105 feet. She had "seven severall stories, one maine orlop, three close decks, one forecastle, and a spar decke of two floores apiece." Compare with these vessels the huge men-of-war and merchant-vessels which now are the pride of both the English and American marine service,* and we get some conception of the smallness of the vessels in which in those earlier times English sailors dared the dangers of the sea.

Mr. Kingsley, in the character of his hero, is evidently aiming to show his estimate of the English seaman of that day. Bold, frank, generous, accustomed to hardship, willingly enduring privations, deeply attached to his sovereign and his religion, and withal hating the Spaniard with his whole heart and soul and strength, from the beginning of his life he was accustomed to look upon the sea as the element on which the power of his nation was to be supreme. But then Hispaniola, not Britannia, ruled the waves. The English seaman seemed to have an instinctive feeling that it was his destiny to break the Spanish power, and whatever else disputed his right to traverse all the seas of the globe. And so he was but follow-

* The steam-frigate Niagara, lately built at New York, measures as follows: tonnage, 5,200; extreme length on deck, 345 feet; load line, 323; extreme breadth, 55 feet; depth of hold, 31 feet. There are three decks beside the orlop. The length of her mainmast is 111 feet, with a diameter of 3 feet 4 inches; length of main-yard, 135 feet; of mizzen spanker-boom, 67 feet.

ing his star when he went to the Spanish Main and into the South Seas, grappled with his enemy in his own harbors and along his own coasts, fought him till death, plundered, burned, and sunk his vessels, and returned home in triumph to share his booty with his Queen. The Spaniard, too, was a Catholic, the Englishman a Protestant, and religious prejudices mingled with and increased national hostility. The Englishman was a freeman, and, with the accustomed generosity of the Saxon, took upon himself the championship of the oppressed. Those oppressed ones were then the American natives. And there is no doubt that they were made to suffer unexampled tortures at the hands of their inhuman conquerors. The Spaniard was to the inoffensive Indians like the incarnation of their Evil Spirit. The histories of the time are full of the atrocities committed by the invaders of the New World. We do not feel that Mr. Kingsley exaggerates the case in his story of the passage of the gold train from Santa Fé to the Magdalena. Hakluyt has many a tale of blood in his compilations, and though it is an Englishman that is writing about the tyranny of his natural-born foe, yet we cannot but think that it is a true story which he tells. It cannot be denied that the Indians were the victims of the Spaniard's lust, cupidity, and cruelty. Rather than fall into the hands of those who sought their treasure and their lives, they willingly perished by their own hands. Lopez Vaz, in his description of the new countries and their inhabitants, tells the following story, and, though he meant it for a jest, there is a sad moral in it. "It happened on a time, that a Spaniard, calling certaine Indians to work in his mines, (which labor of all others does most grieve them,) they, rather than they would goe, offered to lay violent hands on themselves, which the Spaniard perceiving, sayd unto them, 'Seeing you will hang yourselves rather than goe and worke, I likewise will hang myselfe, and will bear you companie, because I will make you worke in another worlde.' But the Indians, hearing this, replied, 'We will willingly worke with you here, to the intente you may not goe with us into another worlde,' so unwilling were they of the Spaniard's companie." The chronicles of those early days contain numerous instances of suicide committed by the Indians, rather

than undergo the exactions of their masters. They would eat the leaves of their poisonous trees and plants, they would burn themselves in their dwellings, they would anticipate the cruelties of their foes by self-inflicted torture. "Liberty or death" is a motto worthy to be pronounced by a freeman's lips; its spirit was alive in the ancient Indian's heart.

All these facts are to be taken into account in making up our judgment respecting the character of those bold English sailors, who openly avowed themselves the enemies of the Spaniards and the avengers of the Indian's wrongs. It is true that, in their excursions to the American coasts, they were often influenced by the desire to possess themselves of a portion of the inexhaustible treasures of which the Spaniards were then the masters. But the English adventurers had other aims besides that of acquiring wealth. It was by means of American gold that Spain had risen so rapidly to eminence. It was by means of gold that England must gain her position. And there was no other way but to dispossess the present owners of the riches which England needed. Gold must be had, by fair means if possible, if not so, then by foul means. The Spaniards had wrested it from the rightful owners; the English must plunder them in turn. They were willing to trade, but the Spaniards refused. There was no way but to use force. We do not attempt to excuse them, we only state the patent fact. Thus Francis Drake, in 1572, though Spain and England were then nominally at peace, goes to Nombre de Dios and Darien with his two ships and a pinnace, plunders the towns, takes treasure and comes home again, having seen the South Sea, and resolved to sail on it for future conquests. John Oxenham, in 1575, takes the same route, hides his ship, buries his ordnance, travels across the Isthmus, fairly enters the South Sea, captures two vessels, with 160,000 pezos of gold, and starts on his return. The Spaniards follow, trace up the river on whose banks his party is encamped, by means of feathers, from a fowl which his men had plucked, floating down the stream, and capture him and his companions. Drake, in 1577, commences his famous voyage around the world, and returns after three years with a treasure of 1,039,200 ducats of silver, 150,000 ducats of gold, and pearls, plate, and pre-

cious stones, all valued at £ 800,000. In 1585, Drake, with a fleet of twenty-five ships and two thousand three hundred men — this time engaged in legitimate hostilities — descends again upon the Spanish Main, and sacks St. Domingo, Carthagena, and other towns, captures St. Augustine in Florida, for all these demanding heavy ransom, and ends by bringing home Raleigh's colony from Roanoke, doing all this in less than one year. Thomas Cavendish, in 1586, follows Drake around the world, enriching himself by the way at the expense of the Spaniards. Christopher Newport, in 1591, goes to the West Indies, takes and burns "three towns and nineteen sailes." James Lancaster, in 1594–95, with Master Venner's fleet, plunders Pernambuco, loading fifteen vessels with the spoil. Robert Dudley, at the same time, is engaged in destroying the towns to the northward, and in 1595 Amyas Preston makes an expedition along the coast, to render it certain that nothing has been left undone by his predecessors. Sundry others are active there and elsewhere in harassing the Spaniards, destroying and plundering their ships and towns. By these and other means, the English acquired the reputation of being "the fiercest nation on the earth."

There is, and has been, a question in the minds of many, whether these men were really brave and gallant seamen, or only piratical adventurers. Lingard does not hesitate to say, that among these adventurers "were many who, at a distance from home, and freed from the restraint of law, indulged in the most brutal excesses; whose rapacity despised the rights of nations, and the claims of humanity; and whom, while we admire their skill, and hardihood, and perseverance, our more sober judgment must pronounce no better than public robbers and assassins." To this class, in his estimation, belong Hawkins and Drake. Had the learned historian been writing of the deeds and character of the Spanish adventurers, and the conquerors of the New World, nothing could more nearly express the truth. But we think the facts do not bear him out in his statement respecting the English seamen. He refers to Hakluyt *passim*. But the examination of his authority by no means confirms his statement;

and the singular mistakes which he makes in relation to the names of Drake's vessels, and in other particulars, lead us to think that in this instance his usual correctness and impartiality were subordinate to his religious bias. Indeed, his whole account of the reign of Elizabeth is somewhat tinctured with the bitterness of a partisan.

In regard to Hawkins we have already expressed our opinion. His traffic was an inhuman and rapacious one, and Drake's implication in it is by no means creditable to him. Yet the sweeping charges made against the whole body of English adventurers, or a great part of them, are in many respects false. The sailors were, in general, remarkably continent. Raleigh, Davis, the chronicler of Drake's voyages, and other writers, bear unquestioned witness to this fact. They were oftentimes generous, even magnanimous, to a conquered foe. They were certainly no more rapacious than those against whom they fought; and the term "public robbers and assassins" cannot be applied to them with truth. It must be remembered, that national rights were still *sub judice*. Rival nations were hostile to one another. The English thought that they had abundant provocation for what they did; and it is hardly to be doubted, that, if they robbed the Spaniards, they at least did no more than the Spaniards would have done to them if they had had the opportunity and the ability. Spain was the champion of Rome, now grown desperate at the prospect of losing her power. The manner in which the French Protestants in Florida were murdered, — "not as Frenchmen, but as heretics," — is ample evidence of what deeds Spain was then capable. England was the champion of Protestantism, and was a refuge for the lovers of freedom. And so the Englishman, in sallying out with his vessel against the insolent Spaniard, was engaged in what to him seemed a religious duty, and an enterprise to which he was called by the claims of humanity itself. In this view there is something grand and noble in the position which he took, and there certainly can be no question that there was high heroism in the manner in which he maintained it.

Still we are not euphuists. We are desirous of calling things and men by their right names. We do not wish to

cover these deeds by the flimsy disguises which served, a century later, to cloak the doings of the Buccaneers, or by those which in our time would attempt to conceal the crime of the Fillibusters. But we are not yet ready to consider Drake and his companions as pirates, "public robbers, and assassins." There was manifested among them many a trait of manly character which pirates do not usually exhibit. Almost every expedition had its chaplain, and prayers were read twice each day, at which the whole ship's company was in attendance. This we do not deem conclusive evidence of their piety or their godliness, for worse men than they have had chaplains to pray for them, and have been regular attendants upon divine service. But there is another fact, which bears upon the same side of this question with greater force. Profanity was forbidden by strict regulation upon many of these voyages. In reading the narratives, too, of the various adventurers, we have been struck with the evident sincerity and manly quality of the religion of these men in fighting and spoiling the Spaniards above all things else. All their escapes were attributed to God's deliverance, all their victories to God's help. If they were hypocritical in these matters, their hypocrisy was so open as to lose its character of falsehood.

It must be confessed, that Drake was a bold and reckless man. If he wanted a pilot, he went into a harbor, and took one, will he, nill he, and, after having made him serve his purpose, left him perhaps on the other side of the world. His very name was a terror to the Spaniards. They never felt safe, if by any possibility they thought he could come near them. He indeed died miserably at the last. Yet his life was better than his death. There is a story extant, in regard to one of his transactions, which, though it may be familiar to some of our readers, is worth a repetition here. In the early part of his voyage round the world, while on the southeastern coast of South America, Master Thomas Doughtie, one of his subordinates, and an intimate friend, was found to cherish some mutinous feelings, and to have in contemplation some mutinous designs. At Port St. Julian, on the Patagonian coast, the case was investigated by an assembly composed of the principal men of the expedition.

Doughtie was convicted, and sentenced to be executed. What follows is taken from the account of the voyage in Hakluyt's fourth volume. "He, seeing no remedie but patience for himselfe, desired before his death to receive the Communion, which he did by the hands of Master Fletcher, our minister, and our Generall himselfe accompanied him in that holy action; which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our Generall and taken his leave of all the companie, with prayer for the Queen's majestie and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the blocke, where he ended his life. This being done, our Generall made divers speeches to the whole companie, persuading us to unitie, obedience, love, and regard for our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof willed every man, the next Sunday following, to prepare himselfe to receive the Communion as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his businesse." We apprehend that this was not a very piratical way of attending to such matters. We are not at all unmindful of the fact, that Drake had an eye to his personal profit in many of his acts, but it was very rarely so, except in cases where the Spaniards could be made to suffer. In the defeat of the great Armada, in 1588, he stopped to plunder a ship which he had taken. Yet he is known to have spent a portion of his gains upon works of public benefit. Among his men he was generous, and even liberal. He recognized them as fellow-adventurers, and did not scorn to take hold of their work with his own hands when the occasion demanded his help. He was a brave, intrepid, and skilful seaman, and his exploits contributed greatly to the renown of English history. We will not commend his faults, but we must do justice to his virtues.

In regard to the Spanish war itself and its consequences, we do not think that Mr. Kingsley overstates the case. It was not merely a contest for the rule of the seas. The liberties of Europe were involved in the issue of the struggle. It was Spain or England, Catholic or Protestant, that was to wield the sceptre and guide the course of subsequent history. We must acknowledge that the progress of humanity could far

more safely be left in the hands of England than in those of Spain, and we rejoice, in behalf of the civilization of the world, that the victory was on the side of English valor. Whatever may be our opinions respecting the evils of war, — and we adhere firmly to the *prima facie* Christian view of the whole subject, — it must be confessed that there have been battles on which depended the interests of mankind, battles which have decided the character of collective humanity. To this list we are willing to think belongs the ever-memorable engagement in the English Channel, which resulted in the complete discomfiture of the great Armada of Spain, in July, 1588. One of the best chapters of Mr. Kingsley's book is that in which he gives a description of this great sea-fight. Our space will not allow an attempt to furnish an account of this famous action, even had we the ability to do the subject justice. "It is," as our author observes, "a twelve days' epic, worthy not of dull prose, but of the thunder-roll of Homer's verse." The coins struck by the Zealanders, as grandly as briefly, told the whole story, — "which on the one side contained the arms of Zealand, with this inscription: 'Glory to God onely'; and on the other side the pictures of certain great shippes, with these words: 'The Spanish Fleet'; and in the circumference about the ships: 'It came, it went, it was, Anno 1588.'" * "And now," says Mr. Kingsley, in his enthusiastic contemplation of the victory, "from England and the Netherlands, from Germany and Geneva, and those poor Vaudois shepherd-saints, whose bones for generations past

'Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold';

from all of Europe, from all of mankind, I had almost said, in which lay the seed of future virtue and greatness, of the destinies of the new-discovered world, and the triumphs of the coming age of science, arose a shout of holy joy, such as the world had not heard for many a weary and bloody century; a shout which was the prophetic birth-pæan of North America,

* We notice that Mr. Kingsley mentions the inscription as being, "It came, it saw, it fled." In a late article in the *North British Review*, which bears internal evidence of having been written by Mr. K., the inscription is given, "*Venit, vidit, fugit.*"

Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, of free commerce and free colonization over the whole earth."

It is time that we should turn from the contemplation of stories of battle and blood, to the narrative of more peaceful adventure. The early attempts to colonize the North American shores demand from us a notice. The New World was all an untried field of enterprise. The success of the Spaniards at the South encouraged the English to hope for like success at the North. It was a world containing uncounted treasure. And to the imagination of the English adventurer, Newfoundland and Virginia promised as rich returns as Mexico, Peru, and Cundinamarca. Another field of action was open, and there were not wanting those who were ready to occupy it. What, doubtless, conduced to much of the enterprise in that direction was the possibility of finding a northwest passage to India, which should be free from the molestation of the Spaniards.

As early as the year 1527, a voyage was said to have been made by two English vessels to the coast of North America, in the neighborhood of Newfoundland.* But nothing definite is known respecting this expedition. In 1534, however, Jaques Cartier was the commander of an expedition, undertaken with the patronage of the king of France, and proceeded in safety to Newfoundland, entered the gulf and river of St. Lawrence and the bay of Chaleur, and, after touching at several islands in the gulf, returned home, arriving at St. Malo on the 5th of September. Cartier made two more voyages thither in 1535 and 1540. In 1542, Sir J. F. de la Roche was appointed Lieutenant-General of Canada, went to Saguenay, and built a "fayre fort," remaining in the country through the following winter. In the year 1536, "one Master Hore, of London, a man of goodly stature and of great courage," fitted out an expedition, consisting of two ships and one hundred and twenty men, and, "after the receiving of the Sacrament," sailed to Newfoundland. It was his purpose to found a colony upon this island. But soon after his arrival the pro-

* Gaspar and Michael Cortereal are supposed to have been lost on the northern coast of North America in the year 1500.

visions of his party failed, and had it not been for the opportune advent of a French ship, the colony would doubtless have perished. As it was, the only feasible way of escape for the English seemed to be the capture of the French vessel. They accordingly took it into their possession, and returned to England. It is but fair to say that Henry VIII. reimbursed the Frenchmen, who had suffered from this outrage, for the loss of their provisions and vessel. From this time till the expedition of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, English vessels were engaged at different times in the fisheries on the Newfoundland Banks. At the close of the reign of Elizabeth, "two hundred sail and upwards of fishing vessels, and on board of them upwards of eight thousand seamen," were employed in this profitable branch of industry. It was found to serve, as at a later day, and with our own countrymen, as an admirable nursery of able mariners.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, more of a philosopher than a general, in Mr. Kingsley's opinion, having, in 1578, obtained from her Majesty letters patent to settle some portion of America, made the necessary preparations for an expedition to Newfoundland, which was the point agreed upon for the first landing. A large number of men and vessels were speedily collected; but, as they were just on the point of sailing, divisions broke out and the project was in part abandoned. Gilbert himself went to sea with a few companions, but was soon forced to return by stress of weather. Another voyage which he planned was equally unsuccessful. Nowise disheartened, Gilbert, assisted by his brother Adrian and other friends, made a third trial. This time he succeeded in enlisting the services of two hundred and sixty men, who, with five vessels and an abundance of provisions, departed from Cawsand Bay on the 11th of June, 1583. The expedition (with the exception of the Vice-Admiral, who basely deserted, with his bark, the Raleigh, a few days after leaving port) came in sight of land, July 30, and on the 3d of August anchored in the harbor of St. John's. Here Sir Humphrey formally took possession of the place, and "two hundred leagues every way," in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and "had delivered unto him a rod and a turffe of the same soile, entring possession also for him, his

heires and assignes for ever." The island was explored, and found to be not only habitable, but also to "minister commodities abundantly for art and industrie." Everything at first looked promising, but Gilbert's ill fortune seemed to have followed him across the sea. His men were mutinous, and deserted him daily; one of his ships, the Swallow, was abandoned for want of a crew, and her commander transferred to the largest ship, the Delight, whose captain had returned to England in one of the vessels on the coast; and a general depression weighed down the spirits of the little party. Gilbert himself went on board the Squirrel, of only ten tons' burden, whose captain also had gone back. While coasting southward, the Delight was wrecked in a severe gale, and nearly all on board perished. Twelve alone, out of a crew of a hundred men, escaped by means of the ship's boat. At last, the people losing courage daily, after this ill success, "the weather continuing thicke and blustering, with increase of cold, and winter drawing on," though it was yet but the last of summer, the resolution was taken to return to England, and on the 31st of August the course was laid for home. And now occurred a wonderful event. Between the Golden Hind (the only large vessel left) and the land was seen "a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair, and color, not swimming after the manner of a beast, by mooving of his feete, but rather sliding with his whole body. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ougly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eies, and to bidde us a farewell, he sent forth a horrible voyce, roaring or bellowing as doeth a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the Generall himselfe, I forbeare to deliver; but he tooke it for Bonum Omen, rejoycing that he was to warre against such an enemie, if it were the devill." And so the little frigate Squirrel, with the Golden Hind in her wake, bowled merrily along for England, not, however, without some rough weather and dangerous seas. Three hundred leagues had been passed on the way, when one fair morning in September, "the Generall came aboard the Hind, to make merrie together with the Captaine, Master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning untill night." Much

pleasant conversation ensued, and Gilbert, hopeful of success in another voyage which he contemplated for the following spring, prepared to return on board the Squirrel. The company of the Hind vehemently protested against his intention. "But when he was intreated by the Captaine, Master, and other his well willers of the Hind, not to venture in the Frigat, this was his answere: 'I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many stormes and perils.' And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboord his Pinesse." On again with the voyage, till now there came more "foule weather, and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid wise." Never had men seen "more outragious seas." Also, "we had upon our main yarde an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen doe call Castor and Pollux." Sir Humphrey Gilbert's voyage is well-nigh over; it is not England, but, we trust, a more peaceful haven, to which he is bound, where all his cares will be at an end, and mutinous men and false captains will trouble him no more.

"Munday, the 9th of September, in the afternoone, the Frigat was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered: and, giving foorth signes of joy, the Generall sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind (so oft as we did approach within hearing), 'We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a souldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testifie he was. The same Munday night, about twelve of the clocke, or not long after, the Frigat being ahead of us in the Golden Hind, suddenly her lights went out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment, the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night and ever after, untill we arrived upon the coast of England."

And so died one of those worthies whom it behoves both England and America never to forget. And so went home alone the Golden Hind, "in great torment of weather and perill of drowning," and arrived at Falmouth on the 22d of

September. We will not mar the account of this voyage by any comment. Of Gilbert himself, it suffices us to say, that his life was manly, and his death heroic. "As he was refined, and made neerer drawing unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto himselfe, whither both his, and every other high and noble minde, have alwayes aspired."

Gilbert's misfortunes did not deter others from following up the enterprise which he had begun. Other voyages were made to Newfoundland and its adjacent parts. George Drake and Richard Strong were in that neighborhood in 1593; Sylvester Wyet in 1594; and Charles Leigh in 1597, — all excellent shipmasters doubtless, and good Englishmen, of whom, however, few memorials remain. The first permanent settlement was made in 1623 by Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore.

Closely connected with this attempt of Gilbert to colonize Newfoundland was Sir Walter Raleigh's enterprise on a more southerly coast. Having procured letters patent from Elizabeth in the year 1584, "to discover, search, finde out, and view such remote, heathen, and barbarous lands, countries, and territories, not actually possessed of any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people, as to him shall seem good," Raleigh fitted out an expedition for America in the spring of the same year. Two ships, commanded by Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow, sailed from England on the 27th day of April, arrived on the coast of Florida, July 4th, sailed one hundred and twenty miles northward, and on the 13th of the month landed, and took possession of the country, "in the right of the Queen's most excellent Majestie." These vessels remained on the coast several weeks; an exploration of the neighboring country was made; the natives were found to be hospitable and generous, though, if need were, warlike, and the soil "the most plentifull, sweete, fruitfull, and wholsome of all the worlde." The main object of the expedition having thus been happily accomplished, the officers judged it best to return to England, which they "accordingly did, and arrived safely in the West of England, about the middest of September." Such glowing accounts were brought home by these

voyagers, that Elizabeth, naming the newly discovered country Virginia, permitted Raleigh to give further attention to the enterprise, promising him the royal assistance, if necessary, for the colonization of the territory. Raleigh was not indisposed to embrace the opportunity, and immediately made the necessary preparations for sending out a colony. On the 8th of April, 1585, a fleet of seven ships with one hundred and eight men on board, to constitute the first English colony in America, set sail from Plymouth under the command of Sir Richard Grenville. After touching at Porto Rico and Hispaniola, the fleet arrived on the Virginia coast, on the 26th of June. Having put on shore the men who had been brought out for the settlement, and furnished them with the necessary supplies, Sir Richard sailed for England, August 25th, and arrived at Plymouth, October 18th, with a Spanish prize which he had captured on the way home. The colony, under the government of Ralph Lane, remained at Roanoke nearly a year. At the end of that time, having found the Indians hostile and provisions scarce, being withal disappointed in their expectation of supplies from England, Mr. Lane and his company took passage with Sir Francis Drake, whose fleet had now come upon the coast, and sailed for England, where they arrived July 27th, 1586. Scarcely had they departed, when a ship sent by Raleigh for their relief reached the settlement. After a diligent, but of course fruitless, search for the missing colonists, the party returned to England with all the supplies. A fortnight later, and Grenville arrived at Roanoke, with three vessels and an abundance of necessaries. He, too, made an unsuccessful exploration of the neighborhood, and then set sail for home, first leaving fifteen men, provisioned for two years, to retain possession of the territory. Such a handful of men, however, could by no means secure themselves against attack, and when the next colony came out, in 1587, no vestige of them was to be found except the bones of one man, who was supposed to have been killed by the savages. The second colony, under the government of John White, consisting of one hundred and fifty persons, arrived at the place of settlement, July 22d, 1587. At their earnest request, Governor White went

to England in August, for the purpose of procuring supplies, and the colony was left to sustain itself during his absence as best it could. That absence was longer than any one of the unfortunate adventurers could have anticipated; for, when White arrived in England, he found that colonies and foreign enterprises were secondary matters. The great Armada was certainly coming, and England needed first to defend herself at home. The struggle was hastening on, by which was to be decided, not alone the fate of present settlements in Virginia, but also, perhaps, the character of the future history of North America. The question with the Queen and her subjects now was, not whether the Virginia trade and colonization should prosper, but whether their own homes and firesides should be saved from pillage and destruction. The vessels of all loyal men must stay on England's own coasts, and help to drive away the foe which menaced them. So the colony at Roanoke must wait till England's safety is secured, to survive if it can, to perish if it must. The fleet which was in readiness to give relief was kept at home. Sad enough was it for the men and women, and that little babe, Virginia Dare, the first English child born on American soil, with other children too it may be, who thus, in the midst of hostile natives, looked out over the sea in vain for the sight of an English sail. For when (England safe once more), in August, 1590, White came to Roanoke with three good ships, and several Spanish prizes, he found no Englishman to welcome him, but only evident traces of the work of savages, who had broken up the settlement. And so Raleigh's project for colonizing Virginia must be abandoned. It was a grand scheme, not alone for the profits which it might one day have secured, but for the advantage which would have accrued to the state, by keeping the Spaniards within the limits of their own settlements, and retaining possession of the country for the benefit of the English crown. If in that crown America afterwards became the brightest jewel, the greatest credit is due to Raleigh for his attempts — though they were unsuccessful — to give it a durable setting. Raleigh, having spent a fortune upon this enterprise, made over his grants to a company of English merchants, whose subsequent doings are too familiar to need record here.

We cannot bring this paper to a close without a notice of that other great American enterprise in which Raleigh was so zealously and perseveringly engaged. We allude to his attempt at the discovery and conquest of Guiana. It is not difficult to understand why an adventure like this should have had such attractive charms for a person of Raleigh's ardent temperament, or should have appeared so advantageous to one of his sagacious statesmanship. The age was one of discovery, in which such wonders were brought to the knowledge of the Old World as to cease at length to be matters for astonishment. Cortez, Pizarro, and their successors, had stories to tell of Mexico and Peru which seemed almost beyond fable, yet which were gradually verified. Why might not the other story be true, that the remnant of the Peruvians, with their Inca, had fled into the interior of South America, and there, with countless treasure, awaited the time when a deliverer should appear to free them from the Spanish thraldom? Raleigh and his countrymen believed it; the Spaniards believed it. Nay, they could give the name of the very man who had visited this new empire of the Incas, had seen the most wonderful amount of gold and silver, and had returned in safety to the Spanish settlements. The story of El Dorado, fantastic as it now appears, was true to the men of that time. There was the name, to them standing for a veritable thing. There was the reason for it, given by Juan Martinez himself, who said he had beheld what he related. He had been carried by the Indians to Manoa, had seen the Inca, had even been entertained by that sovereign in the palace. And this is why the place was called El Dorado, according to the veracious Martinez: "Those Guianians, and also the borderers and all others in that part which I have seene, are marvellous great drunkards, in which vice, I think, no nation can compare with them, and at the time of the solemn feasts when the Emperour carouseth with his captains, tributaries, and governours, the manner is this: All those that pledge him are first stripped naked, and their bodies anointed all over with a kind of white balsamum, of which there is great plenty, and yet very dear amongst them. When they are anointed all over, certeine servants of the Emperour, having prepared

golde made into fine powder, blow it thorow hollow canes upon their naked bodies, untill they be all shining from the foot to the head, and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties and hundreds, and continue in drunkenness, six or seven dayes together. Upon this sight, and for the abundance of gold he saw in the city, the images of gold in their temples, the plates, armour, and shields of gold which they use in the warres, he called it El Dorado." A strange story enough, we say, yet Mr. Prescott can tell us stranger ones, which have the additional merit of being true. Here, then, was a mighty empire in the heart of the tropical forests, about the head-waters of the Orinoco and the Amazon. If England could possess it, she would be far richer and more powerful than Spain. If she could go to these Indians as a protector from the cruelties of the Spaniards, she would be the foremost nation of the world in humanity and mercy. To find this empire, and to carry promise of protection, was Raleigh's scheme, which he tried to execute, not once only, but twice and thrice, and even oftener, and which at last proved the snare in which he lost his life, his eldest son and his best captain having previously laid down their lives in the enterprise.

But Raleigh was by no means the first who ventured upon this undertaking. The path had been travelled by weary and bloody feet. The golden phantom was the lure which had led many a brave man to his destruction. Many a captain, "with valiant comrades at his back, had vanished into the green gulfs of the primeval forests, never to emerge again." Tales of suffering and woe, sometimes of crime, are connected with all the names of that long list of adventurers who went to seek Manoa. Diego Ordas, slain in a mutiny; Orellana, for eight months sailing down the Maranon in a small brigantine, exposed to many dangers and fighting with Amazons; Juan Corteso, Pedro de Silva, Pedro Hernandez de Serpa, Alonzo de Herrara, killed, driven back, or lost in the wilderness; Antonio Sedenno, assaulted by tigers; Augustine Delgado, requiting the courtesy and kindness of the Indians by manifold wrongs; Pedro de Orsua, basely murdered, with his wife, by mutinous followers; — these are a few only of Raleigh's predecessors. A less courageous man would have quailed at the

prospect. Yet Raleigh made the attempt, all the more excited to it by the prospect of dangers in the way. The tale of his misfortunes is but another added to the catalogue of woes which mankind have suffered in the pursuit of gold.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!"

It is but due to Raleigh to say, that his desire for treasure was secondary to his love for England's glory and his regard for England's queen.

It is not our intention to give an account of Raleigh's voyages to Guiana, or of his proceedings while there. They better deserve a paper by themselves, and our narrowing limits warn us against an attempt to present them here. Suffice it to say, that he pursued this object with more constancy, perhaps, than any other of his adventurous life. His first voyage was made in 1595, his last in 1617. In the mean time he sent out several expeditions, all of which were unsuccessful. El Dorado was not reached, and the city of Manoa and the country of the Amazons remain undiscovered to this day. Poor Raleigh receives but little credit from the historians for his enterprise in this direction, and less for the narrative which he gives of his discoveries. Hume declares that his account of the country is "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind." Lingard is scarcely less severe, making the remark, that his narrative "proves him to have been a master in the art of puffing." We do not indorse the truth of Raleigh's stories, but we do not believe that he attempted to palm off upon his countrymen what he himself knew to be falsehood. He simply told what he had heard from the Spaniards, from Berreo, and from the Indian caciques. And in an age when the most marvellous accounts of the New World were in circulation, — when the truth itself was almost incredible, — when this unexplored continent lay before the mind and imagination of Europe, and every fresh discovery excited that imagination more and more, — such stories as these of Raleigh are no more than were current, and received with full credit, at the time. If John Davis, with his good sense, could write a book to prove that the inhabitants of the North Pole occu-

pied the place of greatest dignity on the globe, and, if they were only converted to Christianity, would be the happiest, because the most favored, people in the world, Sir Walter Raleigh, with his vivid fancy, could be pardoned for statements, which, if fictitious, were not so strange as many which were known to be true. Then, too, it cannot be proved that there is no El Dorado in the interior of South America. It is not at all improbable that a portion of the Peruvians fled thither from the rapacity of the Spaniards. It is certainly true that there is gold in abundance in that territory. And it may be that some American Layard will yet lay bare, in the depth of Amazonian forests, a buried empire. When we remember, also, that Indian women might have become desperate, and, flying from Spanish lust, have changed their gentle nature for rough and warlike habits, the story of the Amazons may not appear to us altogether improbable. If the reports of African travellers are correct, women can be trained to rival the hardier sex in valor and fierceness. But, true or false, Raleigh's "Discoverie of Guiana" still stands, a narrative of charming description, of delightful freshness, and of unsurpassed interest.

Westward Ho! Elizabeth, her merchants, her courtiers, her warriors, have long since passed away; but the spirit which animated them lives in their descendants. The West is still the land of promise, of hope, of enterprise and adventure. Ever towards the setting sun the nations look, and take their way, as though the golden clouds he leaves behind him were the tokens of substantial treasures on which his rays yet fall. It was not for the men of that glorious time to give the New World its impulse towards civilized life. Those who sought gold, even though it might have been for England's greater glory, were not the men to found a state, whose work it was to carry forward providential plans for the welfare of all the human race. The Spanish colonies have become insignificant nations; Guiana is an inconsiderable province of Great Britain. It was reserved for those who left their country in obedience to convictions of duty, — duty to God and Humanity, — to lay the foundations of the new England upon the western continent. That other England, now an empire

richer than El Dorado itself, mightier than Spain in her most powerful days, contesting with the old and parent England the peaceful supremacy of land and sea, — what a glorious destiny awaits her fidelity to God, her own history, and the interests of mankind! Not by tyranny over the weak, not by insane thirst for gold, but by justice and generosity, by patient industry and steadfast righteousness, shall a great state grow up into its full proportions, and "Westward Ho!" shall be to all the nations of the earth the watchword of freedom, of civilization, and of progress.

Art. II. — 1. *Œuvres Complètes de* Victor Hugo. Paris. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Napoléon le Petit.* New York. 1852.

3. *Œuvres Oratoires de* Victor Hugo. Genève. 1853. 2 vols.

4. *Châtiments.* Par Victor Hugo. Genève. 1853.

On the western coast of France lies a group of islands, lifting their rocky cliffs above the sea, and washed on all sides by the Atlantic. The three principal members of this group, known as the "Channel Islands," are Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey. These islands, though seeming to belong, by geographical position, to France, being but twelve or fifteen miles from the coast of La Manche, and nearly a hundred from the nearest British port, are politically a part of the territories of the British crown. The remains of Roman forts, and the discovery of coins of the Emperors, prove them to have once been military stations. In the ninth century they were invaded by the Normans, and under William the Conqueror they became a part of the Norman demesnes of England. Notwithstanding repeated attempts on the part of France to recover possession of them, they have ever since continued an integral portion of that vast empire, whose conquests by sea and land almost justify the metaphor, that the sun never sets upon her flag.

The island of Jersey, the largest of the Channel group, is defended on three sides by bold, precipitous rocks, rising 250 feet above the level of the sea. While in nearly the latitude of Paris, its insular position softens the atmosphere to such a degree that its climate, though damp, is wonderfully mild, the mean temperature being 62° in summer and 42° in winter. The population of Jersey is about 50,000, of whom 5,000 only are of English extraction. The remainder are either natives of the soil, or immigrants from the neighboring French main. The vernacular language of the island is French, which is used in the churches and courts of law. To this island, drawn by its salubrity, its close proximity to France, and the predominant French element in its population, have flocked a multitude of the political exiles whom the last unsuccessful French Revolution has scattered abroad. Among this band of republicans, and distinguished alike by literary eminence and political zeal, stands prominent and remarkable the subject of the present article.

Victor Hugo was a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, and of the National Assembly of the Republic, which was dissolved by President Louis Napoleon by the proclamation of December 2, 1851, commonly called the *Coup d'Etat.* Born in the year 1802, at the village of Besançon, he was cradled among the stirring scenes of martial glory which preceded the establishment of the empire. His father was a colonel in the army of Napoleon, and the young Victor, born almost amid the roar of cannon, followed, with his mother, the steps of the conquering army. This wandering and adventurous infancy, fruitful in all the emotions which varied scenery and events can inspire, nourished his imagination with poetic fancies. "I traversed Europe," says he, "almost before I began to live"; and in fact, at five years of age, he had already been carried from Besançon to Elba, from Elba to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome to Naples, had played at the foot of Vesuvius, and with his father had chased Italian brigands across the mountains of Calabria. On his return to France, in 1809, his education, already commenced by so large an experience of the world, was continued by the aid of books. He learned the rudiments of the classics

in an ancient convent near his mother's dwelling, where he passed two years of domestic serenity and quiet study. It was his fortune to read Tacitus with an old royalist general, a proscribed refugee, who found a hiding-place from the imperial police at the house of Madame Hugo, herself a royalist, and a fugitive in early revolutionary days from the famous Vendean army. Of a generous and intrepid nature, this heroic woman furnished the proscribed officer a safe asylum, and he found a solace for his secluded life in the education of the young Victor. Thus were planted in the mind of the boy the germs of that royalist tendency which his earlier writings exhibited, and which was but strengthened when, in 1811, he saw his old friend, at last discovered in his retreat, torn from his arms, and publicly shot, in the plain of Grenelle, by the order of Napoleon. Some months after this tragedy, the father of Victor Hugo, now become a general, and appointed major-domo of Louis Bonaparte's palace at Madrid, removed thither with his wife and children. Under the brilliant sky of Spain, on its picturesque soil, rich in old historic memories, and then agitated by war, the young Victor received indelible impressions, and his mind has always preserved a tint of the Gothic and Moorish spirit of that land. To this brief sojourn in the Peninsula he doubtless owes much of that bold and lofty reach of thought, that Castilian march of verse, and that Southern exuberance of imagination, which so greatly distinguish his style. Already, at the age of ten years, the poetic demon possessed him, and asserted its sway over his susceptible nature. At the age when most boys scarcely begin to speak in prose, he began to murmur forth vague and confused melodies.

In 1812, some old differences, aggravated by the intense opposition of their political sentiments, produced a separation between the parents of Victor Hugo, and, the custody of the children being legally assigned to the father, he placed his son in an institution preparatory to the Polytechnic School. Here the boy, while pursuing the study of the mathematics in obedience to his father's wishes, gave himself up more and more to poetry. At the age of fourteen, he had produced the model of a tragedy upon the precepts of Aristotle, and two years

later he sent to the French Academy two odes, which were both publicly crowned. From that moment the young poet began to astonish France by the precocity and variety of his genius.

Two years rolled on, — 1820 - 22, — two remarkable years in the life of our author, filled as they were with labors, with struggles, with trouble, with happiness, with glory. The most brilliant literary epoch of the restoration was just beginning. The country was recovering at length from the tumult of anarchy and the distractions of conquest. Everywhere the taste for the solid and the beautiful sprang up; the study of the classics was renewed; the knowledge of foreign tongues spread wider and wider; and an enthusiasm for the diffusion of intelligence was re-established. The literature of the Empire, inflated with words, and barren of ideas, was fast yielding to a purer rhetoric and a truer taste. Two great names in French literature, Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël, elevated above the herd of worthless writers who afflicted the Empire, were guiding and animating the new generation of authors. De Lamennais had just published the first volume of his "Essay on Indifference in Religion." De Vigny had prefaced his beautiful romance of "Cinq-Mars," by giving scope to the romantic genius of his Muse. Lamartine had tuned his swan-like voice, and was waiting for the first time to be heard. Just at this moment, to that melodious utterance of an unknown poet, Victor Hugo responded by a sympathetic cry. A noble rivalry possessed him, and his ardor increased in proportion to the difficulties which surrounded him. Distracted by affliction, for he had lost his mother; by poverty, for a stern sentiment of honor prevented him from depending upon his father; by love, for the young man was passionately enamored of a little playmate of his earlier years, whom he nevertheless sought to renounce because of his penury, — in the face of all these obstacles, the future tribune of a new literary dynasty bore himself bravely, and came off victorious. His soul poured itself forth in streams of song, vigorous, irregular, but brilliant, and burning as a stream of lava. At the same time, M. Hugo issued his first romances, "Haus d'Islande" and "Bug-Jargal," two very remarkable products

of his imagination, of which further mention will be made hereafter.

In 1822, he was married to Mdle. Foucher, the object of his early affections, and he thenceforward went on, daily achieving for himself a more and more brilliant reputation as a man of letters. The royalist party opened its arms to him. M. de Châteaubriand, in a note to the "Conservateur," had decorated him with the title of "L'Enfant Sublime." He might now have turned his attention to politics, and insured for himself a successful worldly career; but he preferred to remain faithful to the Muse, and sacrificed the prospects of courtly favor to the loftier claims of literature. In proportion, too, as he mingled with men, and entered into the ordinary relations of life, his convictions underwent an irresistible change; the fervor of his royalism abated, and his early bias toward his mother's political creed was gradually overcome, till it was wholly merged in a true and hearty sympathy with the people. Already, in 1826, the publication of his "Odes and Ballads" evinced the revolution in his opinions; and in 1830, we find him writing: "My ancient royalist and Catholic convictions have crumbled away before ten years of age and experience. There remains still some vestige of them in my mind, but it is only a religious and poetic view." And again: "I have abandoned all those fictions which are called 'divine right,' 'legitimacy,' 'king by the grace of God,' &c., which are all contrary to the true divine right, which is justice; to the true legitimacy, which is intelligence; to the real grace of God, which is reason." In the dethronement of Charles X. and the establishment in his place of the citizen-king, Louis Philippe, Victor Hugo took no active part, and it was not till many years later that he was drawn as one of the busiest actors into the arena of politics. In 1846, he was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and took his seat on the benches of the noblesse in the upper chamber of the House of Deputies. This distinction appears to have been conferred solely as a mark of honor due to his established literary fame, and the newly elected baron gave no evidence of increased attachment to the royalist *régime*. On the contrary, we find

him boldly avowing the principles of the Revolution, in less than two years after he was, in court parlance, "ennobled," — thus furnishing a triumphant proof of the truth of Burns's immortal lines, —

> "A king may mak' a belted knight,
> A marquis, duke, and a' that;
> But an *honest man 's* aboon his might,
> Guid faith, he mauna fa' that."

On the downfall of Louis Philippe, he was returned as a member of the Constituent, and afterwards of the National Assembly, in which latter body he was one of the few eloquent speakers. In 1849, he was one of the leading members of the Peace Congress, and was chosen President of that body. In 1851, when the designs of Louis Napoleon became manifest, he was one of the earliest, as he has since shown himself to be one of the steadiest, most unflinching, and most energetic opponents of that prince. His bold and eloquent attacks in the Assembly rendered him a dangerous subject to the future Emperor, and on the successful issue of the *Coup d'Etat* in December, Victor Hugo was compelled to fly to Brussels, and thence to the isle of Jersey, where he has since resided.

In attempting to form a critical estimate of the genius of Victor Hugo, it will be necessary to view him successively in each of the departments of literary effort in which he is distinguished. Before proceeding, however, to criticise the works of our author in his threefold character of novelist, poet, and orator, a few words may be premised upon the language which is the vehicle of his thought. The French tongue, considered as a medium for the expression of original genius, has been the subject of a vast amount of unjust and ignorant criticism. Both in England and America there has always been a small party of enthusiastic admirers of French literature, and a much larger party of wholesale denouncers of French books, French morals, French politics, French habits, and everything that is French. The natural hatred which is so confidently asserted to subsist between an Englishman and a Frenchman, has extended itself into literature, and has prevented, in general, any just appreciation of the productions of French genius on the other side of the Chan-

nel. And we in this country have been so greatly influenced by the opinions of leading English reviews, as to give ready currency to the prejudiced estimates of Blackwood and the London Quarterly, — journals whose intense and bigoted Toryism would limit the possession of Parnassus to some royal family of letters, and deny the inspiration of every bard who has not drunk at their muddy, though legitimate Helicon. The occasional criticisms of French authors by such writers as Wilson and Maguire, in particular, display a disgraceful amount of ignorance and prejudice.

This anti-Gallic spirit infests almost the entire range of British criticism; and although there is not wanting true appreciation of the eminent writers of France, the burden of the English press has been unsparing censure of French authors, and unlimited abuse of French literature. The cheap commonplaces of censure which are most frequently paraded for this purpose are "frivolous," "grandiloquent," "theatrical," "wordy," "superficial," and the like. Now we venture the assertion, that we can produce from among English authors, — authors of great popularity too, — books which shall be unsurpassed in each of these characteristics, and which are at the same time admired and praised by the very critics who sneer at whatever is French as almost beneath notice. In point both of style and of matter, the literature of France may challenge comparison with that of either of the modern languages. The only rivals likely to contest its claims are the German and the English. In the important element of style, it is far superior to the German, and in many features excels the English. The leading characteristics of French style are clearness, point, simplicity, grace, and fluency. If the object of language be to convey thought, it will not be disputed that these are merits of the first magnitude. Still less will it be denied, that in all these points of excellence the French leaves the German tongue hopelessly behind. And our own language, though perhaps unequalled in richness and power, must suffer the criticism, at least as to current modern usage, of a want of free, natural movement, a labored structure of sentences, and a large infusion of bookish and pedantic words. The idea expressed by the Latin word

"inconditus," *disorganized*, or rather *non-organized*, is peculiarly appropriate to the style that disfigures so many English compositions. Our writers for the press — especially the periodical press — have no conception whatever of style, as an art. Hence they heap up a huge collection of sentences, in the most tumid and tumultuous way, in which all idea of sequence is lost soon after starting, and the graces of simplicity and clear-flowing speech are merged in a torrent of verbose and windy loquacity. So wide-spread has become this disease, that the appearance of any book, discourse, review-article, or newspaper-leader, written in terse and vigorous English, excites universal remark.

Not only is our literature thus burdened with the vices of a cumbrous and chaotic style, but our language is suffering from a growing plethora of vicious forms of expression and slang phrases. Pure idiomatic English has become almost obsolete, and its place is usurped by a mongrel and depraved dialect, composed of the oddest jumble of French, German, fustian, and Billingsgate, with long words ending in *ology*, *osity*, and *ation*. This frightful medley of the worst materials seems first to have risen from the gutter into ordinary conversation, then to have been imitated in the newspapers, and finally to have been reproduced in more permanent forms. Their permanence, however, thanks to the preservation of better models, and to the normal sanity of the human intellect, is not yet an established fact; and we congratulate our countrymen, in view of the vast daily spawn of the American press, and the enormous editions of irreclaimable trash which are daily sold, that probably there are no books which the world will more willingly let die.

But to return, the faults which in English books are well-nigh universal, seem to have almost no existence in the French. Speaking accurately and to the letter, it may be affirmed, that it would be impossible to find, in the whole body of French literature, any sustained instance of that cumbrous and unwieldy style which disfigures English composition so extensively. On the other hand, all is clear, vivacious, and transparent; the even flow of the sentence is broken only by a gracefully recurring rise and fall; the peri-

ods are short, rapid, unelaborate; and the long, involved sentences which so task the attention in English, and still more in German writers, are unknown. Nor is there any truth in the very popular notion, that this constant ease and polish of style involve shallowness of matter. On the contrary, it will be found that, among all the clear and perspicuous writers whom France has produced, the clearest and most perspicuous are her great thinkers, such as Pascal, Descartes, Voltaire, and Cousin. It is a singular delusion of some men, that obscurity of style is a necessary adjunct to profundity of thought, and that the most valuable ideas are always to be found disguised in misty labyrinths of words. This delusion has been much supported by the fact, that many great thinkers have been indifferent masters of style; yet it requires but a moment's reflection to see that these writers have been great, not because of their obscurity, but in spite of it. Not an instance can be cited of any effective, yet obscure writer, who would not have been much more effective by a more skilful use of language as the vehicle of thought. Does any one doubt, for example, that the great History of Niebuhr would exercise a far wider influence upon the world, were its immensely valuable researches adorned by the highest literary art on the part of the historian?

Nor is it true that France has been deficient in solid and positive contributions to the sum of human knowledge. Her pre-eminence in all the physical sciences has long been conceded. In mathematics, nearly all the great writers whose works have become text-books are Frenchmen. In medical science, the researches of Frenchmen stand foremost and unequalled. In history, France can furnish an array of great names, — Thierry, Michelet, Guizot, Thiers, Sismondi, D'Aubigné, Lamartine, — all of whom have become, by translation, familiar and indispensable companions to our studies. In philosophy, she possesses Descartes, Bayle, Malebranche, Helvetius, Cousin, and Comte. In the imaginative walks of literature, also, we find her only less conspicuous than in the more exact departments of science. That language can hardly be called sterile in the materials of romance, which has produced three such novels as "Consuelo," "Notre Dame de Paris," and

"The Wandering Jew." In poetry, the popular lyrics of Beranger are as yet unrivalled upon their own ground. In the drama, although it must be conceded that France has produced no unique like our own inspired and immortal Shakespeare, yet the names of Corneille, Racine, and Molière will redeem her stage from any charge of intellectual poverty. We have not mentioned her two greatest writers, remarkable alike for the versatility and brilliancy of their powers, — Rousseau and Voltaire, — the former a perfect model of the union of intense and earnest thought with an exquisite and fascinating style, and the latter, in spite of all the limitations and drawbacks of character and creed which detract from his merits, still a master in all the varied functions of critic, novelist, historian, philosopher, dramatist, and poet.

But we must return from this long digression, into which we have been betrayed by the desire of defending the native tongue of Victor Hugo from the ignorance of its detractors. We trust we have said enough to warrant the advice which we now give to those detractors, namely, that, before they sneer at the deficiencies of French literature, they at least learn to emulate its excellences.

Let us now contemplate Victor Hugo in his character as a novelist. Sir Walter Scott has drawn a distinction between the novel and the romance, in saying that the novel is simply a fictitious narrative in prose, while the romance is a story of actions and adventures of an extraordinary and wonderful character. By this definition, the fictions of Victor Hugo are plainly to be classed in the romantic school. His first two romances, "Haus d'Islande" and "Bug-Jargal," both produced at the age of twenty, though evincing much genius, are disfigured by strange and monstrous creations of fancy, which tend strongly to disgust the reader. And yet, by the side of these hideous characters, the young author has placed the most beautiful ideal figures. With these early fictions began to be developed in M. Hugo that tendency to a perfect antithesis between the good and the evil, the beautiful and the deformed, which pervades all his romances and dramas, and upon which, at a later period, he seems to have engrafted an entire dramatic system. In 1829, he published "Les Der-

niers Jours d'un Condamné," in which he vividly depicted and analyzed the tortures of a man left for execution. The terrific interest of the work gave it an immediate success. It is an eloquent and harrowing appeal for humanity, invoking respect for human life, even when sullied with blood. Some passages in it seem as if written with the iron pen of Dante. This was the first occasion on which our author turned his genius to the service of a humane reform. He has since lost no opportunity of publicly protesting against the death-penalty, and it may be said that no living writer (with the single exception, perhaps, of Charles Dickens) has written with so much power against the barbarous and disgusting usage of capital punishment.

The great romance of Victor Hugo is his "Notre Dame de Paris." On this work, which is the history of a foundling, brought up within the walls of the Cathedral of that name, Victor Hugo has lavished the entire force of his creative power. The work is of remarkable originality in all its parts, and no scene or character can be traced as an imitation of any model. The vivid contrasts in which it abounds, — the hideous ugliness of Quasimodo, with the angelic beauty of Esmeralda, — illustrate the artistic creed of our author just alluded to, that the essence of art lies in the exhibition of contrasts. The book has great faults of execution, is full of extravagances of style and sentiment, and yet displays so much energy and grace, such passion, such power, and such genius, that the reader, affected to the very centre of his being, and unable to take account of the variety of his sensations, surrenders his critical faculties, and does involuntary homage to the power of the author.

But if the genius of Victor Hugo is great as a novelist, it is still greater as a poet. And he seems to be almost equally distinguished in the lyric and the dramatic schools of poetry. His first publication was the "Odes et Ballades," a volume strewn with beautiful verses, inspired with a religious and royalist enthusiasm. His next volume of lyric poetry was "Les Orientales," — differing widely in form and substance from any of his other works. This collection, the idea of which was a sudden fantasy which flashed across his mind one evening in connection with some reminiscence of Spain,

depicts Moorish and Oriental life in its many romantic phases. Here his lyrical power appears in its greatest lustre. The French language had never before arrived at such a degree of flexibility and beauty of poetic diction. Never were poems so distinguished for harmony, delicacy, smoothness of rhythm, richness of coloring, and profusion of imagery. In another publication, "Les Feuilles d'Automne," Victor Hugo cultivates a different field of fancy. In these poems, the strains are pure and simple, the sentiments calm, tender, and domestic. They are chiefly of a religious tendency, diversified with glowing, spontaneous effusions of youthful hopes and affections. One of them, entitled "La Prière pour tous," is one of the most touching devotional poems we have ever read, and leaves Pope's "Universal Prayer" at a cold and impassable distance. In his "Chants du Crépuscule," — "Twilight Songs," — our poet sings of the emotions that assail us in the twilight of life, when the hope of earthly happiness is gone, and the soul is absorbed in contemplation of the eternal change. Some of the finest specimens of psychological poetry which the present century has produced are to be found in this volume. It would be erroneous to suppose that these various collections of poems are loose and desultory pieces thrown at random into a volume. On the contrary, each has a special object, and represents a particular idea.

"Les Voix Intérieures," which followed the "Twilight Songs," are a series of poems devoted to the family affections. But unfortunately the lustre of the poet's genius seems here to desert him, and he has many feeble and poor lines. Amid numerous faulty and irregular compositions, marked by wild eccentricity, only a few gleam as bright and lustrous gems. On the appearance of this volume, the warmest admirers of Victor Hugo stood mute with sorrow and chagrin. His vein seemed exhausted, and France began to deplore the premature decline of her most brilliant poetic star. This proved, however, too hasty an impression, as the poet afterward demonstrated by the publication of "Les Rayons et les Ombres," in which he seems to have surpassed all his former efforts. As a whole, it is undoubtedly to be considered his most faultless production, since every poem it con-

tains beams with intelligence and genius. "There is infinite sweetness, pathos, and harmony in these poems. Pensive, serene, and peaceful glides along — among homely haunts, by the household hearth, amid the fields, the hamlets, and the woods — the verse that elsewhere rolls its mighty stream around kings and conquerors, triumphs and trophies, shattered thrones and contending factions. There is no lack of variety in his poetry. Few are the children of song in whom will be found a greater diversity of matter, a more free and facile multiformity of style." *Ennui* is a state of feeling never produced in his readers, and the charge of mechanical structure and wearisome monotony of rhythm, so often brought against French poetry, applies to none of his poems.

The latest lyric production of Victor Hugo is a volume of political poems, entitled "Châtiments," printed at Jersey in 1853, and published at Geneva. This little volume is a collection of lyrics in various metres, all bearing upon the recent political events in France. In it he takes up the burden of his next preceding work, "Napoléon le Petit," and summons the Emperor to the bar of justice, in the most thrilling and powerful verse which has ever flowed from his pen. Although the book may be termed a monody, in which the author sings the requiem of French liberty, it yet partakes of that infinite variety of treatment which characterizes all his works. Now we hear a melodious wail over the dead body of some exiled republican; now, a fierce upbraiding of imperial treachery; now, a lofty and musical apostrophe to the martyrs of the 4th of December; now, a sharp, short satire, aimed at some courtly debauchee, every rhyme in which bites to the quick; and now, an impassioned call to the republicans to keep alive their faith and courage. This volume of "Châtiments," like the "Napoléon le Petit," is, of course, interdicted in France.

The dramatic poetry of Victor Hugo may be said to have inaugurated a new era in French literature. Before his advent, the stage was usurped by the so-called "classic" school of dramas, the characteristics of which were tameness, correctness, and implicit obedience to all the unities of Aristotle. Victor Hugo was unfitted, by his romantic imagination and the intensity of his nature, for working freely after the old

models, and accordingly we find him, in the preface to his drama of "Cromwell," boldly declaring war against Aristotle and Racine, coming to an open rupture with the established dramatic authorities, and standing forth as the herald of a new school. He asserts that in Shakespeare alone is to be found the type of the true dramatic art. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire he summarily dethrones. "The characteristic of the drama," says he, "is the real. The real results from the natural combination of two types, the sublime and the grotesque, which mingle in the drama as they are mingled in creation. Everything that is in nature is in art." This new creed was hailed by many with enthusiasm, but drew down upon its author the scornful attacks of the whole classic school. In pursuance of it, Victor Hugo produced drama after drama, in which he pushed the license of irregularity to extremes, and, by the profuse employment of grotesque and horrible characters and situations, startled even the friends of the new school. Still, these dramas sparkle with innumerable beauties of thought, device, and expression, which gleam like twinkling lights in a dark and perturbed atmosphere. In 1830, Hugo prepared to make his first attack on the stiff and unnatural dramatic system prevalent in his country. His play of "Hernani" was for the first time brought out at the Théâtre Français. The indignation of the old, and the enthusiasm of the new party, knew no bounds. The classic school opposed with bitter ridicule the entrance of the "Barbarians" into the dramatic sanctuary. The Academy even went so far as to lay a complaint against the innovation at the foot of the throne. But Charles X., with great good sense, replied, that in matters of art he was no more than a private person. Meanwhile the drama, which was far superior to any of its predecessors, succeeded.

This is no place to enter at length upon the old quarrel between the classic and the romantic schools of art. Our own impression is that the true secret of power lies in the union of the two. Henry Taylor, in the elaborate preface to his elaborate drama of "Philip Van Artevelde," takes occasion to arraign a number of the great poets of the earlier part of our century, for their open rebellion against the rules of

correct taste, and their wide departure, both in subject and in style, from the classic models. Byron and Shelley he calls the high-priests of the *fantastical* school of poetry. Now, it appears to us that no greater service has in modern times been rendered to art than the widening of the domain of poetry by these very writers, the dethronement, as objects of exclusive and unreasonable idolatry, of such correct and classic authors as Pope, Johnson, and Addison, and the establishment of a free, impassioned, and imaginative school of poetry. The most correct taste is not that which is satisfied only with the even and elaborate structures of art, but that which relishes the wild, flowing, and beautiful, though often irregular, outlines of nature. Give us the craggy rocks and the lofty mountain, though we take with them the storm and the avalanche, rather than confine us to the dreary and monotonous, though secure, level of the plain. To be sure, writers may abuse the freedom of nature, and there is danger that liberty may degenerate into license; but it is better to run the hazard of an occasional shock to our taste, than to endure the silent and eternal gnawings of *ennui*. We are thankful, then, to Victor Hugo for having recalled French dramatic composition from the tame and trite models which had usurped the stage, to a freer and more natural, if sometimes objectionable style.

We come now, in the last place, to consider Victor Hugo in the character of an orator, political writer, and pamphleteer. Two volumes of speeches and addresses from his pen have been published since his exile in the isle of Jersey, besides the famous political diatribe entitled "Napoléon le Petit." All these productions display the characteristic merits and defects of our author. The style is bold, vivid, intense, full of epigrammatic point, and abounding with the richest profusion of poetic imagery. He deals often in climax, and sometimes in hyperbole. The former rhetorical figure he sometimes employs with prodigious effect. All the most striking figures of rhetoric are pressed into the service of his thought. He apostrophizes heaven, hell, civilization, tyranny, glory, democracy, Napoléon le Petit, Napoléon le Grand, the memory of the martyrs of liberty, the shades of departed tyrants. He invokes to his aid every power of the mind, every passion of the

soul, every impulse of the imagination. He startles us by the boldness and vigor of his thought, no less than by the intensity of his style. Every one will remember an eloquent eulogy pronounced in April, 1853, over the grave of a refugee who died and was buried in the isle of Jersey, which was translated for the English press, and widely circulated in this country. His speech, also, in defence of his son, Charles Hugo, prosecuted and convicted for writing an article reflecting on the execution of a condemned criminal, was a weighty and affecting appeal for humanity and the freedom of the press. But it is chiefly in his "Napoléon le Petit" that will be found in their most striking form all the characteristics of his style. This book is full of vivid antithesis, impassioned appeal, fierce denunciation, biting sarcasm, glowing apostrophe, towering climax, and terrible invective. His mind is filled with the one great fact of Napoleon's treason, his double violation of the oaths of a prince and the honor of a man, his stealthy and insidious plots and preparations for the *Coup d'Etat*, his suppression of the liberty of the press, his choking of the freedom of debate, his proscription of the eighty-four representatives of the people, his massacre of the three hundred on the 4th of December, his transportation to Africa of ten thousand patriots, and his driving into exile, by fears of prosecution, of forty thousand more. Victor Hugo sees none of the palliating circumstances furnished by state emergencies and popular connivance, but pours out upon the head of the successful criminal all the vials of his wrath. He denounces against him the hatred of his contemporaries, the sure sentence of history, and the retributions of the judgment to come. He institutes remorseless parallels between Napoleon and Nero, Domitian, and Torquemada. He denounces his vices, satirizes his weaknesses, and blazes with indignation at his crimes. He catalogues those crimes in language which almost makes the blood to curdle and the flesh to creep. He gibbets their author in the gaze of the world, transfixed with the arrows of the most withering scorn, and only not consumed with the hottest breath of his indignation. Whatever may be our opinion of the correctness of his judgment and the fairness of his book, we cannot refuse to it the foremost

place at the head of all political diatribes. The strongest letters of Junius appear tame in the comparison, and the laurels of the first pamphleteers of France, Paul Louis Courier and De Cormenin, fade into obscurity before it.

We have hitherto abstained from illustrating our criticisms of our author by extracts, for the obvious reasons, that his poetry is incapable of being adequately rendered, and his romances afford no detached passages suitable for translation. The book which we are now considering, being to a great degree free from these obstacles, may enable us to verify our judgment by a few extracts. We must forewarn our readers, that even the best translation must fall short of the original, and that our attempted version should by no means be taken as a full expression of the powers of the author.

"History has its tigers. The historians, those immortal keepers of ferocious animals, exhibit to the nations that imperial menagerie. Tacitus has seized and confined eight or ten of these tigers in the iron cages of his style. Behold them: they are frightful and superb; their spots constitute a part of their beauty. This is Nimrod, the hunter of men; that is Busiris, the tyrant of Egypt; that other is Phalaris, who caused men to be baked alive in a brazen bull, that he might hear the bull bellow; here is Ahasuerus, who tore the scalp from the heads of the seven Maccabees, and caused them to be roasted alive; there is Nero, the burner of Rome, who wrapped the Christians in wax and bitumen, and set them on fire like torches; there is Tiberius, the man of Capreæ; there is Domitian; here is Caracalla; there is Heliogabalus; that other is Commodus, who has this merit the more in the horror which he inspires, that he was the son of Marcus Aurelius; these are the Czars; those, the Sultans; there go the Popes, — behold among them the tiger Borgia; see Philip, called the Good, as the Furies were called Eumenides; see Richard III., sinister and deformed; behold, with his great face and his huge belly, Henry VIII., who, of five wives that he had, murdered three; see Christiern II., the Nero of the North; behold Philip II., the Demon of the South. They are frightful; hear them roar; consider them, one after the other. The historian brings them out before you; the historian exhibits them, furious and terrible, at the side of the cage, opens for you their jaws, lets you see their teeth, shows you their claws; you can say of every one of them, 'It is a royal tiger.' In truth, they have been taken upon their thrones. History leads them forth across the ages. She takes care that they shall not die; they are her tigers.

"*She does not mingle with them the jackals.* She keeps and guards apart those unclean beasts. M. Louis Bonaparte will be found, with Claudius, with Ferdinand VII. of Spain, with Ferdinand II. of Naples, in the cage of the hyenas.

"He is a little of a brigand, and very much of a knave. We see always in him the poor prince of industry, who lived by his wits in England; his actual prosperity, his triumph, and his glory, and his success, go for nothing here; that mantle of purple is dragged under the mire of his boots. *Napoléon le Petit*, nothing more, nothing less: the title of our book is good. The baseness of his vices detracts from the grandeur of his crimes. What would you have? Peter the Cruel massacred, but did not rob. Henry III. assassinated, but did not swindle. Timour trampled little children under the feet of his horses, just as M. Bonaparte exterminated women and old men on the Boulevards; but he did not lie. Listen to the Arabian historian: 'Timour Beg, Sahib Keran,— ruler of the world, and of his age, ruler of the planetary conjunctions, — was born at Kesch, in 1336. He strangled a hundred thousand captives. When he besieged Siwas, the inhabitants, to appease him, sent out to him a thousand little children, each bearing a Koran upon his head, and shouting, *Allah! Allah!* He caused the sacred books to be removed with respect, and the children to be crushed under the feet of horses. He employed seventy thousand human heads, with cement, stones, and bricks, in building towers at Hérat, at Sebzvar, at Tékrit, at Aleppo, at Bagdad. *He despised lying;* when he had given his word, he always kept it.'

"M. Bonaparte is not of that stature. He has not that dignity which the great despots of the East and of the West mingled with their ferocity. The Cesarean grandeur is wanting to him. To keep a good countenance, and maintain a proper air among all those illustrious executioners who have tortured humanity these four thousand years, one must not hesitate in his mind between a general of division and a beater of the big drum on the Champs Elysées; one must not have been policeman at London; one must not have endured, with eyes cast down, in full assembly of the peers, the haughty contempt of M. Magnan; one must not have been called pickpocket by the English journals; one must not have been threatened with Clichy; one must not represent, in a word, all that there is in man of the knave."

Our next extract is a touching description of the sad lot of the forty thousand exiled republicans.

"The exiles are scattered abroad: Destiny has her winds, which scatter men like a handful of ashes. Some are in Belgium, in Pied-

mont, in Switzerland, where they have no liberty; others are in London, where they have no roof to their heads. This man, a peasant, has been torn from his native homestead; that one, a soldier, has only the stump of his sword, which has been broken in his hand; that other, a laborer, is ignorant of the language of the country, is without clothes and without shoes, knows not what he shall eat on the morrow; this one has quitted a wife and children, a well-beloved group, the end of his labor, the joy of his life; that, has an old mother, with white hairs, who bemoans him; this one has an aged father, who will die without ever seeing him again; that other is a lover, and has left behind some adored being who must forget him. They raise their heads, they stretch out their hands one to another, they smile; there is no people that does not view them on their passage to exile with respect, and that does not contemplate with profound tenderness, as one of the most beautiful spectacles which Fortune can give to men, all those serene consciences, all those broken hearts.

"They suffer, they are silent; in them the citizen has sacrificed the man; they look fixedly in the face of adversity; they do not even cry out, on the pitiless verge of misfortune, '*Civis Romanus sum!*' but the night, when one dreams, when everything in the strange city is clothed with sadness, for what seemeth cold by the light of day becomes terrible and funereal at twilight, — but the night, when one cannot sleep, — the most stoical spirits are open to the inroads of sorrow and of grief! Where are the little children? who shall give them bread? who shall give them their father's kiss? Where is the wife? where the mother? where the brother? where are they all? And the songs which one heard at evening in his native tongue, where are they? Where is the grove, the tree, the footpath, the roof full of nests, the belfry surrounded with graves? Where is the street, where the faubourg, the lantern lighted before the gate, the friends, the workshop, the business, the accustomed labor? And the furniture sold at public outcry, the auctioneer invading the domestic sanctuary! Oh! what eternal adieus! Destroyed, dead, scattered to the four winds, that moral being which we call the household hearth, and which consists not only in conversation, in tenderness, and in embraces, but which is also composed of hours, of habits, of the visits of friends, of the laughter of this one, of the pressure of the hand of that, of the view we saw from such a window, of the place where was such a piece of furniture, of the arm-chair where the grandfather used to sit, of the carpet where the first-born has played! Torn from us all those objects on which was imprinted our life! Vanished for ever the visible form of all our souvenirs! There are in grief intimate and obscure recesses, where even the

most intrepid courage yields. The Roman orator stretched out his head without blenching to the dagger of the centurion Lenas; but he wept when he thought of his house demolished by Clodius."

Our closing extract is a graphic account of the spirit which moved the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, and the spirit which counteracted it.

"Providence conducts to maturity, by the law of universal life, men, things, and events. It suffices, in order that an old world may disappear, that civilization, ascending continually towards its meridian, should shine upon old institutions, old prejudices, old laws, old customs. That radiance burns up and devours the past. At its influence, slowly, and without shock, what ought to decay, decays; what ought to decline, declines; the wrinkles of age grow over all doomed things, — over castes, codes, institutions, religions. This work of decrepitude goes on, in some sort, of itself. Yet it is a fruitful decrepitude, under which shoots the germ of the new life. Little by little the ruin is prepared; deep, invisible cracks spread here and there in the darkness, and crumbles to dust from below that venerable pile which still stands secure above: and behold, some fine day, all at once, that assemblage of worm-eaten facts, of which decaying societies are composed, becomes rotten; the edifice is shaken, loosened, and leans over. Then all goes for nothing henceforward. Let there arrive one of those giants peculiar to revolutions, let but the giant raise his hand, and all is over. There is an hour in history when a hunch of the elbow of a Danton may overthrow Europe.

"1848 was one of those hours; — old feudal, monarchical, and papal Europe, plastered up so fatally for France in 1815, began to totter. But a Danton was wanting. The overthrow did not come. Men have often said, in the hackneyed phraseology applied to such events, that 1848 had opened a gulf in human affairs. No. The corpse of the past being like a dead weight upon Europe, 1848 opened a grave in which to inter that corpse. It is that grave which men mistook for a gulf.

"In 1848, everything which held by the past, — all that survived of that corpse, met before that grave, — not only kings on their thrones, cardinals under their hats, judges under the shadow of their guillotine, captains on their war-horses, — were moved: but whoever had an interest of whatever sort in that which was about to disappear; whoever cultivated to his profit a social fiction, or had an abuse to lease or to hire; whoever was keeper of a lie, guardian of a prejudice, or farmer of a superstition; whoever robbed, extorted, oppressed, lied; whoever

sold by false weights, from those who altered a balance to those who falsified the Bible, from the bad merchant to the bad priest, from those who swindled by figures to those who made money by miracles; — all, from a certain Jewish banker, who fancied himself a little of a Catholic, to a certain Catholic bishop, who became a little of a Jew, — all the men of the past turned their heads towards each other, and trembled.

"That grave which was yawning for them, and into which were to fall all those fictions which have weighed upon mankind for so many ages, they resolved to close. They resolved to wall it up, to fill it with stones and with rubbish, and to erect upon that pile a gibbet, and to crucify upon that gibbet, warm and bleeding, that grand criminal, the truth.

"They resolved to make an end, once for all, of the spirit of freedom and emancipation, and to arrest and turn back for ever the ascending force of humanity.

"The enterprise was formidable: — to undo the labor of twenty generations; to strangle in the nineteenth century, seizing them by the throat, three centuries, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth, — that is to say, Luther, Descartes, and Voltaire, — religious inquiry, philosophic inquiry, universal inquiry; to crush throughout Europe that immense vegetation of free thought, springing up here like a huge oak, there like a blade of grass; to marry the knout and the crosier; to diffuse more of Spain in the South, and more of Russia in the North; to revive all that they could of the Inquisition, and to extinguish all that they could of intelligence; to stultify the youth, in other words, to brutalize the future; to cause the world to assist at the *auto da fé* of ideas; to overthrow the tribunes; to suppress the journal, the hand-bill, the book, the speech, the cry, the murmur, the whisper; to enforce silence; to prosecute thought, in the case of the printer, in the composing-stick, in the type, in the stereotype, in the lithograph, in the picture, in the theatre, on the platform, in the book of the schoolmaster, in the pack of the colporteur; to give to every man, for faith, for law, for aim, and for God, — material interest; to say to the people, 'Eat, and think not'; to take away from man the brain, and leave him only the belly; to extinguish individual enterprise, local life, national enthusiasm, all those profound instincts which impel men towards the right; to annihilate that personality of the nations, which men call country; to destroy nationality among scattered and dismembered people, the constitution in constitutional states, the republic in France, liberty everywhere; to set foot in every direction upon human effort; — in a word, to close that gulf which is called Progress.

"Such was the vast, enormous, European plan, which no one conceived, for none of those men of the Old World had the genius for that, but which all pursued. As to the plan in itself, as to that gigantic idea of universal oppression, whence came it? Who can tell? Men saw it in the air. It appeared on the side of the past. It enlightened certain minds. It pointed out certain modes of action. It was a kind of glimmer issuing from the lamp of Machiavelli.

"At certain moments in human history, at some things that are plotted, at some things that are done, it seems as if all the old demons of humanity — Louis XI., Philip II., Catherine de' Medici, the Duke of Alba, Torquemada — were gathered apart in a corner, seated around a table, and holding council. We look, we regard them, and instead of these colossals, we find only abortions. We expected the Duke of Alba, we find Schwartzenberg; we looked for Torquemada, and behold Veuillot. The old European despotism continues its march, under the lead of these little men, and goes always on. It is like the Czar Peter in his travels. 'We made relays of whatever we found,' writes he; 'when we could get no more Tartar horses, we took up with asses.' To attain that end, the subjection of all men and all things, it was necessary to enter upon a path, obscure, tortuous, steep, difficult; they did enter it. Some of those who entered it knew what they were doing.

"Parties live upon words; those men whom 1848 had frightened and rallied together have found their catchwords, — religion, family, property. They attacked, with that vulgar address which suffices when men speak to fear, certain obscure quarters of what is called socialism. The struggle was to save — re gion, property, and family. 'Follow your banners!' cried they. The herd of frightened interests rushed after them.

"They coalesced, they made front, they gathered a party. They had a crowd around them. That crowd was composed of divers elements. The landholder joined it because his rents had come down; the peasant, because he had paid the forty-five centimes; the man who did not believe in God thought it was necessary to save religion, because he had been forced to sell his houses. They separated from this crowd the force which it contained, and availed themselves of it. They enforced the system of oppression by every means, — by the law, by the vote, by the legislature, by the tribune, by the jury, by the magistracy, by the police; in Lombardy, by the sabre; in Naples, by the galleys; in Hungary, by the gibbet. To restrain intelligence, — to put the chain upon human intellects, — their fugitive slaves, — to prevent the past from disappearing, to prevent the future from being born, — to con-

tinue themselves kings, princes, nobles, privileged classes, — everything became good, everything just; all was legitimate. They organized for the necessities of the struggle, and spread abroad in the world, a kind of moral ambuscade against freedom, which Ferdinand put in action at Palermo, Antonelli at Rome, Schwartzenberg at Milan and at Pesth, and, still later, the men of December, those wolves of the state, at Paris."

ART. III. — *The Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.* By HENRY FLANDERS. *First Series: John Jay, John Rutledge.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 645.

IT is to Roger North, in his Lives of his illustrious brethren, that we are indebted for one of the most discriminating and satisfactory elucidations existing in our language, of the plan upon which the biography of a great man should be built. He very justly compares the biographer's labors to those of a portrait-painter, whose works would be held as naught, were he to omit presenting upon his canvas the blemishes as well as the beauties of his subject, and who is held by the rules of his art to a strict accountability in transferring the living features of his original to a mute immortality. True it is, that a Vandyke or a Sir Joshua may excel in that delicate flattery, and that rare aptitude of conception and of touch, which unite to invest a form with the attributes of a hero of romance, or the airy lightness and grace of a being of another sphere; but this, so far from militating against our proposition, is but confirmatory of it. With all their power, these great artists have never dared to lose sight of the primary object. To make a pleasing picture was not more their aim than to make a good likeness. Every one who recollects — and who does not? — that superb passage in which Scott renders from the involuntary lips of Cromwell an extorted tribute to the Flemish brush that painted Charles the First, will comprehend our meaning. And it is to a like eminence of art that the biographer should bend his aspirations; nor

neglect, for the pretence of an unnatural pre-eminence above his fellows, to give us those real traits of character which constitute the distinguishing marks of the man. "If the history of a life," says honest Roger, "hangs altogether upon great importances, such as concern the church and state, and drops the peculiar economy and private conduct of the person that gives title to the work, it may be a history, and a very good one, but of anything rather than that person's life."

Never were words spoken more apposite than these, and never has a rule been more generally disregarded. It appears to have become a cardinal principle with almost every biographer, to consider his hero less as a human being than as an ill-used demigod, whom the jealousy or blindness of his time had cheated of his due honors. In the execution of his task, the writer seems to clothe himself with the properties of an avenging Nemesis, resolute to compel the recognition of those merits to which mankind has hitherto been insensible. To the truly great there is nothing more degrading than this enforced association with that which is ignoble; that which, in itself mean, shows more meanly than ever in comparison with the giants by whom it stands. "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps"; and though it often happens that the identical means by which the impostor is brought into notice become at once the monument of his downfall, — though he soar like Icarus, only to be whirled

> "From high,
> To grinning Scorn a sacrifice,
> And bitter Infamy," —

yet it is not the less a wrong done to those who have earned our veneration, to permit the sanctuary of their fame to be polluted by such a "midnight crew."

There is, however, a certain class of pretenders to greatness, who claim, and to whom we willingly concede, a disgusting precedence; who, by their mischievous example, may have already accomplished much harm to public morals and to public taste. Were it merely to strip empty folly of its tinsel, we would hardly turn aside. It struts its brief hour in the sun, and ere night is forgotten. We never heard that any one was seriously oppressed by the glory, living or posthu-

mous, of Timothy Dexter, or "the great Twalmley, the inventor of the celebrated smoothing-iron." But when, with Folly, Vice strives for superiority in the breast of him who holds up his own picture for our admiration, it is high time, we think, to enter a protest. The land has been plagued with autobiographies, where characters conspicuous neither for public merit nor for private worth are with venal eagerness obtruded upon the public attention. Deeds which a person of any sensibility should blush to have committed are unhesitatingly brought forward by their perpetrator to give a zest to his pages, a point to his tale. That, in the pursuit of gain, a man should incur the risk of being sent to gaol or to Coventry, is, unhappily, no solecism in human nature; but that he should, for the sake of a further pittance, proclaim his own infamy, argues a strange degree of moral abasement. Such a man is the true Yahoo of the race.

Nor is it always the lot even of a man really worthy of high praise to meet his just deserts. He is as often injured as benefited by the unjust system of indiscriminate eulogy to which we have already alluded. His success is often attributed to those opposing qualities, distorted in representation to the semblance of virtues, in whose very despite he succeeded. To find a chronicler who, with a full sense of the merits of that career which forms the burden of his strain, is not blind to its blemishes, — who beneath the Julian laurel perceives the baldness of the naked skull, — is not the fortune of all the heroes who have flourished since the days of Agamemnon. It is a gratification as rare as welcome to find that faculty so well displayed in the volume before us, where are brought together two characters alike eminent for public services, yet differing *toto cælo* upon many questions of public duty and policy.

The historian of the Chief Justices of the United States has undertaken one of the noblest tasks ever afforded to the pen of man. To no page of our national career can the mind recur with such unalloyed satisfaction. The annals of no other land offer a more noble succession of professional ability, mental vigor, and unblemished integrity, in the first law-officers of the realm. The light of a Marshall will hardly pale

even beside that of a Hardwicke or a Mansfield; but however rigidly we may search, no Macclesfield can be found upon the scroll; — from first to last, the ermine has been kept pure and unsullied. Of human frailties, our sages have doubtless had their share, for they were human; but not a breath has ever impeached the integrity of their public lives. With equal hand, and with unsparing diligence, they have continued since the foundation of the empire to measure out justice alike to rich and to poor. The proscribed Tory, contending with the embodied wrath of a powerful state, found there a tribunal which neither the fear of a people, nor its favor, could induce to swerve a tittle from the direct line. The fallen statesman, on whose head were opened all the vials of private jealousy and of public hate, there found an arbiter whose firm mind no elemental convulsion nor popular strife could disturb. Elevated by the dignity of their office, and the respectability of their characters, far above the noisy bustle of the crowd, they shine, as it were, in a firmament all their own; where

> "No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
> Breaks the serene of heaven."

We should be sorry to have it inferred, from anything that has hitherto dropped from us, that there was aught in the character of John Jay of which even the most virtuous of statesmen need have been ashamed. His death-bed was in strict keeping with his whole life, the crowning triumph, as it were, of a long career of dutiful and pious deeds. But it is so much the fashion now-a-days to make every Revolutionary patriot perform actions and imagine sentiments which were, in point of fact, utterly foreign to his hand and head, — to portray the genius of American Independence springing, Minerva-like, into full being from his brain, and radiant in celestial armor, — that in sober truth one is almost disappointed in opening a volume which presents to us, in calm, steady colors, the faithful picture of that gradual and slow operation of causes which, during the decade immediately preceding the Revolution, was training the hearts of men to exchange a loyal devotion to the mother country for indignation and anger, tempered for a while by the hope of a speedy

accommodation, and subsequently to abandon this ground for that of undisguised and overt hostility. If biography be really history teaching by example, all will concede that it is useless unless true; else the wanderings of Sinbad the Sailor, or of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, would be as serviceable to the voyager as those of Scoresby or of Ross. To paint man such as he really is not, is the province of romance; the description may be entertaining, but perhaps not instructive. To be enlightened by the genius, to be warned by the example, of those who have gone before, to learn to shun the dangerous rocks and sunken shoals on which they have split, or to be fired to emulate their glorious hardihood in moments of perilous confusion, should be our more serious instigation to the study of their lives. And nowhere will the reader find a more valuable lesson than in that of John Jay.

The history of this eminent statesman has already been well told by his son, and very ill by others whom it is not necessary now to mention. Mr. Flanders, therefore, would seem to have had little else to do than to travel upon a beaten path. Fortunately for himself and the public, however, new lights have of late years been shed upon some of the most important scenes of Jay's career, and that which his son could only hint is now susceptible of proof positive. Otherwise we should hardly venture to dwell very long on a subject that cannot be new to a majority of our readers.

On the 12th of December, 1745, in the village, as it might then almost have been styled, of New York, was born John Jay. For conscience' sake and the love of God's word, his ancestors had alienated themselves from their native shores, whither fortune and friends, their children's cradles and their mothers' graves, in vain lured their return. And their virtue brought its own reward; for it is not in the chain of probability that on any other soil than this such long generations of domestic happiness, brightened, in time, by such illustrious fame, should have been their lot.

The youthful life of Jay was sober, discreet, and pious. If not distinguished in early years by precocious ability, he at least secured the more solid advantages of a healthy and vigorous frame. With an industry restrained only by a rare

judgment, he passed through his collegiate career, honored with the amplest triumphs of that little world; and with a like perseverance and success he applied himself to the study of the law. The delving toils of the student of those days are well described by our author; when as yet Blackstone and Kent were not, and the paths to professional learning were anything but smooth. Bracton and Fleta, Coke on Littleton and the Year-Books, still lay, mighty stumbling-blocks, across his path, daunting the courage and confusing the brain of the bewildered novice; and hence the tedious probation ere an apprentice arrived at the full dignities of the long robe. With all his application and ability, Jay was four years at the desk before he was admitted to the bar.

It was not until 1774 that Mr. Jay became at all involved in public life; and interesting as is the sketch of New York politics of that period which Mr. Flanders presents to us, we cannot pause to do more than refer the historical student to it as a passage of remarkable accuracy and value. In its examination, he will perceive how Jay, at first counselling conciliation, advanced step by step to a position of firm resistance to the extravagances of the ministry. It has been ignorantly asserted, that he was from the outset the advocate and friend of independence. So far from this being the case, he was at that period, in common with a majority of his Whig fellow-citizens, opposed to even a non-importation or non-consumption agreement, unless the sentiment of the whole continent should imperatively demand such measures. He evidently reprobated the violence of the Boston mobs, and deemed the victims of their excesses amply entitled to have their losses redressed by those who had tacitly permitted them. But at the same time he was clear on the great questions at issue between Great Britain and America. As a delegate to the Congress which met at Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774, his conduct was in strict accordance with these views. On the floor, however, were assembled Whigs of every complexion, from him who burned for independence, to him who looked to nothing beyond a restoration on a firmer basis than ever of the reciprocal ties that bound the two countries. Of this last class was

the once celebrated Joseph Galloway. His plan of adjustment, indorsed by his own Province, and in turn so popular as to be lost in Congress by but a single vote, and so odious as to be expunged from its records by a subsequent vote of that same body, met now with the warm approval of Mr. Jay, and the no less fervent hatred of Patrick Henry. The views of the latter triumphed, and Galloway's plan has since, with scanty justice, shared the ignominy of its author.

It was during this session that Jay first attracted the admiration of the whole nation by his Address to the People of Great Britain. Re-elected to the Congress of 1775, we still find him, in opposition to the ultra Whigs, urging on to adoption the Petition to the King, and thus incurring the severe reprobation of such men as John Adams, who not without cause apprehended the ill effects of that measure. But this was his last effort for conciliation; and on its failure, he hoped nothing more for his country from the justice or the mercy of England. On the passage of the Declaration of Independence, he was laboring in the immediate service of his native State, and his name therefore does not appear on that sacred scroll; but it found no warmer supporter than in him. As a leading member of the Council of Safety, as Chief Justice of New York, as President of the Congress, his services were not less conscientiously rendered than gratefully appreciated by his country. When, in September, 1779, he was appointed Minister to Spain, he undertook a duty which he well knew would prove the source of prolonged discomfort to himself, though possibly of material benefit to America. He left Congress, too, with the unpleasant consciousness of having failed in the accomplishment of "the special occasion" of his election. The government of New York had anticipated from his efforts the settlement, in some satisfactory way, of the Vermont controversy. This he could not bring about; and the Green Mountain Boys rejoiced in their triumph. As a very remote result we may remark that, had Mr. Jay succeeded, and Vermont remained an integral part of New York, one probable consequence would have been the election of Mr. Clay to the Presidency in 1844.

With Mr. Jay embarked a man who once "possessed the

affections of our whole people," to whom his name is now almost unknown. The portrait at full length of M. Gérard, Minister to the Congress from his Most Christian Majesty, was once the ornament of what might have been called the capital of America; a few months since, it was with difficulty that a purchaser could be found for it at any price. So much for the stability of popular favor, ever in extremes. Yet it was to a difficulty with this gentleman that Jay owed that deep-seated prejudice against his nation which was afterwards so plainly developed. Arrived at his destination, the new envoy was plunged at once into all the intrigues and embarrassments that his position engendered. It would be amusing to follow his career, from the arrival of those *bêtes noires* of Miss Burney, Cumberland the dramatist and his two daughters, who annoyed Jay as bitterly as they had the authoress of Cecilia, to his removal to Paris as a negotiator for peace. But our space compels us to be brief. A single point further, however, demands our attention.

The American Commissioners, every one knows, were instructed to keep the French ministry *au courant* of everything they should do. Utterly distrustful of the sincerity of that court, Mr. Jay very much disregarded these instructions, and, with Adams prevailing over Franklin, negotiated a separate peace. In France, and particularly in America, this course was severely censured. Jay had nothing but his suspicions to justify him, and these, pointing directly to an anxiety on the part of the French that the Americans should be deprived of the fisheries and the navigation of the Mississippi, have hitherto remained unsustained by proof. We have now, for the first time, Mr. Jay's complete justification. In 1838, Lord St. Helen's, who as Mr. Fitzherbert had represented the Court of St. James at Paris pending the negotiation, disclosed the nature of the propositions made to him by M. de Vergennes. We believe they have not before been made public. "They related," he says, "entirely to a certain enlargement of the limits of the French fisheries, as defined by former treaties. But in the course of these discussions, M. de Vergennes never failed to insist on the expediency of a concert of measures between France and England, for the purpose of excluding the Ameri-

can States from these fisheries, *lest they should become a nursery for seamen.*"

Returning to New York in 1784, after an absence of eight years, Mr. Jay was again summoned to the service of the State. When the present Constitution was submitted to the people, he was one of the famous triad who, through the aid of the press, chiefly brought about its adoption; and under its operation, he became, on the 26th of September, 1789, the first Chief Justice of the United States. Weighty as were some of the cases that came before him, this is not the place to dwell upon them in a professional view. His decision, in *Chisholm* vs. *Georgia*, that a State is suable by a citizen of another State, had the effect of producing an amendment to the Constitution. In Henfield's case, the leading doctrine of his opinion seems now to be generally abandoned as unsound. In that of *Georgia* vs. *Brailsford*, he held views with regard to the powers of a jury with which we do not believe that the profession has ever precisely coincided. But in all his judicial career, he manifested, says Mr. Flanders, "a judicial faculty, a power of analysis, an aptitude for logical processes, and a ready apprehension of principles." The poverty of the Reports of the period has failed to do justice to many of the luminaries of the ancient bar.

Of Jay's embassy to England in 1794, and its results, of his election as Governor of New York in 1795, and of his withdrawal to private life in 1801, the reader will find much in these pages to interest, much to instruct him. On the 17th of May, 1829, his long and eventful career was brought to a peaceful close. Those religious principles which had strengthened his hands through life, now smoothed his dying pillow and supported his parting soul. It has been objected to them that they were narrow and fanatical. His proposal that no Roman Catholic, who held that the Pope or his priesthood had power to annul oaths or even to grant absolution from sin, should be admitted to civil rights, was certainly not conceived in that spirit of modern liberality which grants the same toleration to Methodist and Mormon, to Jews and Jumpers, Episcopalians and Thugs. The wide benevolence of Jay's life will best answer these critics. In this feature

there is a strong resemblance between his character and that of the poet Cowper, while in statesmanlike notions of just liberty he may well be compared to the predecessor of Cowper's kinsman, the great Lord Somers. Mr. Flanders thus happily sums up his character: —

"Mr. Jay's character is disclosed in the record of his life. His moral and intellectual qualities were in harmony. His public principle commanded the respect of the world. His private virtues attracted the affection and homage of his friends. He was modest, claimed no merit, assumed no importance, and seldom alluded to the great events of his life. He was charitable, not impulsively bestowing his means without discrimination, like Goldsmith's village preacher, whose 'pity gave ere charity began,' but with a judicious selection, and from a sense of duty. His economy was exact, but liberal. 'A wise man,' he said, 'has money in his head, but not in his heart.' The recipients of his bounty were numerous. He had an elevated sense of justice, and the claims of humanity. His religion was a part of his being, and displayed itself in the uniform tenor of his life. He acted under the habitual conviction of accountability. 'All his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.' His feelings were always under the control of his will, and hence he was never guilty of those extravagances of conduct which too often mar the career of genius. He was tenacious in his friendships, and equally so, we suspect, in his enmities. 'Having once had good cause to doubt a man's sincerity or integrity, he never after trusted him.' His disposition was cheerful, — his conversation equally instructive and entertaining.

"The intellectual endowments of Jay are easily described. His mind was vigorous, exact, logical. To genius he could make no pretensions. Judgment, discriminative, penetrating, was the characteristic of his understanding. If over the other faculties of his intellect imagination had presided, the compass of his thought would have been enlarged, and grace and flexibility been imparted to his mind. Jay was not a variously learned man. Modern genius did not delight him. Of the ancients, Cicero was his favorite. The Bible was his constant study. Observing steadily throughout his life the great principles of justice and rectitude, he 'ascended to the temple of honor through the temple of virtue.'"

We now advance to the contemplation of a character cast in a very different mould. A good biography of JOHN RUTLEDGE has long been a desideratum in our literature, the

sketches in existence with which we are acquainted being inexact and meagre. This want is now amply supplied. Born at Charleston, in September, 1739, the future dictator was early left an orphan. His mother, in whom appear to have been beautifully combined all those qualities which constitute the glory of her sex, supplied to him, with tender care, the place of father, fortune, and friends; and at the age of seventeen he commenced the study of the law. Two years later, he was sent to London, and entered in the Temple, where he remained three years, exciting, by his abilities as a student, expectations which nothing less than his future success could have justified. Returning to Charleston in 1761, he was retained in a cause ere his foot had pressed the shore. It was a case of breach of promise of marriage; then, as now, not a very hopeful cause for the defendant. But he gained it, and with it an instantaneous position at the bar, which warranted him in regarding his virgin fee of a hundred guineas as but the first drops of the golden shower about to break upon his head. Though but twenty-two years of age, he was fortified with the results of five years of uninterrupted application upon a mind of no common order, backed by an eloquence so energetic as often to be literally commanding. Instead of undergoing long years of drudgery, he stood at once at the head of his profession. In 1764, he was appointed Attorney-General. Previously to this, however, and not regarding the old legal prescription, that "Mistress Common-Law should lye alone," he gave his hand and name, and with them all the threads of his existence, to a lady of his own city. When a man like Rutledge loves, it is with a fervor and intensity of which ordinary minds can form but a slight conception. The blow which, after long and happy years, bereaved him of his faithful partner, was one that neither his mind nor his body could resist. Shattered alike, the one rapidly followed the other to darkness and extinction.

As may be supposed, the qualities which had procured Rutledge's success at the bar proved equally efficacious in the Assembly, and from his first advent on the stage of politics his influence was marked and decided. In resisting the encroachments of the Governor and the ministry, his voice

was ever the foremost, and it was mainly through him and through Christopher Gadsden that the Province was induced to acquiesce in James Otis's Massachusetts circular, and to send delegates to the Stamp Act Congress of 1765. Of these delegates, Rutledge was one. Though the youngest member of that body, none occupied a more conspicuous place in its proceedings; and there, for the first and last time, was he fated to encounter the only Northern man of his period who at all resembled him, — James Otis. The position which Rutledge on this occasion took and maintained justly brought upon him a full share of the hopeful admiration of his countrymen, and when, in 1774, delegates were again to be chosen to a Continental Congress, he was once more selected for the post.

The first impressions made by Rutledge, at this period, upon the minds of some of his New England associates, were probably not very favorable. John Adams characterizes his conduct as indicative of "reserve, design, and cunning." But Rutledge did not as yet share in the fiery politics of the great Massachusetts statesman. His Colony had suffered little or no sensible oppression. He had no notion of rushing blindfolded into open rebellion. Besides, there was a hauteur, a social arrogance in his manners, that probably was not very agreeable on all occasions to strangers. When the agreement for non-exportation and kindred measures came up in Congress, Rutledge would not consent to it until a clause was inserted giving a solitary and unjust immunity to the staple of his own Province. Gadsden in the House, and the people of Carolina out of it, viewed this odious distinction with repugnance; and indeed the arguments by which its advocates sought to justify it were unsound. The Provincial Congress, however, of which he was a member, yielded to his eloquence, and did not hesitate to re-elect him. In the Congress of 1775, we still find him advocating the same conciliatory measures which had already drawn upon him the censure of New England men. In Massachusetts, where matters had reached their crisis, there is no doubt that men's minds were ripe for independence; but it was hardly just to blame distant Colonies, whose interests were not touched, whose passions and

pride had not been violently wounded, and who were at best but contending for a naked principle, should they evince a disinclination to premature insurrection. Massachusetts was the *principium et fons* of the war; her sons were united, and almost unanimous; they had gone too far to recede, even if they wanted to. In some of the Southern Colonies the case, as we have observed, was widely different, and their representatives merit honor rather than reproach for their conduct at this juncture. They had no right to bring ruin and disgrace upon their constituents to gratify the zealous fury of strangers.

As the tide of aggression rolled up, however, Rutledge was ever found equal to the opposition. Wherever an American right was touched, he was always prompt to advocate its instant redress. He joined with energy in recommending to the people of the various Colonies to take the respective governments into their own hands, and bore an active part in framing and carrying into execution such a scheme in his native Province. In March, 1776, the new constitution was adopted, and Rutledge was chosen President of South Carolina. In this capacity, an ample field for the exercise of his vast abilities was afforded. The triumphant defence of Charleston against Sir Henry Clinton's army and fleet remains a glorious attestation to his courage and his wisdom. But in March, 1778, two years after its adoption, the new constitution received a number of violent legislative stabs, and a substitute for it was presented to him by the Assembly. After vetoing the measure, Rutledge resigned his office. His successor, Arthur Middleton, was not more compliant, and it was not until Mr. Lowndes was elected that the bill was formally enacted into a law. But Carolina was not long destined to lose the services of her most eminent citizen. The invasion of Georgia, in 1778–9, was an emergency that called for the utmost exertion, and, Governor Lowndes retiring, Mr. Rutledge was, on February 5th, 1779, called to fill his place, with the concession to his council and himself of full power "to do everything that appeared to him and them necessary for the public good." This power he did not hesitate to exercise to its utmost limit. When, in the ensuing May, Prevost besieged Charleston, Rutledge and his council

took the extreme step of proposing to the enemy that Carolina should remain neutral during the war, and with peace should follow the fortunes of the victor. Ill-advised as this step was, the folly of the British leader prevented any bad consequences. He rejected it, and was presently compelled to raise the siege.

We would fain follow our author through the varied and troublous scenes that attended the path of Rutledge during the remainder of his constitutional term of office, but the scope of his duties was so wide and so various that the attempt would be vain. Nothing, nevertheless, could exceed the implicit confidence reposed in him by his fellow-citizens; and so soon as he had retired from the gubernatorial chair, he was elected to represent them in the national Congress. His services in the sessions of 1782 and 1783 were neither few nor slight. Much was looked for at his hands; much was performed. To his manful defence of their conduct in the negotiations for peace, Jay and his brother commissioners at Paris were not lightly indebted. No one denied to John Rutledge the keenest sense of personal honor, and when he declared that, so far from having acted underhandedly or dishonorably towards the French court, they had fulfilled their duties with such propriety, that, if recalled or censured by Congress, no man of spirit could consent to take their place, even the indignant voice of the respectable Mercer became dumb. That these were the sentiments of reason, not of personal partiality, was evinced by his subsequent treatment of Mr. Jay.

The ample fortune accumulated by Mr. Rutledge at the bar had, as may be supposed, been very thoroughly exhausted in the service of his country. When, in 1783, he returned to Charleston, and endeavored to draw together the scattered threads of his private affairs, he found his library destroyed by the enemy. To a lawyer, his books are what fields are to the farmer, tools to the carpenter. Deprive him of these, and he may well say with Shylock:

> "You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

Speedily called, however, to fill the post of Chancellor of the

State, he was, in 1787, one of the delegates sent to Philadelphia, to found the present Constitution. His views on this occasion were wise and discriminating, and they have almost universally been confirmed by the test of time. This duty accomplished, he rendered a noble service to his own State, in procuring its speedy adoption of the Federal Constitution. On the first election for President of the United States, it being apprehended that the possible dereliction of one or two electors might give Mr. Adams the priority to Washington, the vote of South Carolina was bestowed, not upon Adams, but on her own favorite son, Chancellor Rutledge. When Jay was named as Chief Justice, Rutledge was appointed eldest of the puisnes of the Supreme Bench; but ere he had either resigned his chancellorship or taken his seat on the federal bench, he was appointed to be Chief Justice of South Carolina. On this, he withdrew from both the other offices. Here his judicial conduct was able and dignified, unless we may except to the share he took in the public proceedings in regard to Jay's Treaty. It is now well known that Washington, during Mr. Jay's absence abroad, and anticipating his resignation of the post, tendered the Chief-Justiceship to Mr. Rutledge; the latter replied that he would accept it, and was notified that on the 1st of July, 1795, his commission would be made out. Notwithstanding this, and the knowledge he must have possessed that in his prospective seat it might easily become his task to maintain and to expound the provisions of this very treaty, we find Mr. Rutledge among its fiercest and most prejudiced assailants. It is not the part of a candid criticism to uphold such a course. We conceive it to have been irregular and improper; and it was justly calculated to offend, as well as seriously to embarrass, the administration. Nevertheless, his commission was duly handed him, and he took his seat and entered on its duties. It was some months before Congress was to meet, and his name to go before the Senate for confirmation. Ere that day came around, his fate was decided; his reason was hurled from her throne, and his mighty mind lay in ruins. His rejection by the Senate was the work, not of angry, but of sorrowing and sympathizing hands. A few years later, and his earthly career was closed.

In the present volume Mr. Flanders has presented us with the lives and times of two of our Chief Justices. We presume the next series will include those of Ellsworth, Cushing, and Marshall. The history of these three men cannot but give ample scope for the exercise of his abilities. If the labor be performed with a skill commensurate with that of which we have already had a sample, it will leave little to be desired. His first volume is indeed one of no ordinary interest, and of far more than ordinary trustworthiness. We do not observe in it, from beginning to end, a single misapplied fact or inaccurate date. His language is clear and forcible, his reasoning philosophical and sound. Many of the questions he discusses — particularly such as concern the local politics of the day, in New York and Carolina, and in the Congress of the nation — are new to the public and are well handled. A pleasing feature of his pages is the portraiture (as it may be called) of various leading personages of the time. The sketches of Arthur Lee, of Hamilton and Galloway, of Adams, and of Gadsden, for instance, are gems of their kind. One or two imperfections of expression and of verbal arrangement we had indeed noted down for animadversion; but with so much that is excellent, to dwell on them now would be but picking at straws. We take leave of Mr. Flanders in the confident expectation of hearing from him again with as much pleasure and as much profit as we have now received at his hands.

ART. IV. — *The Works of* LAURENCE STERNE. *Illustrated by* STROTHEAD. In four volumes. London.

DURING the past year an elaborate biographical sketch in the Quarterly Review, and the severe comments of the most popular living satirist, in his Lectures on the English Humorists, have brought Sterne's authorship and character again into discussion. The new incidents revealed in the former, and the indiscriminate harshness of the latter, attract us to the subject; for the effect of both is to excite anew compassion for the

errors of Sterne, and to raise our estimate of the genius which could triumph in spite of them. Mr. Thackeray is a much better limner than analyst; the picturesque rather than the philosophical element is his *forte;* he can draw a character far better than he can weigh and judge one. To compare Sterne with Dickens is as absurd as to draw a parallel between Rubens and Hogarth. There is nothing in common in the objects, the inspiration, or the age of these writers. They represent totally diverse phases of humanity, and eras of literature. We agree with Thackeray, that Sterne is too much given to "dreary double-entendre," that he is often artificial and forced; but we cannot assent to the declaration that he is only a jester; on the contrary, it is easy to trace some of the richest streams of English humor to his example. The character of Uncle Toby, and the domestic scenes at Shandy Hall, are so quaint, natural, and humane in their very eccentricities, that the hint was undoubtedly thus given to a less exceptionable school of writers in a kindred vein.

There is a peculiar incongruity in the associations which the name of Laurence Sterne excites. He represents several very distinct and inharmonious phases of character. There is the Prebendary of York and the Vicar of Sutton in the Forest and of Stillington, — most respectable designations; there is mirthful, plaintive, quaint Yorick, with his fancy and humor, his amorous trifling, his rollicking table-talk, and his vagrant sentimentalism; then the affectionate father of Lydia Sterne, — a character worthy of esteem and love; again he appears as a fashionable preacher, a standard author, and a "loose fellow about town," whom it is somewhat disreputable to praise, and even about whose literary merits modesty is often instinctively silent; publishing alternately a volume of Tristram Shandy and a volume of sermons, — the man of the world and the priest making a simultaneous appeal to the reading public. Yet, withal, those of us who, in some old sunny, rural home, early became familiar with that long array of little volumes, in obsolete type, and found them here and there exhaling the mellow breath of a gentle, pensive mood, embodied in most apt and graceful phraseology, must confess a kindliness for the author, however we may condemn his

freedom of speech, and resent his abuse of the canons of taste and the integrity of feeling.

Inclined as English writers are to literary biography, and constant as has been the revival of memorials and critiques of their standard authors, since the establishment of the leading reviews, Sterne has proved an exception. That he was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London, March 18, 1768; that he preached, dined out, visited the Continent, published books, left debts, one daughter, and the fame of rare gifts and doubtful conduct, is the sum of what we know of the man, except from his writings. Time has added little to the sparse details recorded in his own sketch; and the scattered and meagre notices of his career have not been gathered and arranged with the reverential and loving care bestowed on whatever throws light upon such intellectual benefactors as Milton and Goldsmith. The feeling which prompts such tributary labor has been chilled, in this instance, by a consciousness that Sterne so violated the proprieties of life and the harmonies of character, as to afford a subject too perverse for hearty eulogium, and too imperfect for entire sympathy. The parish register of Sutton contains data, in his handwriting, from which we learn such unimportant items, as that at one time he planted an orchard, and at another the parsonage was destroyed by fire. In a work entitled the *Memoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*, by M. Dutens, which appeared in London in 1806, occurs the following anecdote, which affords a vivid idea of his social peculiarities: —

"Nous étions au temps de l'anniversaire du Roi d'Angleterre. Milord Tavistock invita la peu d'Anglois qui étoient à Paris à dîner avec lui, pour le celébrér. Je fus de la partie, où je ne trouvai de ma connoissance que ceux avec que j'étois venu à Paris. Je fus assis entre Milord Berkeley et le fameux Sterne, auteur de Tristram Shandy, regardé comme la Rabelais de l'Angleterre. On fut fort gai pendant le dîner et l'on but à l'Anglaise et selon le jour. La conversation vint à tomber sur Turin, où plusieurs de la compagnie alloient; sur quoi M. Sterne m'addressant la parole, demande si j'y connoissois Monsieur Dutens; je lui dis qu'oui et même fort intimement. Tout la compagnie se prit à rire; et Sterne, qui ne me croyoit si prês de lui, s'imagina ce Monsieur

D. devoit être un homme assez bizarre, puisque son nom seul faisoit rire ceux qui l'entendoient. 'N'est ce pas un homme singulier?' ajouta il tout de suite; 'Oui,' repris-je, 'un original.'"

Upon this hint, Sterne drew an imaginary, and by no means flattering, portrait of his neighbor, and related many amusing stories about him, unconscious, the while, that these inventions were heard by their good-natured subject. He did not discover the identity of his auditor with M. Dutens until the company separated, when he made ample apologies, which were graciously accepted. All wits have a mode of their own. Addison, we are told by Swift, would flatter the opinions of a man of extreme views on any subject, until he betrayed him into absurdity; Lamb had a way of startling literal people by humorous sallies; Hook was a genius in practical jokes; and Sterne, it appears, used to draw fancy portraits of real characters, to divert his boon companions. Had his accidental victim, in the instance related, been other than an urbane Frenchman, who could make allowance for a *spirituelle* invention, even though it somewhat compromised his own dignity, the "Rabelais d'Angleterre" might have been forced to protect himself from a duel under the very cloth whose immunities he so little deserved. A similar instance is recorded by Dr. Hill, who says that at a dinner-party the professional talk of a pedantic physician wearied the company and annoyed the host, when "good-humored Yorick fell into the cant and jargon of physic, as if he had been one of Radcliffe's travellers," and told such a ridiculous story of curing himself of an adhesion of the lungs by leaping fences, as restored the guests to mirthfulness.

The alleged insensibility of Sterne, the man, may be ascribed, in part, to his extreme frankness. He calls discretion "an understrapping virtue," and seems to have been singularly deficient in caution and reserve. He gave expression to the alternations of his mood and feelings with a reckless disregard to the effect of such inconsistency. At the University, we are told, he "amused himself by puzzling the tutors," and "left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and had parts if he would use them." Thence he went to "the lap of the Church in a small

village in Yorkshire," and, "as he advanced in literary fame, left his livings to the care of his curates," and preferred "luxurious living with the great." The following charitable epitaph well describes such a man:—

> "Wit, humor, genius, hadst thou, all agree;
> One grain of wisdom had been worth the three."

His patient courtship shows that he was truly in love with his wife; their marriage, in the face of inauspicious circumstances, proves that they were both in earnest; and his frank acknowledgment, a year after, that he was tired of his conjugal partner, argues no uncommon experience, but a rare and unjustifiable candor. His letters to Mrs. Draper, however wrong in the social code, and unprincipled in a married divine, were undoubtedly sincere. His first efficient stroke as a lay writer consisted of a satire to oust the monopolist of a situation which one of his friends desired, and so successful was it that the incumbent offered to resign if the publication was suppressed. His parental affection has never been questioned; no one can doubt that his heart was devoted to, and engrossed with, his daughter Lydia. Inconstancy is one thing, insincerity quite another. The critics of Sterne invariably confound the two; and, because he was so unreliable in his attachments, and not proof against a succession of objects, they endeavor to discredit his pathos as artificial. As well might we seek to invalidate Bacon's philosophy because it failed to elevate him above sycophancy, or Scott's romantic genius in view of his material ambition, or Byron's love of nature on account of his dissipation.

Science, of late years, has thrown new light on the apparent contradictions of human nature, by investigating the laws of temperament, and the relation of the nervous system to intellectual development. A whole category of phenomena has been recognized by acute observation directed to susceptible organizations; and whoever is thus prepared will find no difficulty in explaining the incongruities so obvious between Sterne the man and Sterne the author. His will and intelligence were continually modified by physical causes. He lacked hardihood, and was peculiarly alive to magnetic

agencies. Hence his vagaries, his tender moods reacting to selfish calculation, and the theory of life which he was so fond of elaborating from sensation and fancy. "Sweet pliability of man's spirit," he exclaims, "that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!" "I can safely say, that, for myself, I was never able to conquer one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up, as fast as I could, for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground." "A man who has not a sort of affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought." "I know not how it is, but *I am never so perfectly conscious of a soul within me*, as when I am entangled in them." Again, in the sermon on the Pharisee, he says: "In benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions *work so instantaneously that you would think the will was scarce concerned.*" Now, if we admit such confessions to be what Sterne claims for them, —"loose touches of an honest heart," — they explain, by the want of balance, the incompleteness of the man, his overplus of sensibility and deficiency of will and moral harmony, and show that it is quite possible for genuine feeling to coexist with "infirmity of purpose," and emotional sympathy with an absence of disinterestedness. Hence, Thackeray's censure is indiscriminate, when he sums up the character of this author with the statement that he "had artistical sensibility," and "exercised the lucrative gift of weeping," and that he is represented entirely by "tears and fine feelings and a white pocket handkerchief, a procession of mutes and a hearse with a dead donkey inside." This is satire, not criticism. Somewhat more real must Sterne's writings have contained to have survived the fluctuations of taste, and proved more or less models for subsequent and popular authors. Affectation and indecency are so alien to Anglo-Saxon instincts in literature, that only a large admixture of wit or grace could have preserved writings thus meretricious.

This temperament, so undesirable for moral efficiency, was favorable to authorship. Its almost reckless impulse gave a

certain sociability to pencraft. It led, indeed, to the expression of much that offends refined taste and elevated sentiment, but, at the same time, what he wrote was all the more human for being unreserved. As a good table companion, while he entertains, often in the same proportion forfeits respect, so a writer of this species attracts, by virtue of an *abandon* which is full of peril as a trait of character, and yet induces a thousand felicities of invention and style. Allied to genius, it is a great element of success. Without it Byron would never have imparted the sensation of his own experience, which is the source of his intensity. So largely does it enter into the old English drama, that we are continually startled and thrilled by a boldness of language which, unchastened as it is, takes hold at once upon the emotional in our nature. One secret, therefore, of the charm whereby Sterne maintains so definite a rank in English literature, is the freedom of his tone, involving, with much that is gross, a frank challenge to our sympathies as human beings, — a companionable appeal, which the reader, with even an inkling of geniality, cannot resist. He professes to write for the benefit of those who, "when cooped up betwixt a natural and positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves." He thus establishes a relation with his reader, personal, direct, and genuine, — the first condition of success in authorship. This relation is never long forgotten. He addresses both sexes, in a colloquial, friendly, trustful manner, and seems to identify himself with each by the magnetism of a determined recognition, which it is as unpleasant to evade as it is to repel the courteous and benign advances of an urbane stranger whom we accidentally encounter. He is so confidential, communicative, at his ease, and agreeable, that we instinctively yield.

Contemporary records give us quite a lively idea of Sterne's *début* in the world of letters. The same prestige has attended many an author before and since, who found in London a market for his books and an arena for social consideration; and the real significance of such prandial honors as attend success in that metropolis is now estimated at its true value. Unless the popular author boasts more legitimate credentials

than his fame as a writer, the "dinners fourteen deep" suggest only a casual position. Walpole, in his usual satirical way, treats the "sun" which the early volumes of Tristram Shandy enjoyed, as one of the absurdities of fashion; Johnson sneered at the author's countless invitations; even the amiable Goldsmith called him a dull fellow; Warburton repudiated his intimacy, in despair of the reform he attempted; and Gray, the poet, declared it made one nervous to hear him preach, because his discourse continually verged on the laughable. Meanwhile Sterne encountered these and other better-founded objections with an insensibility which in a nobler cause would have been heroic, but in his case argues little else than recklessness.

Sterne came honestly both by his improvident spirit and his clerical title. His great-grandfather was Archbishop of York, and his father was killed in a duel which originated in high words about a goose. His boyhood was passed in the vagabondage of the camp, his young imagination kindled by the stories of Marlborough's veterans, his prime degraded by intimacy with an obscene writer whose library was an unique collection of works especially adapted to pervert his taste; literary success introduced him suddenly to the pleasures of the town, and to the most perilous of all situations for a man of quick intellect and keen passions, — that of a favorite diner-out and convivial buffoon; the prestige of an unscrupulous wit awaited him at the French capital; and to all his moral exposures he brought a mind unbraced by any clear force of purpose, a nature, both physical and moral, far more sensitive than vigorous, with morbid constitutional tendencies, and enslaved to pleasurable sensations. Thus born and bred, the creature of the immediate, only by a rare and felicitous union of circumstances was it possible for the flattered author, the susceptible cosmopolite, the imaginative epicure, to acquire that strength of will and methodical discipline wherein alone could self-respect be intrenched. He must either have met the problem of life on perpetual guard, conscious that vigilant resistance was his only safety, or retired from its blandishments with heroic self-abnegation; and to neither of these alternatives were his resolution and courage

adequate. Hence his *qui vive* philosophy, his deliberate search for excitement, the habit of absorbing consciousness in variety of scene and outward enjoyment, the attempt to *waive off* all mundane annoyance, and even death itself.

So reduced, at one period, was Sterne, that he hired a pane in the window of a stationer's shop, and placed there advertisements offering his services to all who stood in need of pencraft, from the indolent vicar desirous of an eloquent sermon to the uneducated lover who would fain register his mistress' charms in an anagram. On another occasion, it is related that he stole forth at night, to solicit a loan from Garrick; but, hearing the sounds of festivity within, gently replaced the uplifted knocker rather than expose his shabby dress by appearing in gay company. Debt and neglect made his exit from the world forlorn; not a single friend ministered to his dying wants; and the very companions who had most frequently applauded his table-talk were interrupted in their mirth by the announcement of his decease. These anecdotes form a gloomy contrast to the hues in which Sterne loved to depict human life; for they are unrelieved by cheerfulness and unsoftened by sentiment. Perhaps in all literary history there is not a more impressive instance of the inevitable consequence of that unnatural divorce between genius and character which turns the blessed promise of the former into a mockery. It is as painful in literature as in life to be charmed, and yet to feel obliged to question the spell; to experience a conflict between the sense of beauty and the moral judgment, and to condemn the man while we enjoy the author. Quite the reverse of the Oriental benediction, "May you die among your kindred!" was his confessed wish. "I certainly declare," he says, "against submitting to it [death] before my friends." In accordance with the vagrant humor and casual sentiment that gave a charm to his writing and a recklessness to his character, he desired to close his existence away from home, and to receive the last offices of humanity from strangers; and thus it happened. While hirelings were endeavoring to restore circulation to his feet, as he lay in his lodgings in Old Bond Street, he expired; — not, like Scott, surrounded by awed and weeping relatives and dependants; nor, like Cowper,

with a smile of "holy surprise"; nor, like Johnson, with the friends of years tearfully awaiting the sad event. His ties, with one or two exceptions, had all been convivial and "sentimental," to use his favorite word, rather than affectionate; no grand sincerity of feeling or noble self-devotion had enshrined him in the hearts of those who were amused by his wit, or softened by his pathos; and the man who, of all English authors, made emotion the staple of his writings, and chiefly sought to apply literary art to the expression of sentiment, passed away with the paltriest oblation, and owed his monument to public charity.

It is usual to regard the private correspondence of an author as the best test of his disposition. We have ample means of this nature to aid our judgment. There are domestic letters to his wife and daughter, business letters to Foley his banker, friendly letters to Garrick, his cousin, and several London and Paris acquaintances, and love-letters to Mrs. Draper. In them we discover his social relations, his opinions, private life, and tone of mind, and can easily perceive the sprightliness and geniality that captivated such men as the Baron d'Holbach and Lord Bathurst. His letters confirm our theory of his character; they exhibit the extremes of animal spirits, the constant trials of an invalid, the caprices of a sensitive, and the recklessness of an excitable mind; yet with these defects appear, in equally strong colors, devoted parental love, cheerful philosophy, a conscientious regard to the claims of family and friends, candor, kindliness, and a sense of the beautiful and the true. How variable in his moods, how much a creature of mere temperament and sensibility, how prone to artificiality in the midst of natural emotion, was this singular compound of the man of the world and the sentimental epicure, clearly appears in his off-hand epistles. The manner in which he meets the arguments of judicious friends, who urged him to suppress objectionable parts of Tristram Shandy, show conclusively that he was deficient in what may be called the instinct of the appropriate. It was the fashion in his day for both the aristocracy and the literati to indulge in table-talk which now would scarcely be tolerated in a barrack; and it is evident that he calculated

upon the popularity of an obscene joke, without any adequate notion of the defilement it cast on a printed work designed for general perusal. In those letters which are addressed to the last object of his sentiment, there is displayed an anxiety for her comfort and welfare which betokens genuine disinterestedness; and during the few weeks preceding his death, a most affectionate solicitude for his child is apparent. A few random extracts will best illustrate these diverse traits of his correspondence.

"She made me stay an hour with her; and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen different times."

"Heaven forbid the stock of chastity should be lessened by the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy! I can assure you that the very passages and descriptions you propose that I should sacrifice in my second edition, are what are best relished by men of wit, and some others whom I esteem as sound critics."

"I never knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life."

"Till I have the honor to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble. I care not a curse for the critics."

"Lyd has a pony which she delights in. 'T is a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife. Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. So much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's character, that I am become an enthusiast."

"I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont."

"We are every night fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes."

"We live all the longer for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim."

"Write, dear Lydia, whatever comes into your little head."

"I am but this moment returned from Scarborough, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co."

"I set out to lay a portion of it out [money derived from Tristram and Sermons] in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy; where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice."

"Almost all the nobility of England honor me with their names."

"After all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent; — and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and galloped away."

"Praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt."

"Since got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended; and am now very stout."

"There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them."

"My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in. I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same; I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me. God bless thee, my child!"

"Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids! If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned, — which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom?"

We cannot, with some of the wholesale censurers of Sterne, find merely the proofs of licentious intrigue, even in the most lover-like of these epistles, — those addressed to the wife of an Indian nabob. The lady appears to have been one of the most fragile of beings, and to have possessed that ethereal grace of character so often coincident with delicate organizations. Sterne takes infinite pains to convince her that he is not captivated by her beauty, but inspired by her truth, refinement, and social talents. She affects him in so genial a way, that he wishes he could write under the immediate influence of her presence. His advice to her is excellent. It is directed against the too easy and frank disposition usually found in combination with such beautiful traits of character. "Reverence thyself," is his constant and wise monition. He proposes to her a visit to his wife and daughter, and promises that their friendship and care shall alleviate her physical sufferings; buys an arm-chair and other comforts as for an invalid, and begs her to avoid her newly-painted cabin when about to

embark for the East. In short, the candor and solicitude of a tender and undisguised interest, which he evidently wishes his family and intimates to share, appear in the midst of his most sentimental outpourings.

In presenting a new volume of his Sermons to an intimate friend, Sterne declared that they were dictated by his heart, while his other writings came from his head. The style of these discourses is fluent, clear, and sometimes elegant; they are, however, more ingenious than impressive, and their eloquence is didactic rather than glowing. It is easy to recognize the author of Tristram Shandy even in the most chastened of his homilies. They indicate a knowledge of the world; Shakespeare is quoted; the text is sometimes opposed, by way of more effectually clinching the argument at last; a parable or Scripture narrative is often gracefully elaborated, and there is a constant allusion to, and defence of, the compassionate virtues. In view of the limits prescribed to this species of writing, and compared with the average sermons of the Establishment in his day, they may be justly declared to possess uncommon interest in both matter and expression; but their tone is too much subdued, and the preacher hovers too near the brink of the humorous and the colloquial, for earnestness. He is most at home in eulogizing affection and sympathy, and in reproducing Bible stories, of one of which he says, "Like all others, much of it depends upon the telling." His two characteristics — frankness and susceptibility — are advocated with zest. "Be open," he remarks, in allusion to marriage, "be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing, varnish nothing, and if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all than conquer for a day." And elsewhere, "Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone; God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way; let me be wise and religious, but let me be a man."

In our restless times, the perpetual digressions of Sterne excite impatience; yet in the contemplative mood which genuine reading demands, this fragmentary and desultory style has its advantages. We seem to participate in the authorship, to enter into the process of the book, and, if sym-

pathetic, we soon catch the spirit of leisure and speculation, the random and capricious taste of the writer, surrendering, at last, according to his wish, the reins of imagination into his genial hand. This is especially requisite to enjoy Sterne. He does not rely upon strong outlines and remarkable incidents, but upon the atmosphere of his narratives and lucubrations. Much of his material is but the transcript of vague musing. He deals with no improbabilities, and calls himself "a small hero," and "the sport of fortune"; but his pages, wrought as they are chiefly out of common experience, win over readers by their familiarity of detail and their candor. He seems to be minutely observant under the inspiration of a passionless ideality. There is, too, vagrant humor in both his thought and his style, which has a peculiar charm, especially to the unadventurous dreamer. To read Tristram Shandy is like comparing notes with a kindly, eccentric, philosophical good fellow, somewhat of a scholar, but more of a human creature, who "loves a jest in his heart," can rail good-naturedly at the world, and is consoled by wit and animal spirits for its neglect. We soon, therefore, accede to his purpose, honestly avowed, and let "familiarity grow into friendship."

The then recent battles of Marlborough, and his own recollections of barrack and transport, naturally filled Sterne's mind with the technicalities and the enthusiasm of the soldier's profession, reproduced so quaintly in Uncle Toby and Trim. His attainments were quite limited, but, as with the majority of belles-lettres authors, a taste for miscellaneous reading, and an aptitude for seizing on available materials, whether found in books or in life, supplied him with the needful resources from which to elaborate his wit and humor. All that he required was a nucleus for imagination, a starting-point for random cogitation and sentiment, and this he found at one moment in an historical anecdote, at another in a domestic incident, now in a logical proposition, and again in a Parisian shop or a Calais inn-yard.

It detracts nothing from Sterne's originality, that the prototypes of his characters have been, in many instances, identified. It is the coloring, rather than the invention, of his

writings, in which consists their peculiar charm. As in the plots of Shakespeare, and the travels of Byron, what of mere incident occurs is chiefly important as a nucleus for his idiosyncrasies. It is the treatment, and not the theme, that wins our sympathies. To use a chemical figure of speech, the scenes and personages to which he introduces us serve mainly to precipitate the humor and sentiment of the author. The papers on Sterne by Dr. Ferriar, preserved in the Transactions of the Manchester Society, are but curious literary researches, and throw comparatively no light on the real genius of Yorick. However largely he was indebted to old Burton and Rabelais, the individuality of his conceptions remains. Take away the plot, the scholarship, and the anecdotical episodes, and we have still a fund of quaint generalization, a special vein of pathetic and humorous sentiment, which constitutes the real claim of Sterne as an author. The delight which Dr. Ferriar derived from him was quite independent of his borrowed plumes; it came from the cleverness of his satire, and the power of inducing a mood of quiet emotion and gentle mirth; and especially from a suggestive faculty, in which no English author excels him.

He opened to the mass of English readers that attractive domain in literature, which Rousseau in France and Richter in Germany made popular; though in him, unfortunately, it was not linked with aspirations for social amelioration, as in Jean Jacques, nor with deep-hearted sympathies, as in Jean Paul. Sterne was organized to feel and to evolve, but not to hallow and realize, those beautiful emotions of the soul in which so essentially consist its glory and its bane. In his hands the work degenerated too often into "the art of talking amusing nonsense"; it was debased by indecency, and made contemptible by caprice. Burns declared that he put himself on the regimen of admiring a fine woman, in order to secure inspiration; Sterne said that he had been in love with some Dulcinea all his life, because "it sweetened his temper." He was an amorous jester, a sentimental epicure, and his theory was to make the most of life by adroitly skimming its surface. The tender passion was a means of casual luxury, not a serious experience. He protested against gravity, and,

as Goldoni fought off the spleen by habitually standing on his guard like a wary fencer, Sterne adopted mirth as a panacea, clutching at the straws on the tide of sorrow with the childish impulse of desperation. "I am fabricating them" (the last volumes of Tristram Shandy), he says, "for the laughing part of the world; for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers."

There was a decided taste in Sterne's day for those colloquial treatises, lay sermons, and minor speculations, which, under the name of the British Essayists, form a department of literature peculiar to England; and this taste was united in the uneducated with a love of narrative and fiction, to which De Foe and other *raconteurs* ministered. The two were admirably combined in Sterne; his writings are made up, in about equal proportions, of speculation and description, — now a portrait, and now a reverie; on one page ingenious argument, on the next, humorous anecdote. Thus something seems provided for every literary palate; and his desultory plan or want of plan became a chief source of his popularity. That he was conscious of an original vein, notwithstanding the abundant material of which he availed himself, may be inferred from his self-complacent query, — "Shall we for ever make new books, as the apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?"

Perhaps the absence of constructive art increased the popularity of Sterne; to many readers there is a charm in the boldness which sets rules at defiance; and the author of Tristram Shandy not only braved that sense of propriety which is an instinct of better natures, but seemed to take a wanton delight in writing a book without any regard to established precedents, either in its arrangement or the development of its subject. He was the reverse of careless, however, in his habits of composition, and, running through all his apparent indifference of mood, there is obvious a trick of art. It is in the use of his materials, rather than in style, that he violates the order of a finished narration. Gathering from the storehouse of a tenacious memory what he had heard of fortifications, camp life, obstetrics, and foreign countries, and linking them together with curious gleanings of erudition, he

gave vitality and interest to the whole by the introduction of several original and well-sustained characters, and occasional passages of skilful dialogue and pathetic story. The result was a *mélange* whose fragmentary shape and indecent allusions were counterbalanced, though by no means atoned for, by felicitous creations and the graphic limning of still-life. He has candidly given us his own theory of authorship. "Digressions," he says, "are the sunshine; they are the life and soul of reading." Instead of apologizing for an episode, he calls it "a master stroke of digressive skill." "To write a book," he elsewhere observes, "is for all the world like humming a song; be but in tune with yourself, 't is no matter how high or how low you take it."

The best illustration of these traits is the "Sentimental Journey," the author's last, most finished, and most harmonious work. Borrow traversed Spain to distribute the Bible, Inglis to trace the footsteps of Don Quixote; Addison explored Italy for classical localities, Forsyth to investigate her architecture; Beckford revelled in the luxuries of art and climate; English travellers in America have applied microscopic observation to republican defects; some tourists have taken for their *spécialité* geology, others prison-reform, others physical geography, — some gossip and some ridicule; but Yorick alone, so far as we are informed, has chased in foreign regions the phantom of sentiment, and sought food for emotion. The very idea of the book combines the humorous and the pathetic, in that conscious, playful way which individualizes Sterne among English authors. To set out upon one's Continental travels predetermined to enfold all experience, however familiar and commonplace, with an atmosphere of sentiment, and to note the sensations, moods, tears, sighs, and laughs which beset a susceptible pilgrim, has in it a comic element, while there was just enough of reality in the states of mind recorded to banish the notion of a mere fancy sketch. "My design in it," said Sterne, "was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better." He is too little in earnest, — too sentimental, in the present acceptation of that word, — to have succeeded in this purpose as a man of deeper and less capricious feelings might have done; but, on the

other hand, his book, considered as a literary experiment and a personal revelation, is a psychological curiosity. It admirably shows the difference between a man of sentiment and a sentimental man. The latter character is depicted to the life. Incorrigible to the last in the matter of *equivoques* and innuendoes, he has deformed this otherwise dainty narrative with indecencies that offer a remarkable contrast to the delicacy of perception and style which has rendered the work a kind of classic in the library of English travels. "What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything!" This is the text of the Sentimental Journey, and it is founded on a genuine idiosyncrasy. Human nature boasts of more generous, permanent, and profound sensibilities than have to do with such a cosmopolitan and superficial heart; yet its exhibition forms one of those odd and suggestive chapters in life that aid our study of character. The design of the work once approved, no one can complain of the execution, always excepting the violations of propriety in certain of the episodes. A monk asking alms, a widow, servants on holiday, a dwarf whose view of the opera is interrupted by a tall soldier, a man lamenting his dead ass, an imaginary captain, a polite beggar, a crazed peasant-girl, an impoverished knight of St. Louis selling *patés*, — these, and similar by-way children of misfortune, are the subjects of the wanderer's compassion and reveries, with occasional memories of Eugenius and Eliza, and of his wife and daughter, who serve as permanent resources upon which his emotion falls back when no fresh object presents itself. In the hands of an ordinary writer these would prove ineffective materials; but Sterne has made distinct and rich pictures of them all. If the feeling smacks of affectation, wit embalms and redeems it. We are constantly disposed, as we read, to echo the Count de B——'s exclamation when Yorick talked him into procuring a passport, — "*C'est bien dit*"; so easy, colloquial, and often most nicely balanced, is the style. The short chapters are like cabinet pictures, neatly outlined and softly tinted; we carry from them an impression which lingers like a favorite air. How often have authors taken from this work a

valuable hint, and, avoiding its exceptionable qualities, elaborately imitated its word-painting and its atmosphere! It modified the literature of travel, which previously bore marks of utter carelessness, by indicating the artistic capabilities of a species of books that had been deemed mere vehicles of statistical and circumstantial information.

Sterne often quotes Sancho Panza, and invokes the "gentle spirit of sweetest humor, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of his beloved Cervantes"; and it is probable that Don Quixote suggested the Sentimental Journey. As "the Knight of the Rueful Countenance" went forth, with a peasant for a squire, in pursuit of chivalric adventures, so the author sets out, with a French valet, on a crusade of sentiment. The Don saw everything through the lens of knight-errantry, and the susceptible pilgrim beholds the world through the medium of an exaggerated tenderness. The relations of Sancho and La Fleur to their masters are parallel, however diverse their characters. The incidents which Sterne arrays in an imaginative guise are as commonplace in themselves as those which Cervantes uses as materials for his hero's enthusiasm. What the windmills and the way-side inn are to the one, the Remise door and the glove-shop are to the other. In its effect, too, upon the reader's mind, this exaggerated contact of sentiment with every-day life, is as humorous as that of ancient chivalry with modern utilitarianism; an equally salient contrast and a like quaint vein are opened. Speculation, anecdote, the high and the low, the vulgar and the ideal, blend their associations, as in the Spanish romance, so in the "Sentimental Journey"; but all are enveloped in an atmosphere of harmonious feeling and clothed in graceful language. This analogy is increased by the fact, that, as the readers of Don Quixote are enlightened as to the knight's habits by the garrulous squire, so to the valet of the sentimental pilgrim are we indebted for the little authentic information extant regarding Sterne's real state of mind. La Fleur, indeed, was as much an original in his way as his master. A native of Burgundy in the humblest circumstances, he followed the occupation of a drummer for six years, in order to see the world; and an officer of the regiment to which he was attached

obtained for him the situation of a *valet* to a *Milord Anglois*, in which capacity he was afterwards employed by Sterne. His wife ran off with an actor, and he felt so much at home in England, that, during the latter part of his life, he was often employed as a courier, and was sent on repeated missions across the Channel. He used to surprise his master in fits of profound melancholy, whence, upon being observed, he would suddenly rouse himself with some flippant expression. He declares that the sight of misery usually affected Sterne to tears; that he was charitable, and used to make frequent notes of his daily experience; and that his conversation with women was "of the most interesting kind, and left them serious if it did not find them so." The incidents so daintily recorded in his travels, La Fleur likewise authenticated; and through him we know that his master busily collected materials for a work on Italy during his tour in that country, although he never could succeed in speaking Italian.

In the history of English literature, there is, now and then, a writer who seems to have caught his tone from the other side of the Channel. The Gallic school was imitated by Pope and Congreve, though in the former it is exhibited rather in style than in range of thought. Brilliancy, artistical refinement, and graceful expression are the characteristics of this class of writers; they deal rather in manners than in passions; fancy usurps with them the place of imagination, wit that of reflection; animal spirits, instead of soul-felt emotions, seem to inspire their muse; they are not often in earnest except in the desire to please; and more ingenious than profound, with more tact than elevation, they offer an entire contrast to the manly, intense, frank utterance of Queen Elizabeth's dramatists and the pure love of nature of the modern bards. Sterne partakes largely of the light graces and the vivacious tone of the best French writers; and one reason of his popularity is the refreshment his countrymen always derive from the less grave and more sprightly attractions of their Continental neighbors. "They order this matter better in France," — was a maxim which Sterne's taste and temper made applicable not only to the economy, but to the philosophy, of life, of which his view was the opposite of serious. The foreign perversion

which was introduced into English literature during the licentious era of the Restoration was casual and temporary. The writers then so fashionable are nearly all forgotten, while those of the age of Elizabeth and Anne maintain their just and clear supremacy. In a few instances, however, the influence of French taste moulded works on the English side of the Channel which the genius of the authors redeemed from neglect, in spite of an element alien to the Saxon mind; and such was the case with Sterne's writings.

This Continental affinity is still more obvious in his love of the old French *raconteurs*. Dr. Ferriar traces his manner directly to Marivaux; and it is equally significant that no English writer has been more completely domesticated on the Continent. Though we find cheap editions of Young and Dr. Franklin in the book-stalls of Paris and Florence, the gloomy speculation of the one and the practical wisdom of the other are but vaguely appreciated in France and Italy, while the sentimental refinements and genial musings of Sterne adapt themselves readily to their more susceptible and imaginative minds. It is true that the usual absurd mistakes occur which seem inevitable in the French interpretation of English literature, — one critic accepting Tristram Shandy as a veritable biography, and another classifying its author with the social innovators and daring thinkers of the revolutionary era; yet, on the other hand, very faithful translations of Sterne, especially in Italian, are not only obtainable, but have become the favorite reading of that large class who delight in Foscolo.

A recent critic* denies to Sterne all exact proficiency in the French language, and cites many errors to prove his incorrectness; as, for instance, *c'est tout egal* for *c'est egal*, *M. Anglois* instead of *M. l'Anglois*, etc. La Fleur, in speaking of a horse, is made to say, *C'est un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde*, and it is argued that a good French scholar would never have applied the word *opiniâtre* to a horse, nor substituted the article *un* for *le*. In the chapter on "The Passport," also, *ces Messieurs les Anglois* should be *Messieurs les Anglois*. The correct French in the Drummer's letter, it is declared from inter-

* Notes and Queries.

nal evidence, is not Sterne's. Colloquial blunders, however, do not invalidate the Gallic pretensions of this author, whose natural affinity with his mercurial neighbors across the Channel is self-evident. French criticisms of English literature are proverbially superficial, and often ludicrous; Voltaire talks of Shakespeare, Chateaubriand of Milton, and Guizot of modern British poets, in terms of vague generalization, which show that at best they have only appreciated the tone without penetrating to the deep significance and individual genius of these authors. It is otherwise with such a writer as Sterne, although some amusing errors have occurred in the French estimate of his aims and character. The qualities which rendered him popular and eccentric are quite as well recognized by the nation he loved so dearly, as at home. Bayle describes him as "uniquement occupé à etudier ses sensations, ses gouts, ses penchants particuliers, à rendre un compte exact et minutieux des emotions qu'il eprouve et des hasards qui les font naître." He calls him "malin, pathetique," notes his "simplicité," his "sensibilité exquise et douce," his "expression fine, plaisante et moquese qu'indique un esprit vif, brillant, et caustique." "Sa conversation," he observes, "etait animée et spirituelle; son caractere jovial mais capricieux et inegal, consequence naturel d'un temperament irritable et d'un mauvais état de santé habituelle," and he declares him a "*plagiare*" who arranged "*sa mosaique avec tant d'art.*" * A more discriminating and true portrait of Sterne by a foreign critic can scarcely be imagined.

The vagrant boyhood of Sterne, as the offspring of an army officer, his school-days in Yorkshire, followed by the academical training of Cambridge, and twenty years of clerical life such as it was in his day, when desultory reading, field sports, and gossip occupied more time than priestly functions, afford sufficient materials for the kind of culture and the knowledge of life which his writings display; and if to these resources we add the ordinary incidents of Continental travel and the habit of *amateur* exercises in music and painting, we can easily trace the external elements that constitute

* Biographie Universelle.

the framework or ingredients of his books. Their real interest was altogether derived from the idiosyncrasies of the author. These were at first inappropriately confined to a profession for which he was singularly unfit; and it is one of the most remarkable facts in his career, that not until past middle life did he achieve a literary reputation. His tendencies of character as well as of mind were utterly opposed to the office which, according to the irrational, not to say impious, system of dispensing church livings, was, for reasons altogether factitious and worldly, bestowed upon a man who, as one of the *coterie* of wits about town, of courtiers, politicians, or in any lay vocation, might have left a reputation comparatively free from blame. His profession was a continual reproach to his levity, and has caused him to be judged by subsequent moralists with severity; while his name has become a standard example of the insincerity of authors and the illusions of sentiment, — the prototype and representative of the class who weep over the corpse of a donkey and at the same time maltreat their wives.

All incomplete characters must undergo an analytical sifting to separate the chaff from the wheat, and a like process is requisite in literature, where the superiority of a writer in certain particulars is modified by great defects in others. To no English author is the careful separation of gross alloy from pure metal more indispensable than in the case of Sterne. Time, which shapes reputation as well as the less abstract interests of humanity to "a perfect end," has already effected this result. A few genuine characters, episodes of true pathos, sketches of life drawn with exquisite art, phases of delicate sentiment, pictures traced and mellowed with remarkable tact and beauty, — these have survived whole pages of equivocal morality and pedantic display. Such are "the Story of Lefevre," and "Maria," and the characters of Uncle Toby, Trim, Obadiah, Dr. Slop, and Shandy. It is the originality of characterization, and finished bits of humor and of sentiment, that redeem both the writings and the fame of Sterne. What is indecorous and obscure is rejected by the literary gleaner; and the tedious digressions, the stolen erudition, the violations of good taste, and the

artificial expedients are forgotten in the occasional triumphs of art and nature which the genius of the author produced in his better moments. This partial success, this obscure glory, is a striking instance of the truth of Pope's trite maxim, that "want of decency is want of sense."

Not a little of our interest in Sterne is historical. The vein he opened has been more deeply worked by subsequent authors. Compared with the later essayists, his didactic passages want sustained glow and point; compared with succeeding novelists, his characters are deficient in variety and impressiveness; but in his speculations and his pictures he has produced studies of characterization. Artistically speaking, few English authors have proved more suggestive. Without elaborate finish, he furnishes perfect hints. His writings are to others of the same order which have since appeared, as the cartoons of the old masters are to the historical pictures of their followers. In the long array of the novelist's creations, — "the beings of the mind and not of clay," — from those of Fielding to those of Dickens, we linger before the few but well-defined originals of Sterne with a peculiar sense of their human significance; unideal and unimpassioned, yet distinct and natural, they have the rare merit of exciting an interest without any extraordinary traits or adventures; they embody the genius of humor, reality made attractive by its consistent, habitual, minute exhibition; they are like the best Flemish paintings, mellow in tone, familiar in subject, and marvellous in execution, — true to Nature in her quips and fantasies, in her whims and every-day phases, rather than in deep or wonderful crises. In his way, Sterne is Shakespearian; and although superseded to a great degree, he keeps a hold upon intelligent sympathy by the originality of his manner, which is constantly reproduced in popular literature.

Indeed, if a constant though unacknowledged and perhaps often unconscious reference to an author's scenes and ideas, and the frequent imitation of his style by subsequent aspirants for literary distinction, may be considered as a reliable test of originality and success, Laurence Sterne, notwithstanding the blots on his escutcheon, occupies a permanent niche in the temple of fame. Indirect memorials of his genius

abound. Ball Hughes modelled the delectable group of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman; and Leslie's delicate pencil traced Yorick at the Glove-Shop. Travellers who land at Calais daily think of the Sentimental Journey as the porters on the quay vociferate "*Hôtel Dessein*"; and advocates, when hard pressed to combat testimony, allude magnanimously to the impracticable witness by quoting the incident of Uncle Toby and the fly. "There is room enough for thee and me," is the most convenient of philanthropic evasions. The schoolboy early learns to regard Sterne as a master of the pathetic, through familiarity with the story of Le Fevre in his well-thumbed reader. An American bishop is said to have consumed whole evenings in searching the Bible for the sentence he proposed to use as a text for his next sermon, "God tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," and to have blushed when he was informed that the author of that gentle and endeared saying was no other than the most indecorous genius of his own order; and a celebrated New York medical professor of the old school quoted Tristram Shandy so habitually in his lectures, that country students used to ask, at the bookstores, for "Dr. Sterne's Midwifery." "Shandean" long ago became an adjective as significant and common as "Pickwickian" is to-day.

Among the popular writers who have either directly followed the vein of Sterne, or profited by his style, are Mackenzie, Irving, and Dickens. Many favorite volumes of "Reveries," by bachelors and others, now in vogue, are of his identical model; the desultory and quaintly simple, yet learned production of Southey, "The Doctor," is essentially the same in plan as Tristram Shandy; while a still more remarkable evidence of the popularity of our author's manner may be found in the fact that, after Sir Bulwer Lytton had run through the entire scale of the intense school of novel-writing, he surprised his admirers, and won over a new and previously antagonistic circle, by producing in "My Novel" a work of fiction so palpably imitated from Sterne as, in many passages, to have the effect of prolonging the key-note of his sentiment and exhibiting a *rifacimento* of his style.

In one noble mansion in London is his bust by Nollekens,

and in another, the famous portrait of him by Reynolds, — copies of which have long been favorite illustrations with the disciples of Lavater and Gall. In Old Bond Street, No. 41, now a cheesemonger's, but known in his day as "The Silk-bag-shop," are the lodgings whence are dated many of his letters, where, according to tradition, he finished the "Sentimental Journey," and where occurred his melancholy death. In the burial-ground fronting Hyde Park, on the road to Bayswater, about the centre of the western wall, is the headstone that marks his grave, set up, as the best of London guide-books truly declares, "with an unsuitable inscription," by a "tippling fraternity of Freemasons."

The most interesting problem involved in his career as an author is the rank he holds as an expositor of sentiment. Critics have viewed him, in this regard, at the two extremes of hypocrisy and sincerity, of artifice and of truth. In order justly to estimate Sterne with reference to this, his most obvious claim and purpose, we must consider the true relation between human feeling and its written expression.

Sentiment, as an element of literature, is the intellectual embodiment of feeling; it is thought imbued with a coloring and an atmosphere derived from emotion; its reality, duration, and tone depend in books, as in character, upon alliance with other qualities; and there is no fallacy more common than that which tests its sincerity in the author by the permanent traits of the man. It may be quite subordinate as a motive of action, and altogether secondary as a normal condition, and yet it is none the less real while it lasts. In each artist and author, sentiment exists in relation to other qualities, which essentially modify it while they do not invalidate its claim. To say that a man who writes an elegy which moves us to tears, and at the same time displays the most heartless conduct in his social life, is therefore a hypocrite, is to reason without discrimination. The adhesiveness, the conscience, and the temperament of each individual directly influence his sentiment, in one case giving to it the intensity of passion, in another the sustained dignity of principle, now causing it to appear as an incidental mood, and again as a permanent characteristic. United to strength of will or to earnestness of

spirit, it is worthy of the highest confidence; in combination with a feeble and impressible mind, or a lightsome and capricious fancy, or a selfish disposition, it is quite unreliable. In either case, however, the quality itself is genuine, its type and degree only are to be questioned. Thus regarded, the apparent incongruity between its expression and its actual condition vanishes.

Sentiment in Burns was essentially modified by tenderness, in Byron by passion, in Shelley by imagination; meditation fostered it in Petrarch, extreme susceptibility in Kirke White. In the French Quietists it took the form of religious ecstasy. In the Old English drama it is robust, in the Spanish ballads chivalric, in Hamlet abstract and intellectual, in "As You Like It" full of airy fancifulness. Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen exhibited it as governed by prudence and common sense, Mrs. Radcliffe, as rendered mysterious by superstition. Scott delighted to interpret it through local and legendary accessories, under the influence of a sensuous temperament. In the Dantesque picture of Francesca da Rimini it is full of tragic sweetness, and in Paul and Virginia perverted by artificial taste. In Charles Lamb it is quaint, in Hood deeply human, in Cowper alternately natural and morbid, in Mackenzie soft and pale as moonlight, and in Boccaccio warm as the glow of a Tuscan vintage. Chastened by will, it is as firm and cold as sculpture in Alfieri, and melted by indulgence, it is as insinuating as the most delicious music in Metastasio. Pure and gentle in Raphael, it is half savage in Salvator and Michael Angelo; severely true in Vandyke, it is luscious and coarse in Rubens. And yet, to a certain extent and under specific modifications, every one of these authors and artists possessed sentiment; but held in solution by character, in some it governed, in others it served genius; in some it was a predominant source of enjoyment and suffering, and in others but an occasional stimulus or agency. Who doubts, over a page of the Nouvelle Heloise, that sentiment in all its tearful bliss was known to Rousseau? The abandonment of his offspring to public charity does not disprove its existence, but only shows that in his nature it was a mere selfish instinct. The history

of philanthropic enterprise indicates the same contradiction. Base cruelty has at times deformed the knight, gross appetites the crusader, hypocrisy the missionary, and the men whose names figure in the so-called charitable movements of our day are often the last to whom we should appeal for personal kindness and sympathy. The same inconsistency is evident in that large class of women in whose characters the romantic predominates over the domestic instincts. "Confessions" form a popular department of French literature, and are usually based on sentiment. Yet their authors are frequently thorough men of the world and intense egotists. It is this want of harmony between expression and life, between the eloquent avowal and the practical influence of sentiment, patriotic, religious, and humane, which gave rise to the invective of Carlyle, and the other stern advocates of fact, of action, and of reality. Meanwhile the beauty, the high capacity, the exalted grace of sentiment itself is uninvaded. We must learn to distinguish its manifestations, to honor its genuine power, to distrust its rhetorical exaggeration.

The truth is, that Sterne's heart was more sensitive than robust. It was like "wax to receive," but not like "marble to retain," impressions. Their evanescence therefore does not impugn their reality. Perhaps we owe the superiority of their artistic expression to this want of stability. Profound and continuous emotion finds but seldom its adequate record; men thus swayed recoil from self-contemplation; their peace of mind is better consulted by turning from than by dwelling upon their states of feeling; whereas more frivolous natures may dally with and make capital of their sentiment without the least danger of insanity. We have but to study the portrait of Sterne in order to feel that a highly nervous organization made him singularly alive to the immediate, while it unfitted him for endurance and persistency. That thin, pallid countenance, that long, attenuated figure, the latent mirth of the expression, the predominance of the organs of wit and ideality, betoken a man to "set the table in a roar," — one who passes easily from smiles to tears, from whose delicately strung yet unheroic mould the winds of life draw plaintive and gay, but transient music; — a being more artistic

than noble, more susceptible than generous, capable of a shadowy grace and a fitful brilliancy, but without the power to dignify and elevate sensibility. His fits of depression, his recourse to amusement, his favorite watchword, "*Vive la bagatelle*," his caprice and trifling, his French view of life, his alternate gayety and blue-devils, attest one of those ill-balanced characters, amusing in society, ingenious in literature, but unsatisfactory in more intimate relations and higher spheres.

ART. V.—1. *Schamyl als Feldherr, Sultan, und Prophet; und der Caucasus.* Von DR. FRIEDRICH WAGNER. Leipzig. 1854.

2. *Der Caucasus und das Land der Kosaken.* Von MOZITZ WAGNER. Dresden. 1848.

3. *Journal of a Residence in Circassia.* By JAMES STANISLAUS BELL. London. 1840.

4. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1853. "*La Guerre de Caucase.*"

5. *Russia and England.* By JOHN REYNELL MORELL. London. 1854.

THE Eastern War has given a fresh interest to the war of independence in Circassia. In this "cradle of the races" there has been going on for more than twenty-five years a struggle, which, for the persistency of the one party, and the energy, enthusiasm, and obstinacy of the other, is not surpassed in those chapters from which the schoolboy wrests the story of Greek and Persian battles. The poor, partly civilized tribes of Circassia, with no very lofty ideal of freedom to fight for, have succeeded, hitherto, in protecting themselves against the encroachments of Russia. They have steadily refused to pay taxes and to do homage to the Czar. They have laughed at his proclamations and defied his armies. They have held themselves aloof from him in all respects, so that now the Caucasus lifts its mountain summits, like islands of the sea, above a wide waste of Russian provinces.

In the present article we propose to give a brief account

of this war, and of the parties engaged in it, especially of that remarkable man whose eloquence and courage have driven his countrymen to make successful resistance against an almost overwhelming enemy.

It is only as Circassia appears on the map of ancient history, that its shape and position are popularly known. A mere glance at its situation on the modern atlas will reveal its geographical importance. It is a long arm of land thrust out by Europe into Asia. The Caspian Sea washes it on the east. The broad Black Sea, with its border cities, its far-flowing rivers, and classic shores, bounds it on the west. Across the centre, diagonally, from sea to sea, the lofty spinal ridge of the Caucasus bisects the entire country. Through narrow gorges of the mountains run the two great highways by which Southern Russia journeys into Persia and Arabia. When the caravan of merchandise, toiling up, reaches the summit of the mountain boundary, it commands both continents at a glance, — on the north, Europe, with its indomitable, bustling, onward life, — on the south, Asia, torpid, emasculate, sleeping a child's sleep in the sun.

What venerable associations gather about Circassia and the Caucasus!

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,"

point us to this far country of myth and classic story. Here is the local habitation assigned to some of the most sacred traditions of the ancient world. On one of the highest of these hills, — the inexpugnable fortresses set up by nature against Russian aggression, — the ark of Noah, it is fabled, first grounded and hung poised for a moment, before drifting southward to Mount Ararat. Here is the region to which the Argo sailed that childish voyage which looms so grandly through the mists of Grecian fable. Here is

> "the outmost tract of earth,
> The Scythian waste, the pathless solitude,"

where Prometheus was chained to the bald, bleak rock, with a vulture battening on his liver, because he had stolen heavenly fire. Here dwelt the Amazons, first of the "strong-

minded." And at the southernmost verge of the country Ararat raises his snow-capped brow high into the Asiatic heavens.

From time immemorial, Circassia has been the place of refuge to oppressed tribes, fleeing from the Mongols on the north, or from the Arabs and Persians on the south, insomuch that at least seven distinct races have found a home there. Up to quite a recent date these tribes had dwelt apart from one another, with mutual jealousies as hearty as the blood-feuds of the Scottish clans. They had been unanimous on one point only, — obstinate hostility to Russia. Even in this they had no union. Each race fought its own battles and spoke its own dialect, in high disdain of the others.

Of the two portions into which Circassia is divided by the Caucasus, that along the northern mountains is called by the Russians Tcherkessia; that along the southern end of the chain has received the general appellation of Tchetchenia; names derived from the most prominent race of each portion. Of the northern races, the Adighes, who live upon the Kuban, about Anapa, are regarded as of the purest Circassian blood. They are partly Pagans and partly Mahometans. Abhasia lies farther south, skirting the Black Sea. Its religion is a mixture of Pagan and Mahometan, the Christianity which the Emperor Justinian introduced among its people having quite died out. The Ossetes, whom the Empress Elizabeth bribed to become converts to the Christian religion, are confined to the central parts of the Caucasus, around Kasbec, "the white mountain." In Tchetchenia the most important races are the Lesghians and the Daghestans, the homes of the latter being inscribed within the loop formed by the river Koissu and the Caspian. Springing from the centre of Northern Circassia the two great rivers Terek and Kuban flow off at different angles northwardly, falling, the one into the Caspian at Kisliar, the other into the Black Sea. With their shores the control of the Russian Cossacks ceases, and on their southern banks the resistance of Circassia begins. South of Circassia are Mingrelia, Imeretia, and Georgia, abject provinces, humbled at the feet of the Czar.

The manner of life of the Circassian races is of the old-world kind, nomadic and pastoral. Occupation is the tenure by which their lands are held. He is the wealthiest who is the strongest and boldest, for he has the most numerous captives for his slaves. He is wisest among them whose beard is white with experience. The gradations in rank are few, and not very strictly regarded. The people all belong to fraternities, each of from fifteen to fifteen hundred members, who are bound to assist one another in whatever emergency may arise. When the judges of their court, whose sessions are held on the grass under a spreading oak, have condemned one to a fine of two hundred oxen for the crime of murder, his fraternity contribute to the payment. When a member is slain, his wife remains the property of his fraternity, or, if she gets permission to marry into another, her children must continue where they were born. From the vices of all half-civilized people, — low cunning, treachery, and what the phrenologists call "secretiveness," — the Circassians are not exempt, nor are they over-nice in speaking the truth. When they are about to start on a predatory excursion, a leader is chosen by ballot, and his authority ceases upon their return. As soon as the crop of barley is gathered, the warrior has no objection to change his residence for "fresh fields and pastures new." He mounts his horse, drives his cattle before him, and suffers the women of his house to jog on humbly behind. If an honest foreigner makes them a visit, no one can predict how he will come off; for, as the whim strikes them, they may worship him as an ambassador of prodigious authority, or, taking him for a Russian spy, they may hide him away in a cave until some fair daughter of his keeper pities him and runs away with him. Their *aouls*, or villages, overhang the perilous crags like swallows' nests. The tilling of a corn-patch on the mountain-side, — a wild foray with rifle and sword upon a Cossack *stanitza*, — a hunting bout, — a trading voyage across the sea to Sinope or Samsun, — such are the phases of their life from year to year.

The Circassian warriors are remarkable for their strength and athletic proportions; and the women are the most beautiful under the sun. The legend says that, when Allah wished

to stock the celestial harem with the loveliest daughters of the earth, he instructed an Imam to journey over the world, and select forty of the choicest. This commissioner went first into Frankistan, and carried off the daughter of the king of the Ingliz. When the English monarch gave chase, Allah threw dust in his eyes. Having culled the loveliest maids of Germany, he came down to Circassia. But on reaching Gori, near Tiflis, he was smitten with a great passion for one of his fair prisoners, so that, unwilling to surrender her, even to the celestial ruler, he treacherously detained her with the rest. He was punished with death, but the maidens remained where he left them, and from them was born a race of mortals as beautiful as themselves. In a poor family, living in a stone hut, with the earth for a floor, cooking their mutton over a fire built in the centre of the single room, eating it from a clean board, and sleeping on a mat at night, may be found females as faultless in form and complexion as a statue of Venus, and with that native grace that lies beyond all art. Alas for them that their beauty is for sale! As the face of a gold or silver coin represents to us a certain quantity of meat or wool, the face of a pretty Circassian maiden stands for more or less salt or gunpowder. She hides her sweet countenance behind her veil, imprisons her milk-white feet in envious slippers, and goes to Constantinople to be sold, as gayly as our country girls go to Lowell. It is a rough voyage over the sea, and that she dreads; the rest is the unread romance of uncertainty. From tender childhood she has heard fine tales of the splendors of the royal city, and she sees the rough hill-tops on which her life was passed in toil and danger sink behind the receding ship without a tear of regret. "Take her," said the master of a family to an American traveller, who was gazing with admiration at his sister, a girl of twelve years, — "I will not sell her, but I will give her to you, if you will be kind to her. What can she expect, what is there for her to look forward to, but to become the wife of some poor boatman like myself, and always live in poverty?"

The claims of Russia upon Circassia are founded on the treaty of Adrianople in 1829, by which Turkey ceded to the

Emperor all the territory situated between the Kuban and the Black Sea. But it has been very conclusively proved, by statements which we need not recapitulate, that Turkey herself had no rights of government over Circassia, and therefore could transfer none. The Sultan had indeed, before this treaty, been regarded by the Mahometan races as their religious head, but as having no more civil authority than the Pope possesses over the Catholic nations of Europe; and after the treaty of Adrianople the Tcherkessians ceased to look upon him as their friend, and took an oath to remain faithful to one another in resisting all the overtures of Russia, unless sanctioned by their unanimous concurrence.

But long before the treaty of Adrianople, Russia had reached an arm into Circassia. Peter the Great built five *stanitzas* along the Terek in 1711; a few years later, the fort at Stavropol, now the head-quarters of the northern wing of the army, was erected; and these *stanitzas* were gradually multiplied, until there ran an unbroken line of fortresses from sea to sea. Heraclius, the king of Georgia, submitted to Russia in 1801, and from that time Tiflis became the residence of the commander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus. His house was built upon the ruins of the palaces of the Georgian kings.

Thus, with Russian provinces on the north as well as on the south, with a line of forts gradually extending along the entire length of the Caspian shore, with seventeen *kreposts* between Anapa and Souchum Kala on the Black Sea, and with a prohibition laid upon their intercourse with Turkey, the dwellers upon the Caucasus were in the condition of that prisoner of the Inquisition whose dungeon-walls contracted inch by inch, so as at last to crush him within their stony embrace.

The Circassians dwelt securely in the ravines of their hills or on steep acclivities, where the cannon of the Russians, "making the earth to tremble and the fruit drop from the trees," could not reach them. They made continual reprisals upon the enemy. His forts were never out of a state of siege. The five hundred or thousand men, who formed their respective garrisons, lived the wretched life of exiles all winter,

when storms suspended their water communication with Russia, and in summer a soldier could not stray outside the walls without being picked off by an invisible rifle, or carried away into hopeless captivity. Spring with its unwholesome winds blew fevers into their bones, and the army of occupation in the forts, amounting to twenty thousand men, needed to be largely reinforced every season.

The Cossack *stanitzas* on the Terek and Kuban suffered even greater hardships. The colonists worked, eat, slept, with one hand on the musket; yet all their watchfulness could not save them from the sudden attacks of the Tcherkessians, whose mode of warfare was as insidious as that of the North American Indians. Hundreds of mounted warriors would dash across the river on a dark night, set fire to the houses of the little village, and, wailing like jackals, post themselves where they could hew down all who preferred to try their mercy to that of the fire. They would steal back with their booty and prisoners as suddenly as they came, and before daybreak vanish beyond the mountains.

After Georgia became a Russian dependency, Prince Zizianoff, a Georgian by birth, was made Governor-General of the Caucasus. He managed wisely, and brought Abhasia to a state of submission, but was assassinated by the Persians, as he was on his way to receive the keys of the fortress of Bâku. He was succeeded by General Yermoloff, who attempted to engraft European energy and industry upon the Trans-Caucasian stock. German colonies were planted, with the design of placing before the natives an example of rural economy. The General expected, by the diffusion of knowledge, to inspire in some the ambition to command in the army, for which the natives were, by their knowledge of the country and its language, much better fitted than Russian officers. Yermoloff was summoned home before he had matured his plans. After him, Paskiewitsch conducted the campaign against the Turks of Asia with some success.

Baron Rosen, the next governor, on taking the command in 1830, found new difficulties to encounter. A fanatical priest, calling himself Kasi Mollah, appeared in Daghestan, preaching a reform in the religion of Mahomet. He gath-

ered around him a company of believers, called *murids*, or disciples, who never were weary of the vast work which they felt themselves appointed to perform, and were eager even for the honors of martyrdom. The seed which they sowed was strewn in grateful furrows. The Tchetchenses, Lesghians, and Avarians awoke from their long inaction, and broke into open revolt.

The new doctrines were not unknown in Daghestan. *Sufism*, a kind of corrupted Mahometanism, or religious animal magnetism, which excites dreamy ecstasies in the minds of its believers, whereby they hold direct communion with God, had for thirty years found disciples among the southern races. The ulemas of Daghestan had dreamed out an entirely new religion, similar to that of Mahomet, but superior to it, which reconciled the dissenting sects of Omar and Ali, by substituting itself for both. These teachers assumed that there are three elements in man, which must be distinguished and attended to separately, — the physical, mental, and moral. The lowest of these elements is the physical, which, that it may not get the better of the other two, has a book of laws called the Sharykat, or Bridle, to which it is subject, and which curbs it within proper limits. The mental element — comprising the intellectual faculties — has also its directory code, which keeps it from getting entire control over the others. This book is the Maarifat. Finally, the moral element, the highest of the three, has for its guide the book which the Moslems call Tarykat. All that sanctifies the thoughts of man, all that ennobles his feelings and draws him towards perfection, is contained in this book. Of the four gradations which the Sufis have to ascend in order to reach a perfect idea of the Deity, the first is obedience to the Sharykat; and by this law the mass of the people are governed. The Murids stand next; to them the requirements of the Sharykat have become a second nature; they need no such guide; they give alms and perform their ablutions, not because of the law, but because they perceive that these offices are good. The Naibs, the viceroys of Schamyl, have ascended the third step, and on the fourth and highest Schamyl stands alone. "He is in immediate, actual com-

munication with the Deity. His words are God's words, and his commands are the commands of the Lord. He is the sun whence the Naibs, his moons, derive their light, and, surrounded by the Murids, his satellites, penetrate the night of the nation."

Hadji Ismail was the first to reduce this religion to form in Circassia. He revealed the new faith to Mollah Mohammed, by whom it was transmitted to Kasi Mollah. According to Hadji Ismail, the common interpretation of the meaning of the Koran was no longer to be received as the rule of faith, but Kasi Mollah was himself the Law and the Word. He alone conversed with Allah. Many were led by the preaching of the Murids to desire an initiation into the mystic life, from spiritual motives alone; but when the whole force of the enthusiasm which they had called forth was directed against the Russian invaders, when death to the Muscovite and honor to Allah were made the terms of temporal safety and eternal salvation, a fire of fanaticism was kindled over the whole of Eastern Circassia. "Who can serve both Allah and the Muscovites?" it was asked. "All your watchings and prayers, all your pilgrimages to Mecca, avail you naught, so long as the eye of a Muscovite looks upon them. Your marriages are bad, your children are bastards, and the Koran is your destruction, so long as there is a Muscovite among you."

Animated by these hearty teachings, the disciples, with the Mollah at their head, attacked Tarki on the Caspian shore. They burst into the town, and, cutting off the water which supplied the garrison, a party of them were on the point of forcing open the powder-magazine, when a grenade from the fort fell into the midst of them, the powder exploded, and most of the Circassians were destroyed. Just then a Tartar stole out nimbly from the fort, and, on the pretence of being a deserter, passed through the remaining army of the besiegers, and brought General Kachanoff to the rescue. After two days of hard fighting, the siege was raised. Kasi Mollah subsequently plundered the fortress of Kisliar on the Terek. In 1832, three thousand of his followers maintained a terrible resistance to Baron Rosen in the village of Hermentschuk.

The town had been already taken, when the Murid, Muley Abdurrahman, sought refuge with his men in a wooden tower, which they defended until the shells that were rained upon it set it in a blaze, and the Murid and all his fellow-soldiers perished together. Soon after this event, Kasi Mollah was killed at the siege of Himri.

Hamsad Bey, who succeeded to the priestly authority of Kasi Mollah, was not equal to him in eloquence or in practical skill. The newly revived hopes of Circassia drooped again. There was, as yet, no union among the races, — no systematized resistance, no common leader; while the Czar, having just finished the dissection of Poland, turned southward with keen appetite, and sent thither such swarms of soldiers as seemed to make the entire subjugation of the races in Caucasus a mere question of time.

A master spirit was wanting in this emergency, — one whose potent hand might strike the discordant strings of the popular passions and bring them into harmony; one capable of reaching down to the heart of the whole people, and able to turn the influence thus gained to the best practical account; one possessing "the vision and the faculty divine," which lifts the great man of such crises above the level of his fellows, so that he takes in all the present and all the future at a glance, and seems to speak, not from his own conviction, but from an inspiration that comes from beyond and above him. Such a man was Schamyl, who now appeared upon the scene.

> "The zeal of Nature never cools,
> Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
> When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
> Then she a saint and prophet spends."

This mysterious man, now in the decline of a long life that has been throughout "a battle and a march," is the lawgiver, the general, the high-priest of his people. He is more than a Mahomet to them. He beckons, and thousands press forward to do his will; he speaks, and they surrender to him their lives. "Flames sparkle from his eyes, and flowers are scattered from his lips," says a native poet, describing him. A higher power, as his countrymen think, inspires him; a

mystical, unseen Divinity utters itself through him; the God of the faithful acts with his arm, speaks through his lips. He had once been rescued almost by a miracle. Baron Rosen was storming Himri, one of the mountain villages of Eastern Circassia. One after another of its towers reeled and fell under the assault of heavy cannon, and at last the venerable priest, Kasi Mollah, was hewn down, and all that were with him. They had fought like desperate tigers, and sung the Koran to the clashing of their swords, but the old man bore no arms. They found him as he had fallen, with hands upstretched to heaven, as in a last appeal. Prostrate by his side, pierced with two bullets, thrust through with a bayonet, unconscious, apparently dead, lay Schamyl, the sole survivor of that Russian victory.

Schamyl was thirty-seven years old when he became Imam of the Caucasus. His arm and his faith had been tried and not found wanting. He had always been remarkable for his stateliness of demeanor and the melancholy seclusion in which he lived. In his boyhood he was sensitive, proud, ambitious, and eager to excel his comrades in athletic games. He loved in the evening to climb the desolate rocks of Himri, and there to commune with Nature in her solitude. His youth, like that of Mahomet, had been instructed by the religious teachings of a wise old man. Djelal Eddin had inspired him with a love of philosophical study, and with enthusiastic belief in the doctrines of the Koran, as modified by the Safis. He became one of the most ardent of the Murids. He was the best preacher and the toughest fighter of them all. He went before all former priests in knowledge of the science of war, and in that greatest of arts, the power of conciliation. He built for himself a sort of nest upon a lofty height overhanging the river Koissu, and stocked it with the munitions of war. There he brooded over his plans. Spies brought him constant information of the Russian movements, and when the right opportunity came, he swooped with his army, like a condor, from the cliff, and woe to the Russians whom he encountered in a narrow pass! The white robe of Schamyl was like a death-signal to them. His strength and suppleness of body well fitted him to be the leader in such

forays; he was the swiftest mountain-climber and the best horseman on the Caucasus. By his shrewd management and his unremitted success he acquired a consummate control over his men. If persuasion failed upon them, he accomplished his designs by violence. Executioners, with shouldered clubs, attended him at the meetings of the people, and knocked on the head all who dared to utter a word against his plans. Traitors, seduced by Russian gold, were buried alive. Whole villages even, which had been found guilty of a leaning towards Russia, were demolished in a single night. But the faithful were rewarded with presents at the hands of their master, and allured with the promise of rewards such as eye hath not seen, in the land that lies beyond the River of Death. Emissaries diffused themselves through the various mountain tribes, proclaiming the victories of the Imam of the Caucasus, preaching up the holy war, and collecting tribute. "Mahomet is the first prophet, and Schamyl is the second," was the cry of their enthusiasm.

The tribes that had before lived apart and in jealousy of one another, united under Schamyl. They only needed a common battle-field, and they found this great seal of their union at Akhulgo, — the rocky fortress on the Koissu where the prophet had fixed his residence. General Grabbe, at that time commanding in Daghestan, determined to dislodge the mountaineers from this strong-hold. He expected, at least, to capture their leader.

In the middle of July, 1839, he led a large army along the river-banks until they arrived opposite the high, steep cliffs on which the life of Circassian liberty had taken its stand. There they halted. Around them was the quiet mountain scenery. Far above, the foliage of the oak and beech glistened and nodded over the dark declivities. The only sound was the rushing and gurgling of a brook leaping from rock to rock. The Koissu ran below the fortress, half surrounding it. Both shores were soon lined with men, mortars, and cannon, and the siege began. A storm of bombs, balls, and Congreve rockets was rained upon the walls, toppling over the fortifications and rending apart the stone houses of which the fortress consisted; but still its defenders

saved themselves from immediate death by retreating into the fissures of the rock. Four weeks the siege went on, and still no surrender. But the Russian leader depended upon a force slower, yet surer, than powder and ball, — starvation.

Meantime the Northern army, encamped beneath the fort, grew fat and merry over their mountain forage. The Cossack trolled out a love-song while cooking his evening pottage, and the gray-coated musketeers filled up the intervals in the respite of cannon and trumpet with their half-religious, half-warlike choruses. This merriment was now and then interrupted by a well-aimed shot from above, which suddenly stretched the gay singer at the feet of his comrades. Upon this, all crossed themselves devoutly, and the half-sung chorus died upon their lips, until the captain would cry gruffly, "What's the matter with you? Can't you keep on!" — and the song rolled off as glibly as before. A feeling of desperation began to take possession of the garrison. They foresaw that famine would conquer all whom the cannon spared, and a fierce enthusiasm lighted their hollow eyes. Sometimes, into the midst of the Russian camp a Circassian leaped, like an apparition, with weapons in both hands and a dagger clutched between his teeth, and, before the officers could overcome the surprise caused by his sudden appearance, he plied his arms so nimbly, as thrice and four times to avenge in advance his own death, before he sank under the strokes of Russian sabres, with the applauding cheers of his friends, on the rock above, quivering in his dying ears.

At last the storming began. Three terraces, rising one above the other, were the foremost obstacles to be overcome by the Russians, and, of the 1500 men who made the first assault, only 150 were able to retreat in safety. The third charge carried the first and second terraces, and then came the tug of war. The firing ceased. With the bayonet, the shaska, the dagger, hand to hand, they strove and wrestled together. There was no noise save the cries of victory or of agony. The smoke rolled up like a curtain from the face of the rock. High up the cliff, the Circassian women, in the last extremity of despair, with bared breasts and hair streaming over their shoulders, poured down volleys of stones upon

the heads of their advancing foes. "I saw a woman," says an eyewitness of the scene, "suddenly grasp the little child that clung to her garments; I saw her dash its head to pieces against a projecting rock, and, hurling it, with a wild shriek, down the abyss, leap after it."

Akhulgo was taken, and the carnage that followed repaid the hungry Cossacks for their long delay. No mercy was asked, and none would have been given. But among the dead Schamyl was not to be found. What miracle had saved him again? After a long search he was discovered, with some of his Murids, lodged in a deep chasm of the rock overhanging the river, to which there was no access but by the rope that had been drawn up after them. As the Russian leader was intent upon capturing Schamyl, living or dead, he stationed a guard of horse and infantry on both banks of the river. Then it was that the three companions of Schamyl performed that act of unsurpassed heroism and devotion, which will cling to the memories of future generations. They knew that, if they were all made prisoners, it was probable that they might be ransomed and returned, but that their leader must be inevitably lost to them for ever. They agreed to give their lives to save his. One dark night, the Russians upon the watch saw a raft put out from the cave, and lowered down until it floated upon the river. A man then let himself down upon it; a second form descended, and at last a third, dressed in the white robe of Schamyl, cautiously followed. Immediately the guards, having remained silent until now, rushed forward; the Cossack cavalry plunged into the stream; the infantry skirted the shores; a moment — and the three men upon the raft were shot or stabbed with a thousand deaths. But to the inexpressible vexation of the Russians, on examining the faces of the slain, it was found that neither of them was that of the terrible Schamyl. They discovered too late, that, while the attention of the whole troop was directed towards the three men, the real Schamyl, the one object against whom the whole expedition had been prepared, had lowered himself quietly down from the cave to the stream and swam uninjured to the opposite shore.

After the loss of Akhulgo, the Imam exerted himself to gain

from the Russian general some terms of pacification. The latter would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender. Schamyl then passed, like another Peter the Hermit, across the mountains, preaching to the Tcherkessians in the Turkish language, and endeavoring to arouse them to their common danger. But he failed to overcome their private jealousies, and the blood-feuds of race and family. General Sass at that time commanded on the Kuban. His policy was to meet the wily natives on their own ground; to oppose cunning by cunning, and to employ the system of espionage which they had used so successfully against the Cossacks; to fall upon them by night; to delude them by feigned retreats, and never to attack them when an attack was expected. Once he pretended to have died, after a regular course of sickness, and when the Tcherkessians had assured themselves of the truth of this report by a view of his splendid coffin, covered with the well-known hat and orders of the general, and had returned to celebrate the propitious event by an appropriate jubilee, by night, the ghost of the general, at the head of a most substantial column of soldiers, stole across the Kuban, and came down upon them "like the wolf on the fold." This man was a perpetual terror to the Northern races. Children grew quiet at the name of Sass. He was superseded in command, however, by Williamenoff; who, in 1837, proceeded to break the spirits of the mountaineers by words such as these: "Russia has conquered France, put her sons to death, and made captives of her daughters. England will never give any aid to the Circassians, because she depends on Russia for her daily bread. There are only two powers in the universe, — God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth; and though the arch of heaven should fall, there are Russians enough to hold it up on the points of their bayonets."

But to the Eastern Circassians this trumpet was blown in vain. They looked up to their hills, and laughed to scorn the paper bravery of the Muscovite. The blood that was shed at Akhulgo washed out their petty jealousies. The eloquence, the daring, and, above all, the miraculous escapes of their leader, and the success that always followed in his

steps, made the mountaineers regard him with a veneration little short of idolatry. Schamyl was their messenger from God. He proved himself not altogether unworthy of their simple homage. Deep in the forests of Itchkeria he again took up his position. He surrounded his person with a body guard of one thousand of his hottest enthusiasts. He divided the region over which his influence extended into districts, and appointed one of his Naibs governor over each, whose duty was to make regular reports to his master, as the great head of government. He established a system of posts for transmitting the earliest intelligence of the enemy's movements, and raised a standing army of five or six thousand men. All males, from fifteen to fifty years old, were trained continually in horsemanship and the use of arms, ready to defend their homes in case of attack, or to follow their leader in his hostile expeditions. Of ten families, one furnished the man; the remaining nine equipped him for service. Honorary orders were bestowed as the meed of the faithful, and medals stamped with poetical inscriptions were hung upon the breasts of the brave. When Schamyl moved abroad, his guards walled him in on every side. When he retired for prayer, thousands waited outside of the mosque in reverent silence. Then Mahomet appeared to him in the form of a dove, whispered sweet encouragement in his ear, gave him new commands, and revealed fresh mysteries of the faith; all of which he rehearsed, with his wonderful eloquence, to the multitudes that thronged to welcome his re-appearance.

Writers who have seen Schamyl have much to say of the majesty of his person and manners. His stature is not above the middle height, and in his regular, handsome features, and white complexion, there is nothing of the fanatic or enthusiast. He possesses entire control over himself, and whether he is bestowing rewards or pronouncing the death-sentence, he maintains the same imperturbable composure. He never betrays either anger, uneasiness, or fear. A great calm rests upon him.

> "His face is like a star,
> That, from its incommunicable height,
> Looks coldly on the feverish world below."

One of the most thorough victories which the Circassians have gained over the Russians, under the influence of Schamyl, was won in the spring of 1842. Rosen had been supplanted at Tiflis, by Golowin, in his command of the army of the Caucasus. Golowin had disagreed with Grabbe, his under officer, as to the best mode of conducting the war, and Nicholas, with the view of determining between the different measures proposed by each, sent Prince Tchernicheff, his minister of war, on a tour of inspection through the Caucasus. Before this officer had reached the left wing of the army, and while he was halting a little distance from Dargo, Grabbe resolved, by a brilliant victory, to vindicate the system which he advocated over the defensive mode of warfare recommended by Golowin.

Dargo was a collection of seventy houses, perched on the brow of a hill in Itchkeria, not far west of Akhulgo, where Schamyl had fixed his abode after being driven from the latter place. It contained a favorite shrine of Mahometan worship, and pilgrims from the remotest aouls of Lesghistan and Daghestan journeyed thither, to pray in the mosque, or to bring word to their warrior-priest of the movements of the enemy. Grabbe set out with a force of 8,600 men. They moved regularly to the scene of action. During the first day's march not a shot was fired, nor was any sign given by the mountaineers to indicate alarm at their approach. Occasionally, at a secure distance, one of them would be detected leaning over some rocky parapet, and reconnoitring, as if from idle curiosity, the array of bayonets in the defile below; but no objection appeared to be taken by him to their farther progress. The second day's march was performed in the same manner. Suddenly, at midnight, as the soldiers were sleeping around the embers of the bivouac fire, the darkness gleamed with the red flash of rifles. The battalions were called to arms, and the men fired at random upon the invisible enemy, until they vanished as unexpectedly as they had appeared. At daybreak the march was resumed, until noon of the same day, when their flanks were again attacked just as they entered a woody ravine. The firing was more fatal than that of the previous night. The Rus-

sian wagons were filled with the wounded. Not half the distance to the village was yet accomplished, — the difficulties of the road increased with every step, — the number of the enemy multiplied each moment, and they fought with more furious courage, until several of his officers besought Grabbe to abandon the march and order a retreat. The general thought of Tchernicheff, waiting to hear of his victory, and refused to go back. On the third day, the danger to his army of total annihilation became so imminent, that he reluctantly gave orders for a retreat, although they had advanced within view of the little fortress of Itchkeria. As soon as the advanced guard wheeled about to descend, the fury of the mountaineers broke through all restraint. They dropped their rifles, and, with their shaskas and daggers, hurled themselves upon the enemy. They speared themselves, in blind rage, upon the Russian bayonets, charging down upon the centre of the columns. Grabbe left both his wounded and his dead behind. His men threw away knapsack and belt. Fainting with heat and thirst and long fatigue, they straggled in disorder down the declivities, with the mountaineers howling in their rear.

The Circassians did not exceed six thousand in number; but they possessed such a thorough acquaintance with every nook and winding of the road, as gave them every possible advantage for attack. At length they succeeded in wresting six pieces of cannon from the Russian artillery. Then Lieutenant Wittert, stung with shame at surrendering "the Emperor's pistols" to a band of savages, drove a couple of battalions up the hill, and succeeded in bringing the guns back, after a desperate struggle. As the army drew near the open country, the onslaught became less violent. Just as they issued from the forests of beech and oak, Schamyl appeared, at the head of a body of cavalry. He had been summoning his adherents from over the mountains, to hasten to the rescue of Dargo. Fortunately for the Russian army, he had returned too late. Grabbe managed to conduct his men for the rest of the way in safety. They entered the town of Girsel, not, as they were expected, with victorious banners, but with muffled drums. They had left two thousand of their number for food

to mountain birds. Of their sixty officers, thirty-six had fallen. Tchernicheff was present to witness their return. He immediately repaired to St. Petersburg, and both Grabbe and Golowin were recalled from their command.

After this victory, for several months, Schamyl maintained a dignified retirement. Achwerdi Mahomet and other chosen disciples were sent forth to preach to the Kabardians and Tcherkessians, and to stir them into rebellion. They found themselves unable to cope with the influence of Russia in that direction. Then Schamyl broke from his seclusion. He entered the fort of Unsorilla, and desolated all Avaria. Neidhardt, successor of Golowin, took the field against him, but his Fabian policy was quite lost upon his cunning, active antagonist. He was always a day too late, and after a signal defeat, he too was recalled in disgrace.

No Russian officer has done so much to promote the interests of his country in Circassia as Michael Woronzoff, who, since the recall of Golowin, has been commander-in-chief of the Czar's army at Tiflis. His first military enterprise was directed against Dargo, the aoul of Schamyl, in his unsuccessful attack upon which, in 1842, Grabbe had lost his reputation. He fought his way up to it, rod by rod. Schamyl commanded the mountaineers, and his presence always inspires them with fury. His Murids fought as if they were content to die if they might only have the satisfaction of sending out of the world a goodly number of their enemy. When the Russians had conquered the long ascent, they found that the inhabitants of the little village had fled, leaving all the combustible parts of it in flames, and Schamyl, with his men, had taken a position upon a neighboring hill. There, armed with a few old cannon, the long hidden spoils of some Russian fort, they poured down shot upon the heads of the conquerors of Dargo. A relay of provisions being expected by the Russians, Lieutenant Klugenau was despatched, with six battalions, to escort it into camp. They were fallen upon by Schamyl, and every biscuit was captured. A general engagement ensued. This novel mode of fighting took Woronzoff by surprise. The mountaineers blocked up every narrow pass with their swords; they started from the hollows of

rocks; they fired their rifles from the tops of trees. Woronzoff was like a man in a cage of wild beasts, with the door bolted on the outside. However, Freitag reached him with a reinforcement, in time to save him from the fate of the unlucky Grabbe.

Dargo having been taken, Schamyl once more exerted himself upon the recreant provinces. The countries of Great and Lesser Kabardah lie between Tchetchenia and Tcherkessia. They are not fortified by mountains, like the latter, and Russian cannon had awed them into submission. Their religious impressions had never deepened into fanaticism. The fiery missionaries sent among them by Schamyl had utterly failed of converting them. They had laughed at the threats of Schamyl. They had murdered Achwerdi Mahomet, his elect brother in the faith. The time had come for the Imam to smite them with his terrible arm.

"I am the root of the tree of Freedom," says his proclamation to them, in the year 1846, — "my Murids are the trunk, and ye are its branches; do not believe that the whole tree will die because one branch rots. God will lop off the rotten branches, and cast them into the eternal fire. Return, therefore, in penitence, and enroll yourselves among the warriors of the faith, and my favor shall be yours, and I will be your protector.

"But if you persist in giving more belief to the seductions of the Christian dogs than to my exhortations, then I will carry out the former threats of Kasi Mollah. Like black thunder-clouds my bands shall sweep over your aouls, and wring from you, by force, that which you deny to kindness. Blood shall mark my track, terror and desolation shall linger in my path; for where the power of words fails, the might of swords shall be on their side."

The Kabardians supposed that the power of Schamyl was broken by the loss of Dargo, and they took no notice of his threat. Suddenly he put himself at the head of twenty thousand warriors, and stormed across their country, plundering and burning, straight through the Russian lines, over two great rivers, from the Sunja to the Laba, a tract of more than two hundred miles in length. He left in his rear a Russian army seventy thousand strong, and all the forces on the Terek and the Sunja. He marched directly into the face of the

Northern army. Sixty aouls in Kabardah, and forty Kossack stanitzas, were destroyed. Even Stavropol was endangered. Before the alarm was given at either place, he had vanished, and, though encumbered with spoils and with hundreds of prisoners, he moved so fleetly through the passes of the hills, that he outran all obstacles to his retreat.

Schamyl recrossed the Sunja a few months later, and again during the following year, doing more or less injury to the Russian outposts, and eluding the slow grasp of the enemy by his tact or intrepidity. The Grand Duke, the present Emperor of Russia, took part in the campaign of 1850, and distinguished himself in an encounter with a horde of Tcherkessians. In 1852, Prince Baratinksky conducted a brilliant expedition in Tchetchenia, where, with fifteen hundred men, he found his way through the Devil's Pass into the aoul of Kankaleh; but on returning, with a few prisoners, he was attacked in the Pass, and escaped only after a heavy loss. Since then there have been but few important movements on either side.

We have told enough of these battles to illustrate the spirit in which the Circassians fight. They are actuated by various motives, some by the love of war, others by hope of booty, most of them by the eloquent persuasions of the Imam or by fear of his anger; but the governing principle that is implanted in their breasts, deeper than life, is — hatred of "the Muscovite." Their goddess is, indeed,

"The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty";

but they have no very noble conception of her, nor yet a quite defined notion of what they are fighting for. They follow no phantoms of "liberty, equality, fraternity"; they are not striving to cast the slough of an outworn form of government; they preach no theories of manifest destiny; the love of home and religious enthusiasm are only ancillary to the ruling passion. They drink in hatred of the Russian from the mother's breast; they breathe it in their mountain air. On the glazed eyes and stiffened faces of the seven hundred Circassians who were thrown into the Koissu by the Russians after the siege of Akhulgo, this passion was stamped in

horrible disfigurement. It was "the lust for death, the hate of Russians, and the last triumph of bloody revenge."

The women of the Caucasus have that high sense of honor, that "divine self-abnegation," which history has loved to attribute to the women of Sparta. "God be thanked!" says the poor mother whose son had fallen in the fight; "the son whom I conceived in sorrow and bore upon my breast was elected of God to be a martyr to freedom and the faith!"

The following translation of one of the Circassian war-songs might stir the heart of any people who have paid blood for liberty:—

"Raise, O raise the banner high,
Arm, arm all for Atteghei!*
Guard the valley, guard the dell;
Hearth and home, farewell, farewell!

"We will dare the battle strife,
We will gladly peril life;
Death or liberty 's the cry,
Win the day, or nobly die.

"Who would fly when danger calls?
Freemen's hearts are freedom's walls;
Heaven receives alone the brave;
Angels guard the patriot's grave.

"Beats there then a traitor's heart,
Duped by wily Russian art,
Who his land for gold would give?
Let him die, or, childless, live.

"Hark, O hark, the cannons roar!
Foe meets foe to part no more.
Quail, ye slaves, 'neath freemen's glance!
Victory 's ours! Advance, advance!"

After the disastrous victory of his army at Dargo, Nicholas determined that new measures for conducting the war must

* The native name for Circassia.

be devised. Schamyl was no longer the insignificant chief of a few rebellious, disunited hordes. He had become the sovereign of an entire nation. In spite of the obstacles which he encountered, arising from the quarrels of separate tribes and the absence of a common language, he had extended his control until all in Eastern Circassia acknowledged him as their father in religion and their leader in war. The trifling advantages which the Czar had gained in preceding years, by forts which were constantly in a state of siege and standing armies which were decimated by fevers every spring, were quite swept away by the energy of Schamyl. The Czar had been unfortunate in his choice of officers to conduct the war. They had all proved wholly inefficient. Yermoloff and Paskiewitsch, it is true, had been prematurely recalled, before they had put their designs into execution; but Rosen never was on confidential terms with the Emperor, Golowin lost his military reputation in one unsuccessful attack, and Neidhardt was recalled in disgrace, and died of a broken heart.

Count Woronzoff was an officer whose talents had been tried as governor of the Crimea. He had done good service in the expulsion of Napoleon, and he possessed so large estates and such personal popularity as it was thought might have caused the Czar even to be jealous of him. He was educated in England, and had imbibed ideas of government which would have probably been treasonable in one of less authority. After his capture of Dargo, Nicholas honored him with the title of Prince, and bestowed upon him the viceroyalty of the Caucasian provinces, with powers almost as extensive and irresponsible as those of the Czar himself. At the conference of Tiflis the aged general expressed his conviction that the subjugation of the Caucasus was not to be accomplished in a single campaign, but must be the result of policy and time. He recommended a reform in the army, and a plan of action which should be offensive or defensive as circumstances might require, but especially one which could be carried out to a thorough trial.

Woronzoff conducted the war with eminent success. His perfect justice and conciliatory temper had their influence over many races whom the sword had failed to subdue. But

he did not lay aside the sword. He won victories upon the Laba. Twenty thousand Abhasians, on the Black Sea, and the Shapsaks, most bitter enemies of Russia, on the Kuban, gave in their submission to him. To those who would not submit, as the Ubiehs and Tchigetes, he still allowed uninterrupted intercourse, for trade, with the border Cossacks. The restriction once laid upon the commerce in female slaves with Sinope and Samsoun was removed. His design was to separate the races as perfectly as possible, to raise lines of fortification between them, such as would render their union for warlike purposes impossible, and to confine Schamyl within narrow limits. This cordon of forts encircles the mountains with a belt of iron, and we cannot conceive how the Circassians, even under the inspiration of Schamyl, could have remained free for many years longer, had not the Eastern War given a new direction to the arms of Russia on the Black Sea.

Sixteen years ago, when the Circassians were driven to the extremity of despair by the dogged perseverance of the Russians, — when, their crops having failed, famine on the one hand, or surrender on the other, seemed to be the only alternative left, — they sent to England a most touching petition, for aid, in the name of humanity, against their encroaching foes. This was after the capture, by the Russians, of the Vixen, an English vessel, while trading on the coast of Circassia, as the Russians alleged, in contravention of their laws. For many years after this event, the Tcherkessians were made to indulge the vain hope that England would come to their relief. Mr. Bell, who passed two years in their country, seems to have held out to them much encouragement of English sympathy and aid, but with very little reason. The most intelligent of the mountain leaders longed to have some of the great nations of Europe reach out to them a helping hand. They wanted to have their independence recognized by the English government. They recalled the noble interference of England and the other powers of Europe in behalf of Greece, and compared their longer struggle and equally just cause with hers. "The Russians cannot conquer this country!" exclaimed one of them. "They may,

by means of their ships and cannon, possess themselves of some more points on our coast; but, granting they could gain the whole of it, that shall make no difference in our determination to resist to the last; for, if they gain these hills, we will retire to yon snowy mountains and fight them!"

But England had not learned, at that time, to regard Russian progress in the East with the sensitiveness which she has shown more recently; and Circassia got no answer to her prayer. When the storm-cloud, which has been gathering in Europe ever since the army of Napoleon sank under the snows of Moscow, took the shape of the present war, it was discovered that the Circassians might render important service to the Allies; and now, for the first time, they have received some aid from their Western friends. Louis Napoleon sent presents of muskets to them last September. English officers were also despatched to them; and they have co-operated successfully with the allied armies.

We have given a succinct and unvarnished statement of the condition of affairs in Circassia. Making every allowance for exaggeration in the wonderful stories which have been told of Schamyl and his army by English papers, we still believe that the contest between Russia and Circassia is one of deep significance in every point of view. We cannot but await with renewed interest the accounts of the battles in the Crimea, knowing that the future of Circassia and her brave defenders is to be decided there. The liberty for which they have been so long striving depends upon the result of the present war; not upon that of the fighting merely, but upon the diplomatic results which must be the terms of its conclusion. How many equally and more momentous issues are hanging on the same event!

ART. VI. — 1. *Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographieen.* Durch FRIEDRICH BÖHRINGER. Ersten Bandes dritte Abtheilung. Zurich. 1855. pp. xii., 774. (The Church of Christ and its Witnesses, or Church History in Biographies.)

2. *Thesaurus Hymnologicus sive Hymnorum Canticorum sequentiarum circa Annum* $\overline{\text{M D}}$. *Usitatarum Collectio Amplissima.* HERM. ADALBERT DANIEL, Ph. Dr. Halis. In III. Tomis. 1841 – 1846.

3. *Die heilige Psalmodie oder der psalmodirende König David und die singende Urkirche mit Rücksicht auf den Ambrosianischen und Gregorianischen Gesang.* Von FRIEDRICH ARMKNECHT. Göttingen. 1855. (Sacred Psalmody, or the Psalmist King David and the Song of the Primitive Church, with especial Reference to the Ambrosian and Gregorian Chant.)

A GREAT name asks our attention in this article; and asks it too with a peculiar claim. It stands in honor chief among the four doctors of that Latin Church through which our own Christian birthright comes; it speaks to us in hymns which belong to the heart of Christendom, and which we have heard from our childhood. Let us then address ourselves with a somewhat fraternal feeling to a brief sketch of Ambrose of Milan, earnest to appreciate the sterling Christian humanity that beat beneath the priestly stole of this sternest and bravest of Western bishops in that early age, and to note the elements of power which he has infused into our modern civilization.

He came very abruptly upon the ecclesiastical stage, and our introduction of him may be equally abrupt. Turn to Milan in the year 374. That city, then the residence of the Western Emperors and the capital of Upper Italy, was rent into hostile factions by the election of a bishop in place of the Arian Bishop Auxentius, recently deceased, after an administration of nearly twenty years. Christian people then, as now, had not quite rid themselves of the old Adam in their nature, and the flock that met for the choice of a shepherd

acted so much like wolves, that the governor of the province, who heard of the rising affray, deemed it his duty to interpose. Poor man! he little thought into what difficulty he was plunging himself by going into that church upon his errand of peace-making. He was a personage well trained to public speaking in the schools of rhetoric and the courts of law, undoubtedly very firm in spirit, very mild in address. He had practised for years at the Roman tribunals, and probably had gained many cases, although in all likelihood he had never before gained more than he argued for. No sooner had he spoken, than a child, one of those little unaccountables who know so much either for good or evil, and who very likely had an intuitive sense of the governor's real worth, cried out, "Ambrose, Bishop." The idea took at once with the entire assembly, and Catholics and Arians shouted with one voice, "Yes, Ambrose must be bishop." The whole company saw directly that the choice of a new man, uncommitted to the old feuds, would rid them of many perplexities, and perhaps took a little mischievous pleasure in disappointing the ambitious heads not very meekly waiting for the expected mitre, and in placing it upon a head whose good sense and inherent dignity spoke for themselves. The governor, who was no other than Ambrose, was apparently more disappointed by his sudden election than the regular candidates could have been by their strange defeat. What should he do? He was indeed a Christian in his convictions, and one of his family, the sainted Sotheria, had died for the faith under Diocletian. But he was only a catechumen of the Church, and had not yet been baptized. His position in the state was one of great dignity and usefulness, and he had been regularly trained for its duties. The bishop's chair at that stormy period, and in Milan especially, was to a worldling a very dangerous honor, and to a conscientious man a stupendous responsibility. How should the statesman decline the threatened mitre? His course proved that a large leaven of the stern old Roman still lingered in the breast of the bishop elect. In order to appear too harsh for the office, he had some criminals put to the torture, — not without clear proofs, it is to be hoped, of signal guilt. But in vain the ex-

pedient. Then he undertook to shield himself under the garb of a philosopher, but to as little purpose. He then went so far as to cause some loose characters to be seen about his palace; but still the cry was, "Thy sins be upon us." He fled from the city in despair, and, losing his way, found himself again at the gates, and word of him was sent to the Emperor Valentinian. The Emperor was much pleased to learn that his governor had been chosen bishop, and favored the scheme; but Ambrose still regarded the choice as an outrage upon his liberty, and sought refuge in the country-house of a friend. That friend, however, did not dare to brave the Emperor's displeasure, and thus the reluctant lawyer, who had been told when he was sent to Milan to be governor, that he "must act more like a bishop than a judge," was compelled to be bishop. Providence knew him better than he knew himself, and it was probably not without some presentiment of his undeveloped powers that he consented to accept the mitre.* He was immediately baptized, and eight days afterwards he was consecrated bishop. Sudden as was the transition from the governor to the prelate, the leading rulers of the Church welcomed the accession to their ranks. The illustrious Basil gloried in him as a worthy coadjutor, and found precedents in the Old Testament for the choice. "Thus is it ever," says his most recent biographer, Böhringer,—"thus is it ever with men of destiny."

Behold Ambrose, now in the prime of life, at the age of thirty-four, placed in the most important position in the Western Church, in the midst of the imperial court, and near enough to the See of Rome to act powerfully upon its policy,

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* Peculiar religious impressions of his youth, which secular cares had dimmed, may have revived within him. He had been looked upon as a remarkable child since the day of his infancy, when, as he was sleeping in the court of his father's palace in France, a swarm of bees flew into his mouth and out again, without leaving any other sting than the impulse of honeyed eloquence. And when, not long after his father's death, at which time the boy was about ten years old, the widowed mother with her two sons and daughter returned to Rome, Ambrose was evidently quite a sedate, clerical little personage, somewhat taken by priestly dignities. It is said, that when his sister Marcellina, with another devotee, kissed the hand of the bishop, he held out his hand to be kissed also, hinting that he might one day be bishop.

without being browbeat by its dictation or identified with its internal strifes. His course was very clear before him. He did not begin his work as a theorist curious to analyze the foundations of the faith, or as a reformer, to start new schemes of church discipline, but strictly as a man of business, a practical statesman, who had gone from the civil to the ecclesiastical court. His first question was, "What is the established law of the Church in which I have taken office?" and strict obedience followed the answer. The Nicene Council had settled by authority the orthodoxy of the Athanasian party, and therefore Ambrose would have no Arian bishops concerned in his consecration. The priestly idea of sanctity was identical with celibacy and asceticism; Ambrose accordingly gave to the charities of the Church all his property, except a sufficient provision for his sister Marcellina, who had taken the vow of virginity, and he committed all his temporal affairs to the charge of his brother Satyrus, that he might devote himself wholly to spiritual interests. He ate sparingly, never dined except on Saturdays and Sundays and on the festivals of famous martyrs, never accepted invitations to entertainments, and gave no entertainments except such as were demanded by proper hospitality towards official guests who visited him at Milan. His administration continued twenty-two years, from his accession, in 374, to his death, in 397. Our space is necessarily limited, and as it is not well to crowd a small piece of canvas with many figures, we must be content with three or four sketches of his most prominent acts, which may aid us in our estimate of the works and character of the man, especially with regard to his influence upon European civilization.

Occupying the most important position in the Western Church, Ambrose of course came into contact with the three principal powers that disputed the claims of the Church; we mean, Idolatry, Heresy, and Despotism. His conflicts with these powers continued with greater or less vehemence throughout his whole administration; but we can readily choose the points in which the struggles came severally to their crisis.

It was his crosier apparently that struck down the remnant

of the Roman idolatry. Old Rome had not by any means died out, and among many dignitaries of state, who were quite willing to bow before the rising honors of the Romish See, the annals of the empire under the auspices of Mars and Jupiter were more cherished than the annals of the New Rome, which had exchanged the Temple for the Church, and the Eagle for the Cross. At the accession of Ambrose, Julian had been dead but eleven years; and in his grave not all of the hope of restoring Old Rome was buried. When troubles come upon a nation, it is very popular to appeal to the traditions of antiquity, and to ascribe the evil to the anger of the gods for the desertion of time-honored usages. Paganism was adroitly represented by the man chosen to be its advocate, and by the point upon which issue was joined. The Prefect of Rome, the famous orator Symmachus, drew up the petition to be presented to the imperial court, and shrewdly rested his plea, not upon the restoration of some obnoxious god of the old Pantheon, nor upon the revival of any exploded cruelty of the ancient worship, but simply upon the restoration of the altar of Victory to the Senate-hall. His argument is able, ingenious, and eloquent, remarkably strong in behalf of general toleration, and not without forcible appeals to patriotism and justice. Ambrose addressed a counter-petition to the court, — a document hardly equal to his antagonist's in classic purity of diction, and little consistent with our notions of literary excellence, yet wholly true to his convictions and to the genius of his Church. Symmachus might perhaps have answered the argument to his own satisfaction, but he could not answer the power behind the argument. Victory had deserted the altar of the goddess called by her name, and had ascended the altars of the Church. The very spirit which created that statue had dethroned it. The spirit of Old Rome, instead of dying out, had rather gone up into the New Rome, and there was probably more of the heart of the Roman Senator in Ambrose than in Symmachus, as the prelate claimed for the Cross the universal empire over the world before ruled by the Roman Eagle. The chief of the imperial judges was of the same mind with the fiery bishop. Theodosius threw the weight of his sceptre into the scales, and idolatry fell.

Not far from the time of this signal defeat of Paganism came the crisis in the conflict of Ambrose with heresy. During the first eleven years of his episcopate, he had been constantly employed in resisting the Arian party, which had been for so many years in the ascendant at Milan, and which was now reinforced by the influence of Justina, the mother of the young Emperor Valentinian II., whose tender age threw him entirely into her hands. In the year 385, the Empress commenced the movement to restore to Arianism a foothold in Milan, and in the following year the final crisis came. It is enough to take a single glance at the Bishop during the Easter season. The court had already demanded one of the Catholic churches for the Arian party. Ambrose had resisted the demand at every stage, proving himself quite as much determined to keep down the violence of his own adherents as to baffle his antagonists. Threats and fines had been employed to intimidate the people who favored Ambrose, but with every aggression his spirit rose and conquered. The court remitted their attacks only to rally their arts and forces for the final onslaught. At the Easter season, A. D. 386, he was peremptorily ordered to leave the city if he persisted in refusing to surrender the Portian church and its sacred vessels. His reply was, "Naboth would not surrender the vineyard of his father, and shall I surrender the heritage of Christ?" He quietly pursued his usual duties, went daily to church, and remained unmolested. Some general officers came from the Empress to order him imperatively to quit the city, and go where he pleased. He flatly refused, and all Milan was in uproar at the supposed peril of the brave bishop. Ambrose went into the cathedral, and great multitudes followed him, completely investing the church and the adjacent buildings within the sacred precincts. The soldiers were ordered to allow all to enter, but none to come out. Here, on Palm Sunday, he preached his famous sermon "Against the Surrender of Churches." "Why are you so alarmed?" he began. "Think you that I may surrender the church, and, anxious for my own safety, leave you in the lurch? Hear what I said to the messenger of the Cæsar? I told him, I more fear the Ruler of the universe than the

ruler of this earth. And would any power tear me from this church, it must prevail only over my body, but not over my soul. I am ready: he may do what he pleases in his royal might. I shall know how to suffer as is customary in a priest of God. Why are you therefore troubled? I will never voluntarily give up the right, yet I cannot and will not resist force. I may be able to lament and weep and sigh. This is my weapon and defence against the soldiers, against the Goths. Other weapons the priest has none." "Yet I have a defence in the prayers of the poor. These blind and lame, these crippled and aged, are mightier than the bravest soldiers." In conclusion, he stated the true position of the Emperor towards the Church. "To Cæsar, what is Cæsar's; to God, what is God's. Tribute belongs to Cæsar; who denies this? The Church is God's; therefore it does not belong to Cæsar." For many days and nights this "holy incarceration," as it has been called, continued, and Ambrose, in order to keep up the courage and faith of the congregation, gave out Latin hymns to be sung by the clergy and people alternately, in the manner usual in the East since the third century. He had one auditor who listened with no common ear. The gifted, but prodigal and erratic young Augustine, with his devout mother Monnica, was present, and, although not then a convert, was powerfully impressed by the music and the scene. Even the soldiers caught the enthusiasm, and, as they watched at the church door, joined in the responses of the hymns. The court had no weapons against such resistance, and proposed to leave the question to be settled by arbitrators. Ambrose would not consent for a moment to submit spiritual affairs to a secular or non-ecclesiastical tribunal, and his clergy stood by him to a man. The vantage-ground thus gained he was enabled to keep and enlarge by a bold stroke of enthusiasm and policy. He discovered the bodies of the noted martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, and by his flaming eloquence over their still bleeding wounds he kindled such a fire among the people, that the court yielded the contest, apparently convinced that the prelate's party was the strongest.

In judging between the Arian and the Catholic party in

this contest, we are carefully to distinguish between the worldly policy of the Arian court, and the honest convictions of great numbers of Arian believers who only asked liberty of worship upon broad grounds of toleration.* If Ambrose was right in refusing to quit his flock at the bidding of the throne, and is not to be blamed for not giving up one of the churches under his charge to a sect that had departed from the Catholic creed, we cannot by any means justify him for employing every means in his power short of personal violence to prevent his fellow-men from using their liberty of conscience. He vindicated the destruction of a Jewish synagogue at Callinicum, censured Theodosius for obliging the destroyers to rebuild it, and procured the repeal of the just decree of the Emperor to that effect. He had little idea of what is now understood by religious toleration. Yet in his zeal against heresy no stain of blood was upon his hands, and to his honor be it spoken, that he brought down the severest penances of the Church upon the fanatics in Spain who in the name of their faith imbrued their hands in the blood of Priscillian, a Spanish heresiarch, whose fate was by more than a thousand years an anticipation of the horrible death of Servetus, the Spanish physician, at the hands of his Genevan inquisitors.

The position of Ambrose towards the despotism of the throne was no less creditable to his firmness, and more so to his humanity, than his position towards heresy. Over the two Emperors who had the most decided influence during his administration he had great sway. He was the instructor of Gratian and the counsellor of Theodosius. In the latter, the Bishop found a man the most after his own heart, a

* The Arian doctrine has always had advocates excellent in mind and heart, yet those who inherit the name do not always inherit the ancient doctrine. Our Arian friends do not regard the Holy Spirit as a creature, but as the Spirit of God, and they thus escape the ancient error which so separated the soul from direct communion with God. The Athanasian party ran into an error equally great even in the opinion of many Trinitarians, — the error of separating human life from the influence of God's spirit, by branding the domestic relations as carnal, and sacrificing the order of God and nature to ghostly monasticism. If the Arians had the most of the secular tone, the Athanasians had the most of the monkish tone, and the choice is not easy between Justina's pettish domineering from the palace, and Jerome's frantic anathemas from his cell.

man of that peculiarly Spanish temperament which combines with strong passions and a certain dreamy indolence the most intense religious susceptibility. It is to the immortal honor of Ambrose, that he dared to rebuke to his face the prince whose favor was his highest worldly honor and official support. Not for any infraction of ritual, etiquette, or dogmatic creed, but for an act of inhumanity to the people of Thessalonica, the Emperor was treated as an open offender, and refused admission into the church. At the slaughter of seven thousand citizens for an act of insubordination and outrage on the part of a few, a cry of horror rose throughout the churches, and all eyes were turned upon Ambrose. He was not recreant. He withdrew from the city to shun an interview with the Emperor, and by a fearless and powerful letter called him to repentance. He kept his sovereign for eight months in the position of a penitent, and allowed him to enter the Church only after he had made a public confession of his guilt, and pledged himself to delay the execution of all capital sentences until thirty days after the sentence. Where shall we find a nobler rebuke to crime upon a throne than these words? — "Look upon the dust of the maternal earth, from which we all spring and into which we all return. Let not the splendor of the purple blind thee to the weakness of the body which it covers. Thou outragest men, O Cæsar, who are of the same blood as thyself and are thy fellow-servants. One is Lord and King of us all. With what eyes wilt thou behold the temple of the Lord! With what feet tread this holy ground! Depart hence, and do not venture to heap outrage upon outrage." Bowed down with mortification, the Emperor quoted the example of David, whose sin was forgiven. "Indeed, you have imitated David in sin, so imitate him in his penitence." The letter and the speech of Ambrose on this occasion are documents which humanity should never let fall from her keeping. The prophet Nathan stands before us in priestly garb, and again rebukes a David in royal purple.

The dignity of the rebuke given by Ambrose to imperial despotism is brought into bolder relief by his careful regard for the rights of the people. He was willing to expose him-

self to insult to sue for an innocent man's pardon, and took the place of a tribune of the people in opposition to the tyranny of wealth and rank. Enthusiastic high-churchman as he was, he could yet gladly surrender the sacred vessels of the Church to ransom Christians from slavery, thus yielding to mercy treasures that he would not yield to threats. In spite of his love for sacerdotal prerogative, he threw open to the people a part of the worship previously the exclusive property of the Italian priesthood, and by his hymns far more than by his dogmas anticipated the days of Luther, and became the redeemer of the laity from virtual bondage by the quickening power of song. He was as little afraid to rebuke usurpers to the face, as to humble the pride of the legitimate sovereigns. Theodosius, the most orthodox of early Emperors, died in his arms, and forty days afterwards Ambrose gave the funeral oration, which, in spite of its excessive rhetoric, is in its personal bearings the most remarkable of his occasional speeches. He pays an affectionate tribute to the Emperor's character, and dwells at length upon the services of the Christian princes and princesses to Christianity from the beginning. Sacred eloquence has few more touching and exalted passages than the outpouring of personal affection for Theodosius, each sentence beginning with the words, "Delexi virum illum," — "I have loved that man," — and the whole ending thus: "Yes, I have loved that man, who wished for me in his last hours, who when on the verge of dissolution was more concerned for the state of the Church than for his own personal danger. He bore a heavy yoke from his youth, since, when he ascended the throne, they who slew his father lay in wait for him, whilst barbarians swarmed on every side. But because here in labor, so there in peace."

In two years the Bishop followed the Emperor; and the empire lost its two strongest rulers. Ambrose died on the night after Good Friday, A. D. 397. Shortly before his death, his biographer, Paulinus, was taking notes of the exposition of the forty-third Psalm from his lips, and looking upon him as he dictated, he saw, as he declares, a luminous appearance as of a shield about his head, and his face was white as snow. The dying man heard angelic voices, and said that Christ

had appeared to him with a smile. The body was laid in state in the cathedral, and on the night before the next Sunday, which was Easter, many persons received baptism. The newly baptized children looked with awe upon the calm and solemn face of the great bishop, and heard from their parents in hushed tones the story of his wisdom and goodness. Of the hymns sung on that day in the service, there were probably some words that were to the people as the living voice of the dead, hallowed words winged for a deathless flight, and sounding still throughout the world.

We will now speak, and as briefly as we can, of the works and the character of Ambrose, — a topic for which there are many fresh and valuable materials that can hardly be touched upon. His works are in two folio volumes in the Benedictine edition,* which is the best, and consist of treatises on theology and ethics, biblical expositions, letters, and discourses. For the sake of distinctness, we will speak of him as a theologian, a moralist, a preacher, and a poet.

As a theologian, Ambrose made no pretensions to originality, but aimed simply to expound and enforce the received doctrine of the Church. In his expositions of Scripture he does not show much of the exact scholarship of Jerome, or the massive thought of Athanasius, or the daring speculation of Augustine, but aims chiefly at educing a directly practical lesson from the text, not afraid to take great liberties with the literal sense, after the allegorizing method of the Orientals, if by so doing he may give point or attractiveness to his statement. As a theologian he was, considering his direct and business-like method, quite Oriental in his tone and spirit, sometimes doing little more than to translate the most noted of the Greek fathers, and rivalling Ori-

* Those who desire to have his masterpieces in a more frugal and convenient form, may be glad to purchase the excellent selection by Dr. R. O. Gilbert, in Gersdorf's Bibliotheca. It is in two parts, making together a volume of about four hundred pages, and containing his "De Officiis Ministrorum" and "Hexaëmeron." For a very instructive statement of his distinctive opinions in his own language, we refer to that invaluable little book recently published in Germany, "Flores Patrum Latinorum," by Dr. W. Reithmeier. No apparatus, however, can supply the place of the full Benedictine edition, which affords such ample epistolary and other incidental illustrations of the man and his times.

gen himself in mystical conceits. In doctrine, he was a strong Trinitarian of the Athanasian school; a believer in human depravity, yet not deriving from Adam actual sin, but only the inclination to sin; a champion of free grace through Christ, and of the power of the human will to accept or reject this grace. He held rigidly to the divine prerogative of the priesthood; to the efficacy of baptism, without however regarding salvation as impossible without it; and to the mysterious power of the Holy Communion, to an extent that stops little if any short of Transubstantiation. He believed in the primacy, although he did not assert the infallibility, of Rome, nor sanction the dogma either of the royal authority or the temporal power of the Pope. He believed in a disciplinary state, or a purgatory after death for the sins of the faithful, and a state of endless punishment for the reprobate. He was a great stickler for the pre-eminent sanctity of celibacy, and his earliest work was written in honor of the estate of virginity. The same error runs through his theology, which taints the whole Nicene and Athanasian school, and which should make us receive their dictation with many grains of caution. He had no idea that a married person could attain the highest type of piety, and in his disparagement of woman as the wife, he was led to find a substitute for her in the affections of the devout by magnifying the superangelic honors of the Virgin Mary, thus helping to lay the foundation of that preposterous, but powerful dogma, which has just reached its climax at Rome. No careful student of the emotional literature of Christendom for the last fifteen hundred years will wonder at this decree.*

As a moralist he deserves a higher name than as a theo-

* We have before us two volumes of a new edition of the Latin Hymns of the Middle Ages, from Original Manuscripts. The first volume consists of hymns to God and the Angels, the second of hymns to the Virgin, whilst the third is to be devoted to hymns in honor of the Saints. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the space given to the Virgin in this collection exceeds that which is given to God, and equals that which is given to God and all the Angels. This work is edited by F. J. Mone, and is published at Freiburg, 1853, 1854. It is full of curious information, yet far less valuable than Daniel's Thesaurus, which we have named at the head of this article, and which is now the classic authority on the subject. Daniel, however, needs revising, for he omits some choice gems of Christian song within his chosen period.

logian; for his book "De Officiis Ministrorum," — "On the Duties of Ministers," — is probably the first extended ethical work of Christian antiquity. It is evidently modelled upon the plan of the Roman philosopher's "De Officiis," and Ambrose, good man, undertook to be the Cicero of Christian morals, with more credit to the purity of his purpose than to the perfection of his style. He is anxious throughout to show the superiority of the Christian morality over the Heathen, first in the elevation of its motive, which he makes out to be the love of God and of eternal life; and, secondly, in its examples, which he draws very copiously, and sometimes with not a little exaggeration, from the Scriptures. All virtues he embraces in wisdom, justice, fortitude, and temperance, and whilst retaining this old classic division, he pours into it the new spirit of faith and love, which is far more convincing and edifying than any of his niceties of definition. His morality is strict and exalted, as far from mere sentimentalism as from utilitarianism; yet it has much of the same leaven that taints his theology. He divides duties into two kinds, the middle and the perfect, — the first for people in general, and the second for the saintly. Perfect virtue is to be found especially in fasting, voluntary poverty, and celibacy. Herein Ambrose loses sight of the essentially evangelical element in Christianity, which regards all duties as of the same worth if performed in the right spirit, and declares all methods and plans of action as equally sacred if consecrated by the same faith and love. The mistake belongs rather to the age than to the man, and the bold thinker Jovinian, who dared to rebuke it, fell with his friends under the Bishop's censure, and was banished from Milan. Let the dogmatists who are fond of quoting the Nicene fathers as final authority upon all matters of belief, remember the ground upon which Jovinian, the Protestant of his time, was denounced. The priesthood which Ambrose headed exiled him for maintaining virtually "that there is but one divine element of life, which all believers share in common; but one fellowship in Christ, which proceeds from faith in him; but one new birth." "Virgins, widows, and married women, who have been once baptized into Christ, have the same merit, if in respect

to works there is otherwise no difference between them." Jovinian may have erred by overlooking the meaning of development and progress in the life of faith, but so far as his cardinal principle is concerned, we side with the exiled heretic against the mighty anathema of Ambrose.

As a preacher, it is not easy to judge Ambrose fairly, so much of the meaning and power of his sermons depended upon the occasion. His preaching was what good preaching generally should be, chiefly pastoral, or addressed to states of mind and events under his own notice. His expositions of Scripture were apparently prepared first for the pulpit, and after serving as homilies were put into treatises. These are often very carefully worded, compactly arranged, and quite interesting alike from their practical point and their allegorical conceits. His strongest efforts were drawn out by great occasions of state, such as his sermon during the watch in the church after Justina's edict of exile against him, and, more than all, his funeral orations over the Emperors Gratian, Valentinian, and Theodosius. He evidently felt his position as court preacher to the Emperor, and sought to magnify his office by moral dignity as well as by literary care. He is most happy when the spur of the occasion lifts him off his too frequent rhetorical stilts, and moves him to speak out his glowing convictions in the simple language of nature. If the preacher's style, like his dress, was sometimes too stately for a disciple of Christ, it never failed, like his dress, to veil a heart true to Christian affections. We err very much in regarding a fondness for fanciful illustrations and rhetorical beauty as necessary proof of want of earnestness or power. The brave soldier likes to have his good sword decked with quaint arabesques, and his helmet bears blows none the less stoutly because a gay plume waves from its brazen crest. The soldier of the Church Militant may have a similar taste, and may adorn his armor without harm to its strength. However, we are led in truth to say, that, marked as the eloquence of the Bishop frequently was, it hardly explains his power, unless we take into account the man from whom it came, and listen to the acts that speak louder than words.

The man speaks too in the poet as well as in the preacher, and by the impulse that he gave to the element of song in Christian worship he has probably exercised his most enduring influence. He of course did not originate the use of hymns in the worship of the Western Church; for, from the beginning of that Church, the Psalms of David were used in recitative, if not in song. It was Ambrose, however, who more than any other man introduced from the East into the West the use of rhythmic hymns, and called the congregation to join the clergy of the choir in the singing. He was at once a composer of hymns and the head of a new movement to popularize that part of worship in the Western Church. Hilary had written hymns before him, but the great enterprise of establishing them in the churches belongs to Ambrose. The manner of singing and the subject-matter are both worthy of note. In the West the services of the Church had been more exclusively in the hands of the clergy than in the East, where, at least from the middle of the third century, the congregation had joined with the ministers in song. Rome afterwards resumed her exclusive policy, and Gregory the Great, whilst too stern to favor the Greek measure introduced by Ambrose, not only revived the ancient ecclesiastical chant, but sought to restore the singing to the charge of the clergy, a restriction not by any means required by the quality of the music. In our own day, our habit of limiting the musical part of worship to a separate choir is a repetition of the Romish exclusiveness, which Ambrose tried to remove. Now musical pretension claims the monopoly once claimed by clerical sanctity, and our modern choirs, by their artistic modulations, lord it over the devotion of the congregations as proudly as the old priests kept the people in awe by their litanies and genuflexions. When will a new Ambrose arise to educate the people to their rightful duty, and to save our churches from the ungodly pirouetting of the lips that is called by the name of worship? We must say a few words on this question before we close.

The music of the rhythmic hymns was apparently derived from the Greeks, and was of a very simple kind. The hymns of Ambrose are written in a cheerful measure, the iambic di-

meter, more lively than the Pindaric odes, and but little less so than the Anacreontic songs; as, for example, in the famous hymn to Christ:—

> "Splendor paternæ gloriæ,
> De luce lucem proferens,
> Lux lucis et fons luminis,
> Diem dies illuminans."

As to musical execution, Ambrose used the scale of four notes only, the tetrachord, instead of our octave, and knew nothing of harmony or counterpoint. His hymns were sung in unison, and, as far as can be learned, with no more variety than the small compass of four tunes, the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Mixt-Lydian. It is not easy to ascertain exactly what these tunes were, and, after trying to study the nature of the Ambrosian chant somewhat thoroughly with the splendid apparatus in the Astor Library, we gave it up in despair, on finding that two of the most learned musical scholars of Italy and Germany, who had ransacked all the noted depositories of manuscripts and books on music, had come to the conclusion that nothing definite could be learned. The difficulty probably arises from expecting a too definite and scientific description of a style of music which existed before our modern notation was invented. We may form a tolerable conjecture as to its character from a few of the old German tunes that the Reformation caught from tradition, such as the popular Te Deum, "Herr Gott, dich loben wir," which probably dates as far back as the fourth century. The ancient Greek music gives Armknecht the basis for some critical conjectures as to the four tunes of Ambrose. What is generally called the Ambrosian chant is probably of later origin, and more elaborate. We know very little more about his music than that it was simple and melodious, fitted to enlist the vows and the affections of a promiscuous congregation, and a great improvement upon the heavy, prosaic recitative before in vogue. We must distinguish between the Ambrosian hymns, which were melodious verse without rhyme, and, on the one hand, the Gregorian chants, which were musical recitatives of Scripture sentences without measured verse, and, on the other hand, the Leonine verses, such as the "Dies

Iræ" and the "Stabat Mater," which are in rhyme. Both the Ambrosian and the Gregorian chants, which are so thoroughly discussed in the little work of Armknecht, who considers the former as derived from the Greeks and the latter from the Hebrews, coincided in their fitness for popular use, and, in comparison with our current modern music, they were distinguished by great simplicity. The mission of Ambrose may be compared to that of the Wesleys, who introduced cheerful strains of music into the Church, and turned many of the world's melodies against the world's sway. Ambrose, like the Wesleys, opened the lips of the people in sacred song, and, in both cases, probably as many converts were sung into the Church as were preached in. The followers of the Wesleys, as of Ambrose, went too far, no doubt, in secularizing church music, and the recent disposition in England and America to restore the grave and simple style of the old Gregorian chant, with the use of the Psalms of David, enables us, in some degree, to understand the reform which Gregory introduced by his return to the ancient psalms, with improved notation and more thorough musical instruction.

The subject-matter of Ambrose's hymns is in harmony with the mode of singing. They do not aim at profound thoughts or elaborate fancies, but present the plain facts of Christianity, and the most obvious religious duties and affections, in language so simple, compact, pointed, and graphic, as to be understood and felt at once. The hymns on the great festivals are, of course, full of the church doctrines and ritual of the author's faith, whilst those that celebrate the attributes of God, or consecrate the morning and the evening hours, are, in the main, of a character to touch all Christian hearts. What can be more simple and devout than his morning hymn to the Creator, "Eterne rerum Conditor," translated by Edward Caswall, somewhat freely, indeed, but in the metre of the original? Here is a specimen of it, which calls the soul to worship at the crowing of the cock, that old-fashioned prayer-bell: —

"Forthwith at this, the darkness still
Retreats before the star of morn,

And from their busy schemes of ill,
The vagrant crews of night return.

"Arise ye, then, with one accord,
Nor longer wrapt in slumber lie;
The cock rebukes all who their Lord
By sloth neglect, by sin deny.

"Jesus! look on us when we fall;
One momentary glance of thine
Can from her guilt the soul recall,
To tears of penitence divine.

"Awake us from false sleep profound,
And through our senses pour thy light;
Be thy blest name the first we sound
At early dawn, the last at night."

There is clearly a very genial air in this strain, that must have contrasted strongly with the grave tone of the old prose chants, and have tempted every tongue to join in the song. The Christian Church loses power by parting with this genial spirit, and it is an interesting fact that the Wesleyan hymns which best retain it, and still keep due devotional dignity, have now a permanent place among the sacred lyrics of every sect. Public worship will gain much in power when the spirit of such stirring hymns is breathed in simple music in which the congregation generally can join, whilst the more difficult and ornate compositions, if retained in our churches at all, are intrusted to a choir of professional musicians. We look with great interest upon the movement now in progress in favor of plain-song and congregational singing. The most earnest portion of the Episcopal Church, with all its conservatism, has committed itself to this movement, and has added several manuals to the congregational singing-books now multiplying in America. We shall be glad to have the shades of Ambrose and Gregory both return to us in the rhythmic hymns and Scripture chants which they have connected with music so simple and devotional, so true to the various chords of Christian faith and sympathy.

As many as ninety hymns come to us in Daniel's collection marked with the name of Ambrose as author or master,

although the careful Benedictine editors are not willing to claim more than twelve for him on absolute authority. This seems a small contribution to that form of sacred poetry, when we think that in the German language alone there are now numbered eighty thousand hymns, and that two writers, Schmolk and Hiller, have composed each more than a thousand of these. But quantity is not quality, and when it is remembered that the lyric heart of Luther caught most of its fire from Ambrose, whose chief hymns were translated into household words of Protestant piety, the Christian Muse of Germany lays her fairest olive-branch at the feet of Luther's great precursor in song.

As in his preaching, so in his poems, Ambrose embodied his own character, and the spirit of the man was the chief part of the matter. If in his preaching he brought out the strength of his nature on the spur of great occasions, in his poems he expressed the tenderness of his nature at the touch of devotion and sympathy. We have small space to devote to a portraiture of his character, and perhaps his life and works, even thus imperfectly described, give a better idea of it than any labored analysis.

He was manifestly not an original thinker, although gifted with strong understanding and a large and delicate comprehension. He had great talents for business, and evidently carried a statesman's method into the official details of his ministry. In fact, his age demanded of him executive energy rather than speculative depth. Athanasius, who died the year before Ambrose's ordination, had fought in the intellectual arena the great battle of orthodoxy for doctrine, and a man was wanted to carry its standard bravely into the field of church discipline. Augustine was just coming upon the stage, and his contest for irresistible grace and Divine decrees had not begun. Ambrose was admirably fitted for his position as a working bishop, in extending and guarding the strong-holds of the Church. He abounded in that rare sagacity which sees the point of a wide range of particulars, and marshals the lesser matters in their due perspective about the chief issue. He had not the highest qualities of the philosopher or the poet, neither the speculative reason of Origen, the

powerful logic of Athanasius, nor the keen and flaming eloquence of Augustine. Yet he was essentially an idealist in his thought and feeling; and nothing delighted him more than to interpret and adorn the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church with all the rich Orientalisms of speculation and fancy in which his favorite authors abounded, and which he could appreciate more easily than he could originate them.

Notwithstanding his stern command and ascetic piety, his affections were tender and constant. It is difficult, indeed, to learn from his contemporaries exactly what his social traits were, for the style of biography, like that of ecclesiastical paintings, was in very high colors, — so fond of sky-blue, vermilion, and gold, as to neglect such every-day matters as flesh-color and wrinkles, gray hair and small talk. Some chance words, dropped here and there, give us inklings of a vein of humor in the stern ascetic. As was usual with the devotees of that age, the troubles of married life were a not unfrequent subject of his sarcasm; and of his three standing rules, the first was, never to make a match for anybody's marriage; the second, never to persuade a man to be a soldier; and the third, never to accept invitations to feasts. He was evidently very courteous in manners, — a Christian gentleman, somewhat of the school of Fénelon. It is said of him, that, when once he was attacked by a woman who was baffled in her purpose of pulling him down to be mobbed by her companions in fanaticism, she died from the excitement occasioned by his rebuke; and yet the courtly bishop so far subdued his resentment as to attend her funeral, not, perhaps, unwilling to have her buried. A man's letters, if fairly reported, show pretty well what he is, and the printed epistles of Ambrose give the idea that he was a kindly and obliging man, yet so absorbed with public affairs as to live far more for official than private relations. His tenderness to his own family is expressed, in a public discourse on his brother's death, in a manner so excessive and rhetorical as to challenge the utmost charity of our taste, whilst his letters to his sister Marcellina answer her troubled dreams and anxious inquiries on his account by a long rehearsal of his difficulties with the Arians, and a far-fetched allegorical disquisition on the penitent

woman's kissing the feet of Jesus, and the difference between the Church, which repeats the kiss, and the Synagogue, which has no kiss for Christ. We might think less of this tone towards his relatives, were it not for his extreme cordiality to mere official correspondents. We cannot but wish that we had a few words of tender and personal devotedness to his sister and brother in the series of epistles that contains one to Theodosius, in which the Bishop tells the Emperor that he took the last letter from him to church, laid it upon the altar, and held it in his hand during the consecration of the host. Yet to him Theodosius was not merely a person, but the representative of the whole empire, and the piety embodied in that letter seemed, undoubtedly, to Ambrose as the consecration of the kingdoms of the world on the altar of God and his Christ.

His power of action has already been sufficiently shown by his life, and we need only say, that his mighty will was ever quickened and steadied by a profound faith. Thus he stands among those heroes of history, those nobles of God's own court, who have renewed their strength by divine grace, and wrought out eternal life from the imperishable tissue woven by faith and good works. Honor to Ambrose for this union, we say, sturdy Protestants as we are. The devout of all times owe him the brother's hand, and the stout Puritan Independent may find under his Catholic vestments a heart that answers bravely and tenderly to his own sense of God's grace and man's duty.

The dust of the great Bishop rests in the church at Milan that bears his name, and the library founded after a thousand years by his illustrious successor, Borromeo, commemorates his glory. We of the West may, without surrendering our freedom or fidelity, add our stone to his mausoleum. Honor to the man who stands in history foremost of the leaders of the Church in vindicating the supreme law of God against the encroachments of despotism, and, by his doctrine of pacific nonconformity to tyranny, teaches us a lesson which every age should learn, no matter whether the tyrant is one or many, a throne or a senate, aristocrat or democrat.

Honor to the man who, foremost among the fathers of

Western Christendom, enlisted the influence of music in soothing the passions and inflaming the faith and zeal of the people. He stands at the head of an illustrious list, supported on either hand by Hilary and Prudentius, followed by Sedulius, Fortunatus, Gregory, Bernhard, Hildebert, Adam St. Victor, Aquinas, Celano, and their peers; and in due time by a mighty host nearer our own hearts, Luther, Gerhard, Milton, Herbert, Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, Cowper, Heber, Montgomery, and all the sweet singers of our own Israel. The future of humanity is to swell into mightier volume the strains that Ambrose began. By his melody, the walls of New Rome rose from above the ruins of Old Rome. Who will deny that God has in store for mankind bards, who shall raise the walls of the new Christendom from the ruins or from the foundations of the old, and who shall call the nations to a union of faith and industry that shall set humanity itself to music, and, from the chaos that now prevails, educe the order of a divine kingdom? As that day draws near, the best of the old hymns will be sung with profounder mind and more flaming heart. The God whom Ambrose invoked will give new ear to his well-known prayer, —

"O Thou, the Father's image blest!
Who callest forth the morning ray;
O Thou eternal light of light,
And inexhaustive fount of day!

"True Sun! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore;
And through each hour the quickening beam
Of the Eternal Spirit pour."

It is very certain that Divine Providence ranks music among the powerful means that are to check and elevate the too exclusive utilitarianism of our day. Parallel with the progress of that science which claims to be the measure of all exactness, mathematics, we trace the progress of another science, which is the voice of Beauty distinctly articulating herself. Mathematics and music, so unlike in their apparent mission, — the one concentrating and the other relaxing the faculties, the

one leading the utilities, the other leading the graces of society, — both rest upon the sure principles of exact science, and both combine to prepare the great future of humanity. The Lord of the Ages who sent forth Newton to record the harmonies of the heavens in the mathematics of the "Principia," sent forth Haydn to sing those harmonies in the music of the "Creation." The same year that called the mathematician, La Place, to the world beyond the measure of his geometry, summoned Beethoven to the glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. He who is Infinite Loveliness and Almighty Power has in store for humanity a new day of reconciliation between the spirit of beauty and of strength. When the morning stars sang together, their song was the music of those sublime forces in measured march, and the calculus and the psalter are but partial versions of that song. The calculus and the psalter, in all their endless applications, are to lead mankind to a deeper study of the divine order, and to subdue earth's discord to heaven's blessed harmony.

ART. VII. — *Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of "History of the Sandwich Islands," "Parisian Sights and French Principles," Member of the American Oriental Society, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855.

PAINTING and Sculpture, Eloquence and Poetry, Music and the higher forms of Architecture, in all ages, may be reckoned among the most wonderful and uplifting of all the manifestations permitted on earth to the sons of men. Appealing to the senses, and not to the reason, they are felt where they are not understood. Being all children of one parentage, their relationship to a common Father is acknowledged by the great multitude. Even the rudest of our race delight in "barbaric pearl and gold," in the "barbarian gong" and the clattering war-drum; and all mankind are, by nature, judges of painting and sculpture, of eloquence and music,

such as they are, without understanding, or desiring to understand, the grounds of their judgment. It is enough for them that they feel, — as in lifting the eye to the midnight firmament, or listening to the far-off, weltering anthem of the sea, or wondering at the beauty of woman, or the strength of man, they do not care to understand. But the mathematician, the statesman, the lawgiver, the logician, the mechanic, — what have they to do with feeling? And what have the multitude to do with them? Great reasoners are to be understood only by the few; and, if not understood, are overlooked or forgotten. They are to be judged only by their peers; and the people, knowing this, hold themselves aloof. Hence the worth of all manifestations, for whatsoever purpose, which appeal not so much to the understanding as to the senses of the many, over those that "play round the head, but never touch the heart."

If the people are ever carried away, — if they are ever "in the spirit," whether in the contemplation of God's handiwork above them, or about, or within them, or in the changes they behold among the constellations and the seas, or the mountains and kingdoms of earth, — if their hearts ever overflow with a deep and solemn thankfulness, while they muse upon the past and the future, upon their lineage and their heritage, — then are they qualified, even the lowliest among them, if not by training or experience, at least by nature, which is far better, to enjoy and to feel the power of painting and sculpture, though eloquence, poetry, architecture, and music might be well-nigh lost upon them, for lack of preparation; since these have more to do with the understanding, and sooner throw off the simple-hearted, straightforward, unpretending earnestness of which all mankind are judges.

That our people are beginning to open their eyes, and look about them and judge for themselves, without the help of the newspapers, and to feel something of that generous warmth and hopefulness which betoken a new life, — the unquenchable aspirations and larger purposes of a troubled spirit, just learning to understand itself, to look inwardly, and to question its hidden impulses aright, — is undeniable. The proof may be found in this very book, and in others which have

lately come under our cognizance. Prepared by Americans, and meant for the people of America, they may well be regarded as the testimony of sagacious and thoughtful men to this very point. Fifteen years ago, such books would not have paid for the printing. Now they are eagerly sought for, both abroad and at home, and must sooner or later become popular. And what is even yet more encouraging, our very newspapers are busying themselves, and warming up their millions of readers, by republishing portions of Ruskin, and Wallace, and opening their columns to well-written communications from our countrymen abroad, Akers and Page, and Tilten (through Mr. Jarves), upon much that concerns the higher revelations of art.

But if the people are not altogether so much in earnest, or so enlightened, as we might wish, — are they to be given up? If they do not move aright, when they are first breathed upon, are we to go by on the other side, abandon all hope, and suffer them to settle down for ever to the business of money-getting, or castle-building? If their hearts do not always burn within them, they do sometimes, as they talk together by the way, along the dusty and crowded thoroughfares of the world, which they do not so much live in as inhabit. And, after all, is it not something for them to know that they have hearts, even though they may not always know what they are good for? and that the uneasiness they sometimes feel in the neighborhood of their jewels and brooches, when they are in the presence of a great picture, — discoursing to them in a universal, though silent language, day after day, — is not only safe, but wholesome, and worth encouraging, as the sign of inward and growing life, portentous and solemn as death if unheeded, but full of consolation if devoutly cherished?

That thousands and tens of thousands about us are dead asleep, with no wish for a change, may be admitted. But their case is not altogether hopeless; for they are still breathing, and may yet be awakened to that newness of life which leads to a just and happy estimate of the things that perish. As all these are God's doings, and therefore God's blessings, it may be no safer, and no wiser, to undervalue

them than to overvalue them. If we are to live in the midst of singing birds and flowers, waterfalls and tinted shells, glorious, ever-changing skies, and "winged jewelry," are we not bound by our allegiance to look after them, and to enjoy them, so far as we may, with all thankfulness, just as we are bound to reverence God's greatest work, perhaps — ourselves?

That God reverences man, who will deny? That he loves man, we know; that while he has created him but "a little lower than the angels," he has made him "to judge the angels," we are distinctly told. That he deals with men, everywhere and at all times, not only as individualities, but, under some aspects, as independent sovereignties, — and with mankind at large, as a congress of nations, — withholding his power, and forbearing to trench upon their acknowledged prerogatives, will not be readily questioned. And if man would but take the trouble to understand what he was made for, he would reverence himself, and learn to worship God aright, with all his powers and all his affections, and not, as now, with a dwarfed and shrivelled portion of both. And to this, if we may judge by the signs about us, of which this book is one, the people are coming. Should the deep religious warmth to be found in all the writings of Ruskin, where he deals with Art as if he had been studying her mysteries among the shadows of another world and in a holier atmosphere, become contagious, or even fashionable, as it promises to be, great things may certainly be accomplished. The movement begun over sea will be propagated here with ever-growing earnestness and comprehensiveness. What he is doing for England, the author of these Art-Hints, following out the suggestions perhaps of Tilten and Page, is now doing for this country. We need thoughtfulness, — a habit of looking for the hidden power and mysterious significance of a fine picture which may outlast empires.

"Art, born in freedom," says our author, "was true to its mission so long as man worshipped in sincerity and truth. Made, however, the handmaid of Sense, it revenged its degradation, by enslaving its enslavers, and by becoming the instrument of tyranny to steel the spirit into the doctrine of passive obedience. The social and political institutions

were neglected, for the excitements of sensuality and amusement. Education, freedom of mind, and individual enterprise — the substantial bases of a nation's prosperity — were lost sight of, or cunningly diverted by tyrants into corrupt channels, so that with all those races history shows the same final result. First, a development of energy and virtue; second, refinement and power; then speedy enervation, and consequent decay, until ignorance, superstition, and poverty have come at last to be the established order of things over the fairest portions of the globe." — p. 8.

In other words, the history of Art is the history of nations. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." First, a rude heroic energy; then wealth, luxury, and refinement, where the difficult is substituted for the beautiful and just; and then corruption. What Persia was to Sparta, — the gold of the Great King to the iron coinage of that iron commonwealth, — what the silken robe and perfumed locks were to Alcibiades, after he had grown weary of the black broth, — commerce and conquest, merchant princes and overflowing wealth, are to the sturdier and homelier household virtues of sincerity and manliness, which characterize all great nations in the day of their strength; and so will they continue to be, till man has learned to reverence himself, — or at least the image of God, or what there is left of it, within himself, — by rightly employing all the talents intrusted to his high stewardship, and preparing betimes for rendering up an account of that stewardship. The history of art is indeed but the history of man himself, — "the desolator desolate; the victor overthrown."

But is there no hope? Must what has been, still be for ever? Or may not a timely and serious warning prepare even the people of our day for a worthier understanding of what they owe to themselves and to their children's children? Must corruption always tread so fast upon the heels of refining development? Or may it not be possible so to school ourselves, and our children, as rightly to enjoy all our gifts and blessings? Our author is quite persuaded that a new era is opening upon man, through the world of art; and that, if there be a looking "toward the hills whence our strength cometh," we shall not look in vain. But we must allow him to speak for himself.

"There is a uniformity of character in the Architecture of the earliest civilized races with which we have acquaintance, as, for instance, the Egyptian and Ninevite, which warrants their being classed together. Their painting is comprised in their architecture. It is simple and truth-telling, relating events as children tell tales, in the fewest and plainest words; without variety or truth of outline; one story being the type of all. Colors are all positive, and strongly laid on. In architecture, we have the same simplicity of forms, combined with majesty and oddity of design. It can hardly be called grotesque, yet it is magnificently ideal, suggestive of power and durability throughout. No one who examines it can fail to perceive that it is the working out of the ideas of the few by the hands of the many. The people were mere machines, whose sole tasks were to repeat these ideas according to a given pattern and rule, into which their own mind no more entered than into the fashioning of bricks. Consequently, Art in these countries was the mechanical carrying out by slaves of the imaginations of their lords. There was no real life or natural variety in it. It embodied those essential elements of sublimity and power, which are the attributes of all lofty understandings born in absolute rule. In those characteristics it has never been surpassed; but it perished with the despotism that gave it birth." — pp. 30, 31.

Although this is profoundly thought, and true in the main, we should be inclined to take issue with our author upon at least one point. Just what the Pyramids were, and just what Mount Athos would have been, had Alexander the Great undertaken to carry out the stupendous thought of Dinocrates, instead of respectfully suggesting that the whole country round about could not furnish food for the supply of the city which this bold projector proposed to place in the right hand of the statue, — just such are all the great predominating archetypes of earth, where the people are but the slaves of an autocrat, who, as a monarch and a priest, occupies a throne "high and lifted up," "his train filling the temple," and wear themselves out in hopeless drudgery, laboring to represent and perpetuate for after ages — whether in Egypt or Mexico, in Hindostan or Assyria, Greece or Rome, Yucatan or Russia, it matters not — the portentous dreaming of their inexorable master, a heartless monolith at best.

And we are laboring under a strange hallucination, if we

have succeeded in persuading ourselves that the world has outgrown, or ever will outgrow, such slavery, or that the people are much wiser now in this particular than they were in the days of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. The laborer is nowhere the thinker, except just so far as he ceases to be a laborer. The moment the brain begins to work, the fingers grow impatient, and weary of well-doing. The penmanship of a ready writer is a thought-gauge. The more vehemently he thinks, the more impatient you find him under all mechanical interruptions or hinderances; a bad pen, or greasy paper, not allowing his thoughts to flow freely, if indeed he be composing and not copying, will betray itself in a change of style. From the potter, the bricklayer, and the house-builder, up to the finisher of marble statuary or of the golden cups of Cellini, the originating spirit — except among painters and moulders in clay — does not often labor, any more than the laborer thinks. The time has gone by, perhaps not for ever, when "to the nightmare moanings of Ambition's breast," "gods and godlike men" were quarried from the living rock, as by a thunderbolt, and for that very reason left, as Michel Angelo left his greatest works, unfinished. And if we claim to be far in advance of the mighty Pagans who set up long avenues of Sphinxes, higher than our highest houses, and all alike, without variation or shadow of change; or hewed mountains of granite into temples, a hundred feet high, and stretching a mile and a half along an amphitheatre, chiselled and sculptured from base to summit, as at Elora, in the heart of Hindostan; or cut a highway from sea to sea, for the passage of two ships abreast, as did Xerxes, in the mere wantonness of untrammelled power, — thus, in the language of our author, "working out the ideas of the few by the hands of the many," — we have only to look at our railways, traversing empires, — at our canals, bridges, tunnels, and monuments, — and ask ourselves how much the multitude who did the work had to do with the original thought.

And here the reader may be reminded of a curious illustration of this unchanging, if not almost unchangeable, law of production, which will prepare the way for what follows about Greece. While delivering his famous lectures at Ed-

inburgh — the modern Athens — in 1853, Mr. Ruskin felt obliged to call the attention of his hearers to a new building of the Greek type, where the stone-sculptors of Edinburgh had been required to multiply from the original pattern furnished by the architect, not a long procession of gigantic phantoms in marble, sixty feet high, — not a Menai Bridge, nor a monument to Nelson, — but a monstrous, though exceedingly pitiful misrepresentation of a lion's head, *sixty-six times repeated*, without the slightest variation, just under the gutter of what was intended to be a "New School of Design," — following a glorious archetype of the elder Athens.

If the landscape gardening of his day troubled Alexander Pope, what would he say of the perpetual repetitions of our day in architecture and architectural embellishment? for here, too,

> "Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other."

Ruskin found no less than six hundred and seventy-eight windows, in one single street of Edinburgh, and, by computation, one hundred and fifty thousand, of precisely the same style, — a massive lintel, resting on square cut jambs, — within the best-built part of that city of palaces.

"But," continues our author, "in Greece we find the opposite of all this." A great mistake, by the way, if by all this he means what the words following the passage above quoted import; for in the most beautiful types of Grecian architecture there was little or no variety, — no play of the imagination, — and no embellishment worth naming, unless we reckon the triglyphs, and capitals in their pomp of sculpture, with the warriors and horses, the Amazons and the Centaurs, altogether, not as manifestations of sculpture, but as mere architectural embellishment; for over all the calm, severe, and awful beauty of their most wonderful creations, there lay the shadow of an everlasting, unchangeable sameness.

To the North and the East — to the barbarians of the Desert, to the Goths, and the Saracens and the Persians — are we to go for richness, variety, and appropriateness of decoration, where the birds play among the flowers, and the grotesque and the beautiful, the sublime and the whimsical,

are sometimes found interwoven, warp and woof, as into a lower firmament.

But in Greece we certainly do "find the opposite of all this. It was the embodiment of physical beauty," says Mr. Jarves, "in its most perfect forms and happy moods. The people gave vent to their imagination, and worked out the results with their own hands." Not so, if by the people Mr. Jarves means any very large number of the people; or any, indeed, beyond the sculptors and builders actually employed to work out the conceptions of the autocrat with whom the Parthenon, or the temple at Pæstum, like the Phidian Jupiter, the "Olympian Jove," originated. And again: "As far as their religion led them, they went. In all that they attempted, they were sincere. They watched for those moments when the action which they wished to represent was the most complete and in harmony with the entire nature." Here, if Mr. Jarves will permit us to understand that by *they* he means, not the *people* of Greece, who were very much like other people, though somewhat more enlightened and more highly privileged than their neighbors, but the *few* who busied themselves with working out, inch by inch, the great architectural problems of the fewer, we are not disposed to quarrel with his proposition; though the Greeks were perhaps no more characterized by religious sincerity than were the Goths or the Saracens, the Hindoos or the Persians.

But leaving this portion of the book, let us come to that where he deals more directly with the great business and want of our day in the world of Art.

"The rules of Art are absolute," he says. "They are moral laws implanted by God in the heart of nature, and are independent of human frailty or invention. Absolute they must be, because they are fixed in harmony; in fact, they are the harmony of creation. It is for man to discover and apply them. He may depart from, but he cannot change them. He may outlaw their truths, cramp or distort their genius, and pervert their objects, but their Divine power is beyond fraud or violence. They are superior to circumstance and human mutations, for they are Truth itself. Art is indeed often perverted, because man, from the excessive cultivation of his sensual nature, seeks the low and feeble. But whenever its professors try to accommodate

it to fashion, to follow and not lead the spirit of the age, to sacrifice its truths to the desires of a flesh-loving world, the selfish purposes of priestcraft or vainglory of rulers, and thus immerse Beauty in the slough of vulgar deceit, then it must be known for what it really is — ARTIFICE." — pp. 66, 67.

The following, though somewhat in their way of thinking, is higher ground than was ever taken by Goethe and Schiller, and, being both honestly and eloquently said, must be hearkened to.

"The associations of Beauty are only those of virtue and life; whilst its converse, Falsehood, finds companionship solely with sin and death. Its mission is to soften the heart of man. By it the savage is prompted to his first step towards refinement. Among civilized races, it requires but to be exhibited by Art, in the full strength of its moral loveliness, to purify the intellect from the dross of worldly aspiration, and to stimulate its faculties to the full expansion of their powers. Without the perfect union of Art with moral, as well as physical Beauty, there is danger of its becoming the mere instrument of mental dissipation among the cultivated classes, and of sensual excitement among the vulgar; so that we must not consider Art as genuine in character, or as true to its mission, except in proportion as it embodies *all* the truth it is capable of expressing." — pp. 67, 68.

Such lessons are needed, and we are strongly inclined to believe that the people are quite ready for them. And though it may be true, that among the many who are supposed to be awake, watching and waiting for new revelations in the world of Art, so long foretold and so passionately hoped for, as the signs are multiplied about their way, and the openings grow larger, the skies brighter, and the glimpses clearer, are thousands of unbelievers, here because they know too much, and there because they know too little; yet are there always a lofty few that stand like Saul among the princes of Israel, head and shoulders above their fellows, overtopping and outshining them all, who must continue to believe and hope, through all the discouragements of their day, that every form of regenerated Art will become the handmaid of Virtue, and the servant of God, — answering to the higher instincts and better wants of our nature. If these have no fire shut up in their bones, they have something better for all the common

purposes of life, — earnestness and warmth, heartiness and trust, which cannot be misunderstood nor counterfeited. Watch the faces of the multitude in the presence of a great picture, and you will be satisfied. Their lighted eyes and agitated mouths will sometimes betray the inward stirring, and woe to them and theirs if they have to smother it, or to deny their master. We are not all earth; and our higher nature will make itself understood, sooner or later. Even the feeblest have their paroxysms of strength, while the blindest see visions, and the lowliest among us may take upon themselves another shape, if their long-hidden, original brightness be troubled or profaned, and when we are least looking for it leap, transfigured, to their feet.

Are we not, as a people, beginning to busy ourselves with many a deep question which our fathers dared not look in the face? And are there not many among us, who desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, cost what it may, if the questioning be not unlawful, — many who are constantly asking, Are we alone, of all God's shining ones, to fall asleep in our courses, and stop for ever on our appointed way upward? And what is more encouraging, we are not so easily satisfied, or silenced, or put off, as our fathers sometimes were, with answers from the spelling-book. We are determined, in short, to see for ourselves, to understand for ourselves, to judge for ourselves, to meddle with what questions we please, and if we are led astray, being honest in our purpose, to abide unflinchingly by the consequences, — "to stand the hazard of the die," — though a brave, yet a fearful spirit, if it wander long untroubled or unrebuked, but less fearful, perhaps, than a sluggish or self-satisfied, unquestioning submissiveness.

As a people, and in our larger cities and more thrifty villages, we are no longer to be put off with tolerable music, nor with tolerable poetry, nor with anything else indeed which is barely tolerable; we sometimes prefer the intolerable, or the impossible, just for the sake of having our own way, and showing that we have outgrown the prejudices of our youth and the teachings of our grandmothers. Nor should this be much wondered at; for, as a people, we are fast approaching that period in the progress of refinement, at which the wonder-

ful is preferred to the beautiful and the just, and no truth is much cared for unless it astonishes. Everywhere the same spirit is to be found. Alike in our churches and our theatres, in our senate-chambers and our courts of justice, in our concert-rooms and at our platform-gatherings, we are constantly reminded of Dr. Johnson's reply to the foolish mother, who had just been setting off her daughter upon a rattling piece of music, and wanted his opinion of the performance, it being so very difficult, — "Yes, madam," said the Doctor, "very difficult indeed, — would it were impossible!"

But with a growing desire to uplift ourselves, though we may often overdo the business, and, after dropping into a lower atmosphere, have to begin anew, we need a little honest help now and then, else we lose our foothold on a new path, or grow dizzy and stumble upon the dark mountains of unbelief, dreary and hopeless. Once committed upon any subject, whether momentous or trifling, we are very slow to see, and still slower to acknowledge, our blunders.

Abroad, according to our author, — whose large experience and great conscientiousness entitle him to be heard with favor, —

"Science is degraded into a system of ways and means to best perpetuate and vary the pleasures of sense. Life is valued solely for what it offers for the enjoyment of the material nature of man. The spirit shrinks from this perversion of the true purposes of its fleshly habitation, and either dies away to an occasionally 'still, small voice,' or, leaving man altogether, he becomes a believer solely in what he hears, sees, and feels with his external sense. There is no inner life left in him. A practical atheist, he denies what he cannot weigh, measure, or analyze." — p. 16.

With such "practical atheists," there is no dealing to advantage. God must have no secrets hidden from them. Without claiming to be gods, they insist on comprehending God; and there is no manifestation of character among them so universal and so distinguishing, perhaps, as a habit of propounding unanswerable questions, — questions, that is, which they know, and will if hardly pressed acknowledge, to be unanswerable, — questions, in short, which none but God can answer. Of course, therefore, if their belief is to depend upon

having such questions first answered, and such mysteries cleared up, there is an end of the controversy. They never can believe.

"But," continues our author, "the sense of beauty he cannot indeed wholly extinguish; but it is confined to external form and color, and degraded to the low situation of a pander. All nature is resolved into sense. If God there be, he is a distant and uncertain being, all-powerful doubtless, and surely all capricious. Study will not find him out. Why vex our minds with what we cannot comprehend! Sufficient for us that we eat and sleep! We can understand Nature, because we *see* her. Beyond this it is all dark; cease to trouble us with theories that cannot be demonstrated in matter. Such is the language common to a large proportion of the educated classes in Europe. They have shrunk from avowing themselves atheists heretofore, from fear of loss of position, or some of the earthly joys for which they sacrifice their souls. Their numbers now embolden them to openly avow their sentiments. I do not hesitate to assert that the general tone of European refined society is open or concealed atheism, while the mass of the population are steeped in superstition scarcely less fatal to their true dignity as beings capable of becoming even as the angels in heaven." — pp. 16, 17.

There is much truth in what follows, — perhaps too much; though it must be understood with certain qualifications, such as every honest believer will make for himself.

"The abettor of this moral ruin is the Church as now constituted. Between Protestantism and Romanism there is indeed the wide gulf of individual freedom of thought. Consequently, the hope of man and his ultimate progress to the completion of his personality lies exclusively with the former. But the preachers of both have become blind leaders of the blind. The former limit their vision to irreconcilable dogmas and creeds, and the latter to ceremonies from which the essence has long since fled. Both are more anxious to preserve their own than God's kingdom. Both trammel thought, though in different ways. Both not only fail in satisfying the entire man, but shock his reason and cramp his soul. Protestantism is not exclusively under the control of priestcraft. Romanism is. Which is better for man as a whole, their respective boundaries show. The difference between the two is the actual distinction between England and Spain, Italy and the United States. Still, it is obvious to every close observer, that the tendency of both Romanism and Protestantism, among the cultivated classes, is now toward scepticism." — pp. 17, 18.

This, if true, were indeed appalling. But is it true? Are we to understand our author to mean, that the tendency of the cultivated classes is more strongly toward scepticism than it has been in any previous age? If so, we are ready to take issue with him. That there is such a tendency, always and everywhere, we admit; but we are disposed to deny that it has been growing stronger since the days of Charles II. and Rochester and Bolingbroke, Bayle and Hobbes, Descartes and Volney, Voltaire, Frederic of Prussia, and Thomas Paine, to say nothing of the French Revolution, and the horrible atrocities that followed the national renunciation of God, and nothing of the Encyclopedists.

But to the main object of the book, — that which concerns Art, and especially Painting.

"The law of Taste is harmony. It creates refinement, and places society at repose with itself. The individual or nation deficient in taste may be sincere, vigorous, and powerful; but neither can be in complete harmony with themselves and the surrounding world until they have submitted to its softening influences. Consistent with virtue, it adds grace to religion. To man it is what Beauty is to Nature, — its smile." — p. 84.

Of the four hundred pages going to make up the volume, three fourths perhaps abound in vigorous and thoughtful criticisms upon the old masters and a few of the modern, — such criticisms too as no mere connoisseur or amateur could have written. They are evidently the result of long and careful study and practice, and are oftentimes elaborated with so much significance and truth, as to show that none but a painter full of enthusiasm and ripe experience could have suggested them; and though we cannot agree with some of the opinions about Correggio, Domenichino, Claude, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Turner, and others, yet in the main we coincide with the author, and are led, not only to hope, but to believe, that such a book at this very time is wanted, and will be sought for, studied, and highly prized by the cultivated classes of our land, whatever may be their tendencies toward unbelief, and after a time by the people themselves.

The very best portion of the book, however, and the newest by far, has to do with landscape, — a department of painting

which seems to have sprung into fresh life within a few years, — like "Minerva from the head of Jove," — all "armed in golden panoply complete"; and everywhere, while reading these pages, one is constantly expecting some great landscape painter to appear. Nor will he be disappointed, if he can satisfy himself with suggestions and glimpses. For example: —

"The Carracci led the way to a genuine love of landscape. Earnest, industrious, and universal in their studies, they sought to free this portion of Nature from its merely subordinate position in Art, and to elevate it to a distinct branch. Previous to this, it had been used simply as an accessory. Symbolism had given it a pure and sincere ideality, without variety; hinting at its elements rather than expressing them, yet carrying the spectator always into clear skies and pleasant fields, leaving him amidst its sweetest flowers. There was always a congeniality between the celestial and earthly simplicity and beauty, which appealed warmly to the heart. Titian was the first great natural landscapist." — pp. 258, 259.

Here we have a glimpse of the preparation for raising landscape to a just and equal companionship with the highest poetical, religious, and dramatic achievements in pictorial representation.

"Titian," he continues, "made sparing use of variety; but his feeling was true, and his expression correct. When we reflect on what he suggested of the great harmonies of the natural world, even in the secondary part he gave to landscape, it is really wonderful that artists did not see its value as an independent source of beauty and instruction. A century passed before this was understood, and then only imperfectly." — p. 259.

"Correggio, considering his time, took perhaps the greatest step in divesting landscape Art of its previous stiffness and formalism. He attempts the freedom and grace of Nature, particularly in his foregrounds. To Titian, however, landscape is most indebted. Although he never wholly freed himself from the old system, yet his landscapes, as a whole, are simple and broad in character, giving the general features of Nature, though not its variety. That which, however, he rendered in foreground detail is given with perfect fidelity of form and color. Grandeur and majesty were his chief aims. . . . . Sometimes, as in his St. Catherine in the Pitti palace, the clouds are hard

and monstrous, rendering his distant hills of blue, in comparison, quite transparent. These effects were, however, before his style in this branch was fully formed. Later, particularly in his trees, he was unrivalled, both in truth of quality and outline. In general, his water is liquid, and his earth dry, telling with solidity against the sky, while his light is subtly and equally diffused throughout his pictures.

"Tintorelli felt landscape, and had a greater grasp of imagination, but with less ability in technical expression, than Titian." — pp. 380, 381.

"Salvator Rosa gives confused representations of the natural world. Much that is false in quality or strained in sentiment he mixes with occasional bits of truth, fresh and vigorous from Nature. He had power and will, but lacked judgment and patience." — p. 382.

"Salvator Rosa seized upon a few features, and in a half-robber, half-artist-like manner vigorously gave vent to his new passion, in a medley of coarseness and refinement, truth and falsity, that alternately perplexes and pleases. To Claude Lorraine was reserved the key of Nature's loveliness, in her great elements of earth, sky, and water. He introduced the complete, healthful landscape, striving to express both particular and general truth." — p. 259.

Beautiful and just as is the general estimate of Claude in this and the following passage, only those can attest its truth who have had an opportunity of studying him at their leisure, and neither through copies nor through such specimens as are most of the renowned pictures of the National Gallery and the Louvre, but in others of much less pretension, cooler and quieter. For the distinguishing characteristics of Claude, after all, are not those which soonest catch the eye, and are most frequently repeated, filling the hearts and the memory of the multitude with the golden glow of a summer atmosphere, or with that everlasting sun in a fog. By far the most wonderful of his pictures are modest, unobtrusive, low-toned, and full of elaborated, unexaggerated truthfulness. In the rendering of space, and in the representation of water that feels damp, and air that you can breathe, he is unequalled. His power is not evinced in the huddling together of huge, unshapely piles of architecture, such as you find in so many of his larger pictures, where he introduces the Villa de' Medici, for example, into the port of Ostia; or the columns and temples of the Forum, into all sorts of pictures. These are

the painter's idiosyncrasies, which may be successfully counterfeited, or caricatured, and are always remembered; they are not his characteristics, which are inimitable and untranslatable.

"In Claude we see more truthful results from inferior natural abilities. He had no invention or taste in composition. Consequently his landscapes in general are unpleasantly artificial, indeed, I may say, little in thought.* But in his direct studies from Nature, — at all events in one, the 'Roman Campagna before Sunrise,' in a private collection, comparatively untouched, — there are more breadth, space, and atmosphere, than I have ever seen in any other painting of his.† An uninjured Claude is a rare object. Almost every one of his pictures has been more or less skinned, to use an expressive term, by the carelessness of cleaners.‡

"A sea-view of Claude's, in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and in the Dulwich Gallery, near London, a small picture, called, I believe, the 'Enchanted Castle,' and two others in the collections of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Baring, most favorably present his rare merits. In depth and unity of color, subtle gradation of light and shade, sparkling liquidity of water, solidity of stone, and opacity of earth and transparency of atmosphere, they are unrivalled." — pp. 382, 383.

Here perhaps we have another glimpse of the truth.

"During the summer of 1854 I was in Venice refreshing my mind amid its artistic treasures. Being one day in the church of Santa Maria della Salute, or rather in the sacristy, I noticed enter a young American, whose appearance denoted a cultivated mind. His observant eye ranged at once over the pictures, selecting instinctively those of most merit, and sparing neither time nor painful observation to

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* How artificial? If he had no invention or taste, he must have copied what he saw, and with great faithfulness, which must of course have resulted in a natural, and not an artificial picture, however unpleasing.

† It may be mentioned here, that this fine picture is now in the Athenæum Gallery of Boston, where it is to remain awhile, we understand, before it goes abroad.

‡ In the picture referred to in the preceding note, there are to be found only two passages of a questionable character: one, a light sweep, along the left base of the mountains, not easily distinguished; and the other, a brownish tint in the middle distance, among the houses, of two or three inches in length, perhaps, by a quarter of an inch in breadth, according to our present recollection; harmonizing well enough, to be sure, though not like the touches of Claude himself, and clearly of a much later period. A picture of this great master which has not been seriously tampered with, nor mended, nor spoiled by varnishing, nor skinned, were well worth our most patient study.

make himself master of their spirit and treatment. Churches are everywhere proverbially unfavorable to the proper exhibition of paintings. In this instance the best are placed at a most awkward height, considering the narrowness of the room, for the range of the eye, while Titian's occupy the ceiling some forty feet above the head, and can be *seen* only by lying flat on one's back on the stone floor, and gazing upward. In this position, forgetful of all else, did the young American place himself, for the more full gratification, or I should say appreciation, of the masters, whose works he had come to study. His deportment and criticism showed a determination to test the respective merits of the artists, regardless of personal discomfort, and to the full extent of his knowledge and circumstances." — pp. 2, 3.

How could the following suggestions have been made by any but a landscape painter? What connoisseur — what amateur — ever talked in this way, or ever felt what is here said of effects?

"The chief quality of water is liquidity; of earth, in distinction, dryness; of stone, hardness; and of air, transparency. That which unites qualities into one harmonious mass of color, each tint, light or shadow, subdued to its proper gradation, or unison in respect to the effect as a whole, is called 'tone.' These two are the key-notes of painters. Without a proper comprehension of both, their labors are as unknown tongues.

"In sky, the first effect that we should seek is *space*. Unfortunately it is that which is least often given. Tricks of *chiaro-oscuro* will bring objects *out* of a canvas, but that art which takes the eye *in*, and obliges us to feel the quality of an atmosphere, warm, transparent, alive, infinite, the tremulous movement of the vapory air, or the clearness of the cloudless sky, into the abyss of which the sight may gaze until the eyeballs ache to bursting and not find a spot on which to rest, has never been more than suggested by a few artists. Yet it seems to me that the sky is particularly susceptible of successful treatment, from its great dependence upon color. Clouds having no bodily shape are to be drawn in color. If its gradations are managed as Nature manages hers, imitating her subtle transitions and aerial touchings, avoiding loading the canvas with positive or opaque colors, alternating and scumbling, not by scores of times, but by hundreds, and more with the fingers than the brush, something approaching Heaven's handiwork may be given. It is not my object, however, to treat of Art technically. Each artist has his favorite methods, the result of his experience. Therefore, what may appear to me as worthy of experiment may, after

all, be but the approved practice of hundreds. Still, in cloud effects, aerial perspective, and, in fact, in earth and water generally, where breadth and depth are to be given, I think that the careful study of the principles by which Nature produces her qualities of light, will lead to a new era of landscape Art.

"Hitherto, with a few partial exceptions to be afterwards mentioned, we have had for sky, flat, hard surfaces of opaque color, coming *forward* of anything else in the picture, and often firmer than the rock beneath. Indeed, we feel that we should get such paintings nearer right by inverting them. Then the earth would have something *firm* to rest upon, unless the artist has unfortunately attempted water, and libelled that into a black and glutinous mass, like the seas of Backhuysen. We can walk dry-shod over almost all the water ever painted, and as for skies, they would echo the strokes of a hammer. I appeal to the galleries of Europe for the truth of this assertion." — pp. 120 – 122.

Supposing all these to be what we have taken the liberty to suppose, the suggestions of a living landscape-painter, then we are justified, not only in hoping for, but in expecting, a new era. But if, on the contrary, they are but the notions of Mr. Jarves himself, who says, "For my own part, I have preferred to trust more to my own feeling than to reading, investigating Art itself in place of studying erudite treatises; in fact, I have read but little on the subject; my time for several years has been mainly occupied in seeking to comprehend Art-language, and to test the correctness of intuitive feeling by the sculptured and pictorial truths of its masters";— then have we little to hope; and that which has been will continue. But we believe better things. And we find our justification in two or three valuable foot-notes by Mr. Jarves, where he speaks of Mr. Page, of his talents, and of certain discoveries lately made by him, of great importance in the world of Art; one being a scale whereby the gradations of a picture may be instantly measured and guaged; and the other a law of proportion, whereby the human figure may be divided into three equal parts with unerring precision, by any tolerable draughtsman, so that an error may be instantly detected. And then we have the following, the truth of which there are many good judges ready to attest.

"America has the promise of a distinguished artist in Mr. Tilten,

now in Rome.* Among the few landscapes that he has painted, there are some that are natural poems, vital with thought. He has yet fully to express himself. But in the qualities of the landscape, the making *felt* the difference between earth, atmosphere, and water, his works in these particulars are unrivalled. The eye brings not up upon opaque paint, but passes into space; quivering, moist air, peopled with cloud-forms, varied and delicate in shape and color, like the harmonies of Nature itself. So surprising are his atmospherical effects, that, upon inverting his pictures, the spectators have complained of being made dizzy by the apparent aerial motion.† Mr. Page, another American at Rome, in color, expression, and feeling has the attributes of a great artist. No painter of modern times, in color and scientific knowledge, particularly in his portraits, so nearly approaches Titian."— pp. 392, 393.

But our notice of this very valuable work must be brought to a close, though we would willingly give other extracts, and call the attention of our readers to other elevating opinions, if the reasonable limits of a review would allow us to do so. We will conclude, therefore, with another reference to Titian, which may be ranked among the finest and truest passages in the book; and we are the more ready to do this, from the fact that we have now on exhibition here, side by side with the Claude above referred to, a cabinet Danaë by Titian, lately discovered, which is beginning to be acknowledged for a masterpiece by some of the best judges, and, among others, by Page himself, certainly qualified, if ever man was by long years of study and great original genius, employed in copying Titian's pictures, to speak advisedly in the matter.

"The 'Venus' of the Tribune at Florence is his most wonderful exhibition of artistic skill in color. Those who are not technically acquainted with the difficulties to be overcome in the management of this subject will fail to appreciate its success. Titian did not paint this picture to show a nude figure, but to exhibit his power over light and color in their most difficult combinations, without the aid of the usual effects of shadow, and other art-subtleties, by which an inferior artist

* Lately here on a visit, bringing with him the Titian and the Claude now in our Boston Athenæum Gallery.

† This will never be thought possible but by those who have stretched themselves out upon their backs, or looked, while stooping, at a wide landscape and floating sky, or at any sky, as we see it reflected in clear, untroubled water, as when looking down from a bridge.

would have sought to cover his weak points. As a work of Art, it is far superior to the renowned 'Venus de' Medici,' which stands beneath. He has given the delicate roseatic tints of flesh their most lovely expression, in contrast with the white of linen, and in the full glare of daylight; treating the whole simply, yet embodying truths of Art in a manner so faithful to Nature, that no artist has yet been found to rival him. Examine the outlines of his flesh! There is no sharpness in them. They disappear gradually in atmosphere, in soft and distinct form, half displaying and half suggesting the natural curvatures. As in looking upon the best Greek statues, we feel that the anatomy is perfect, but do not think of it. His flesh is warm and springy. So subtly are his tints managed, that the entire unity of glowing life reposes in the figure. Generous blood lies underneath that soft skin. Look also at the transparent shadows: they darken, but conceal nothing; you know they are trembling shadows, not opaque paint, as with common artists. With what consummate art has Titian husbanded his power of light in this picture! It illuminates itself; and yet there is nothing in it higher than half-light. Every tint is subdued and cool, but the whole picture is transparent and harmonious. . . . . Where he cannot rival Nature, he suggests her in so skilful a manner that we forget her scale in his Art. There is labor incalculable in this picture, but no evidences of it are obtruded upon the sight. Indeed, so natural is the whole, that its merit is often forgotten in the apparent freedom of execution." — pp. 371, 372.

Much of all this would apply with equal truth to the Danaë, now here. She is lying at full length, upon a low, sumptuous couch, partly supported upon her right elbow resting on a rich velvet cushion, heavy with golden fringe and *cotton tassels*, the beautiful hand falling with that expression of languid warmth, and sleepy, indolent helplessness, which the patriarch of painters delighted in representing even to the last, and which must have been copied from the living flesh and blood of a hand that he loved, or rather transferred; for though he sometimes modelled or *moulded* such a hand, as if he were toying with that of a beloved daughter, he never *copied* what he saw as if he only saw it, but rather as if he felt it; and, like Giorgione, and others of the great Venetian school, he would not stoop to drawing, where it was possible to represent by manipulation.

Everywhere, throughout the whole picture, we have the

burning impress of power, and still nothing unchaste or unholy, nothing voluptuous or sensual, but rather a sort of doating tenderness or affectionateness, with a reverential regard for the sanctities of youthful womanhood; as if the instincts of untroubled innocence were in his thought, and every pulse, and every throb, at the age of nearly threescore and ten, were registered with awe. The sky, the golden fretwork, and heavy tumbled fringe, *the half-light, everywhere to be found*, even where the half-transparent drapery would be mistaken for white by the eye of a common artist; the sharp touches and sparkling brightness here and there, as in the wet roses and rich embroidery; the flesh tints of the two other figures, a Love with uplifted hands and lighted eyes, and a female attendant holding up a dish for the molten jewelry and heaps of gold, as they drop slowly, on their lingering way to earth, overflowing the couch and sinking into the drapery; the whole arrangement and composition, together with the careless and costly, though tender and compassionate, trifling; the very defects, indeed, — the unfinished feet and false drawing, — are all so thoroughly characteristic of Titian, and of nobody else, when taken together, that no one well acquainted with his labors, professionally or otherwise, would ever think of questioning this picture *now*, in its present beautiful condition, so far superior to that of the Flora, as Page himself declares, with the dust of ages wiped off, and the brightness of the original image restored.

But we must leave our author and his work, trusting that such fine, free, spirited handling of these great subjects, painting and architecture, may be properly understood by our people. Next after Ruskin, whose influence upon almost everything that has appeared on kindred subjects, ever since the publication of his "Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," and "Lectures," may be traced, not only in the writings, but in the buildings and paintings, of the day, we are disposed to rank Mr. James Jackson Jarves, author of these "Art-Hints."

ART. VIII. — 1. *A Short Historical Account of the Crimea.* By W. BURCKHARDT BARKER. Hertford, England: Stephen Austin. 1855. 12mo. pp. 234.

2. *The Crimea and Odessa.* By Dr. CHARLES KOCH. Berlin. 1854. Translated by JOANNA B. HORNER. London: John Murray. 1855. 12mo. pp. 322.

3. *A Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol.* By RICHARD C. McCORMICK, JR., of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 210.

4. *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Third edition. London and New York. 1854.

THERE are certain points on the surface of the world around which History lingers. They become battle-points and trade-centres; — they know, in time, all sorts of languages, architecture, and laws. As, between two states, the borders have always the ruins, the traditions of war, and the most piquant "minstrelsy," so on the more distinguished frontiers which separate the great races of mankind, there seems to be always such a gathering of forces, such a series of adventures, movements, nations, and men, as makes a whirling pool to draw in every large vessel that floats on the historic sea. Thus all the old-world heroes left traces of their armies on the sands of Suez. Thus the Hellespont is crowded full of history, from Jason's time down to Lord Carlisle's. And thus it is that the Crimea, as one of the frontier points between two climates, two continents, two races, two forms of civilization, — which is both Asia and Europe, — which belongs both to Tartary and to the Mediterranean, — which is fierce winter and fierce summer both, — has come up from time to time, as a central point either in commerce, arms, or diplomacy, since history began.

We can but attempt an index to a few of the connections of the Crimea with general history, trusting that the interest now excited in that region may bring forth some studies on it more elaborate than any we have found among the publications of the day.

The earliest written allusion to the Crimea appears to

be in Homer. Dubois de Montpereux, who is good authority, undertakes to prove that the bay of Balaklava, whose high rocky shores everybody now knows, is the harbor of the Læstrygonians of the Odyssey, "by rocks uninterrupted flanked on either side." He sustains this opinion by criticism on the geography of the Odyssey, and on the manners of the early Crimeans. We do not care to follow this criticism; without doing so, we are willing to grant that it is as likely that Ulysses went to Balaklava, as that he went to Ulisippo, or Lisbon, which claims to bear his name. Indeed, there seems but little doubt that in those days the men of Balaklava ate men's flesh. And again, Homer's description of the port where Ulysses landed describes Balaklava as well as any of the most recent narratives. To show this we bring together the following descriptions by Homer Mæonides, Richard McCormick, Jr., and Laurence Oliphant. Two of these are meant for Balaklava. Let the reader decide if the other does not describe the same spot; if, indeed, he know which of the three is meant for the port of the Læstrygonians.

1. — "We arrived at this celebrated harbor, which is entirely surrounded by a precipitous rocky cliff, of great height. This runs out at the mouth of the harbor in two promontories opposite each other, — which leave an entrance so narrow that there is not the least movement within, but the most profound calm over the whole surface. The other vessels entered the port, but we came to outside."

2. — "We were snugly moored in the curious little harbor, beyond doubt one of the most remarkable in the world. The entrance from the sea cannot be seen at a cannon-shot distance. I stood on deck, busily seeking for it, as the ship appeared to be steering directly into a lofty ledge of barren rocks. One might sail by a hundred times without discovering the secluded inlet. Those masters of vessels who have never entered the harbor have to 'come to' outside. It would be difficult for two large ships to pass in at one time. Once in the harbor, we were completely land-locked by high and steep hills."

3. — "The port is completely surrounded by land. Any vessel, having once passed in through the dangerous entrance, may ride out the severest storm in safety upon its unruffled waters. And it is effectually concealed from the seaward by the projecting promontory."

Ulysses had the prudence, as he says, "to come to outside";

as other masters do, according to Mr. McCormick, in our day, when they have never entered the port before. It is to this peculiarity of the harbor, and to this caution of the great voyager, that we owe his continued existence after that time, and so the immortal poem of travel. Three men, of the advanced part of his fleet, going inland to seek inhabitants, found a young girl washing at a stream, which was probably the Chernaya. She said that her name was Artakia, and that she was daughter to Antiphates, the king of the country, to whose palace, as likely as not, at Ctenus, now Sevastopol, she led them. There she introduced them to her mother, who was as tall as a mountain, and frightened them exceedingly. She called the king in turn. Instantly "he plotted their destruction," — and more than plotted it; for he caught up one of them, and thus "prepared his own supper." The other two fled. King Antiphates raised the town and pursued. His giant crew ran faster than the poor Greeks, — came up with all of them at Balaklava, — killed the men, and knocked the ships to pieces. Some of the Greeks took to the water, but the Balaklavans speared them, "as if they were fish." In short, all who had entered the port were destroyed, and it was with difficulty that Ulysses saved his ship, thanks to his having come to outside. The same precaution last winter, however, was, alas! the cause of the destruction of the magnificent Prince and one hundred and eighty men on board.

This little, unpromising glimpse of the character of the inhabitants of the Crimea, a few months after the siege of Troy, supposes, we must confess, a voyage of the great navigator in quite a different direction from that usually laid down for him. We have said that we do not choose to enter on any discussion as to M. Montpereux's hypothesis. But it is certain that the Southern Crimeans took the lives of all strangers, or were reputed to do so, in those times. For there is no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the geography of the next incident in their history, which transpired but a few years afterward. This is the visit of Orestes to his sister Iphigenia, the priestess of Diana, in the temple whose ruins still stand above Balaklava. Cape Parthenium, "the

Virgin's Cape," has commemorated her fame, and that of her virgin goddess, for more than two thousand years. The Convent of St. George, near which some of the English marines encamped through the last winter, stands close to these ruins. The village of Parthenit, till within a few years, preserved the name of Parthenium. There need therefore be no hesitation in regarding the "Iphigenia in Tauris" as the next contribution in chronological order to the history of the Crimea. The whole scene of it is laid on the heights of the Convent of St. George.

The story of Iphigenia is well known. It is a favorite with ancient and modern tragedians. Agamemnon had incurred the anger of Diana, and she, in revenge, kept his fleet at Aulis by contrary winds, until, to propitiate her, he offered to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia upon her altar. Just as Calchas is about to strike the fatal blow, Diana herself intervenes, substitutes in the place of the virgin a beautiful goat, and transports her to Tauris, or, to be more exact, to the heights of Balaklava, where she installs her as priestess of her own temple, — especially devoted to the service of the image of herself which fell from heaven.

Here Iphigenia remains, her place of deliverance unknown to her father, mother, and brothers, for the ten years of the Trojan war, and indeed long after. At last, however, her brother Orestes, having killed his mother, who had herself killed his father, while chased round the world by the Furies, is bidden by the oracle to bring into Greece the image of Diana from the temple in the Chersonesus. Orestes and Pylades go for it, — wholly ignorant that they shall find Iphigenia there, — knowing only that, by the law of the country, all strangers are offered on the altar in sacrifice. They arrive, are arrested, and are about to be sacrificed by Iphigenia herself, when she learns their story, tells her own, takes part with them, and assists them to carry off the mysterious statue, fleeing with them herself to Greece.

This legend is supposed to be of later date than Homer; but it is not much later. It shows how inhospitable was the reputation of the early Balaklavans abroad. Like the story of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, it was popular with the trage-

dians. Perhaps the very fact that Greek colonies were establishing themselves in the two Chersonesi in the times of Æschylus and Euripides, led them to make use of a Tauric legend in the plays they offered to Athenian audiences, — as Shakespeare made a comedy from the Bermudas, and as a play-wright of ours, if we had any, would be glad of a Kanzan tradition. We have thought Euripides's "Iphigenia in Tauris" one of the most agreeable of his plays. And all this winter long, when those brave men must have so yearned for home in their Balaklavan confinement, the words which Euripides put into the mouths of some Greek slaves detained there have seemed as appropriate as they ever were.

Here is a Greek chorus, for instance, first sung in Athens twenty-two hundred years ago, in the character of captives on the Balaklavan heights, five hundred years before.

"HOME-SICK CHORUS.

"STROPHE.

"Halcyon! O Hlacyon!
Wailing mournful, evermore
Here by Pontus' rocky shore,
In a song, whose tones are clear
If kindred sorrow lend the ear,—
Calling for thy husband lost, —
Brooding on the sea, —
Wingless Halcyon of the foam,
I can grieve with thee!
Longing for my home in Hellas,
Longing for our own Diana,
Precious child of blest Latona,
Longing for the hill in Delos
Where is fixed her favored shrine,
Where purple fold
And locks of gold
Deck her form divine; —
Longing for her Daphne's flowers,
For her yellow olive-bowers,
For the consecrated lake
Where their thirst her cygnets slake,
Where the green shore's glad echoes ring,
While to the Muses these melodious sing.

"ANTISTROPHE.

"O the tears, the bitter tears,
Which fell down our cheeks in showers
When they forced us in their ships
From our ruined towers,
With foemen's spears and oars! —
For golden ransom hither
Brought on this voyage wild,
We serve Diana's servant,
Atrides' virgin child:
At an altar-service standing,
We envy even those
Who never knew what joy was,
But were born amid their woes.
This heavy lot of mortals never ends: —
With man's good fortune, aye misfortune blends."

Iph. in Taur. 1089 – 1123.

Nothing can be prettier than the way in which, in the barbarous scene of his drama, Euripides flatters the Athenian audience, by the eager allusions to Athens which these exiles weave into their songs.

Goethe, unwilling to try a translation of the Iphigenia in Tauris, attempted a new play upon the same subject; in which the *dénouement* is wrought out in less melodramatic fashion than in that of Euripides, but by a rather clumsy contrivance, or play upon words, which few audiences would bear.

After the ungentle appearance which the Crimeans thus make in history, as cannibals or at least murderers of strangers, they disappear from its pages for a century or two. As Mr. Carlyle would say, they "retire into Cimmeria," which is the easier, that their name was not then contracted into Crimeans, and they were still veritable Cimmerians. It is in the first book of Herodotus that we next find them, and now it is in a connection more interesting to us; for it seems that they are among our own ancestors, and the ancestors of those British and French soldiers, who, after two thousand five hundred and thirty-two years, have now come back to fight for their ancient homes again. The story is this.

Some time about the year 678 B. C., the Cimmerians — who were inhabiting the Crimea and the adjacent parts (then Cimmeria), happily, so far as men know, in a sort of federal union, of which men know nothing, called the Cimmerian League — were startled by the news that certain nomad Scythians, or, as we should now say, Cossacks or Tartars of Asia, were preparing to attack them. The Cimmerians took counsel as to what they should do, and, true to the peculiarities which this day mark their descendants in their counsels against Scythians, Cossacks, and Tartars, disagreed with one another. The kings thought best to fight it out, while the people, in an unusual fit of wisdom, thought war a game their rulers had best not play at. This dissension ended in a war among themselves, — in a great battle, the graves of whose victims Herodotus had seen by the river Tyras (the Dniester). And when they were buried, those that were left made an exodus out of the country. "And the Scythians coming in," — these Tartars, as above, — "took the empty country." The Cimmerian League was broken up into a great many pieces, of which two only have come together in the *entente cordiale* of to-day. One party of Cimmerians, of whom Herodotus tells, passed into Asia Minor, whence King Alyattes drove them out again; but another party, it appears from Strabo and the Welsh Triads, travelled westward, where they were known to the Romans as Cimbri. "From them," says Strabo, "has been derived the name of the Cimmerian Bosporus [the Straits of Kertsch], or, as we should say, the Cimbrian Bosporus, for the Greeks call the Cimbri Cimmerii." This is the party with which we have most to do; for, unless the reader be of some very outlandish race, not in the least Indo-Germanic, — especially if he have any tincture of British blood in him, — among these Cimbri were his ancestors as well as ours.

Every one knows how our ancient British ancestors, when forced back into Wales, clung to this name, which they spelt Cymry. Every Welshman knows, and almost every Englishman let us hope, that in the veins of Victoria flows the Cimmerian blood, which, passing down perhaps through King Arthur's noble heart, comes to her by way of the Tudors.

Now it is the Welsh Triads which tell us, that these Cymry were the first colonists of Britain, "that they originally came from Defrobani Gwlad Yr Hav, the Summer Land, or *Tauric Chersonesus*."* And so it is, that, as has been lately suggested,† Sir De Lacy Evans and General Pennefeather must have had some home feeling when they found themselves in that Crimea, where their Welsh and Cornish names were originally spoken.

But these Cymry were by no means all of the Cimmerians, whose westward faring brought them to the Atlantic. The philologists tell us, on the authority of Diodorus Siculus and Herodotus, that we are to regard the Celts in general, the earliest known population of Western Europe, as the Cimmerians of Herodotus. The name Cimbri appeared of a sudden in Roman history, when, in the year 113 B. C., a horde of Germans, who called themselves Cimbri and Teutones, crossed the Danube, forced the passes of the Alps, and threatened Rome. The tribe of Cimbri, retaining this very name, was found by Tacitus and Pliny in the peninsula of Jutland, — now Denmark, — and no chance of war has driven them from that home. Thus that fragment of the men who held the Tauric Chersonesus have found another Chersonesus which is their own to this day. Under the same name of "Cimbri," Tacitus and Pliny comprise our Saxon ancestors, whose confederacy was just forming itself as they wrote. These tribes, and the Cymry in Wales, were all who maintained the old Cimmerian name. It was they, most probably, whose English and Baltic climate gave to Herodotus the notion that in Cimmeria the sun never shone. These fragments, however, are by no means the only representatives of the old Cimmerian blood. Nor are their posterity. It is not the descendants of Danish pirates, nor of Saxon colonists of Britain, nor of the old Cymry in Wales, who alone can claim an ancestral right in the Crimea, if the tales are true which we have been following. Every Celt and every son of a Celt, in whatever continent, — every Scotchman, Irishman, and espe-

* Dr. J. A. Giles, in his note to Richard of Cirencester, Bohn's edition.

† In the Boston Daily Advertiser, which first called attention, we believe, to the fact that the Allies had returned to the soil of their fathers.

cially every Frenchman, of the invading army, — has the same right there. Even the Piedmontese could perhaps trace a little mixture of Celtic or Cimbrian blood, and with their Northern allies might attempt, in genealogy at least, to make themselves at home.

Leaving the Cimbri (whom the Greeks call Cimmerians), since they have left the Crimea never to return to it in numbers till 1854, and returning ourselves to its history, we have to remark, that, when the Scythians come upon the stage of history, it seems almost as well for general readers to turn their attention in some other direction. Those who wish to follow along the Scythian history, for twenty-five hundred years more or less, will find themselves plentifully employed with the Scythian defeat of Darius, — with the investigation of Gog, Magog, and the Togarmah of Ezekiel, — with the kings of Bosporus and their relations to Rome, — will read how Mithridates killed his son, and how with his fall Rome took Bosporus under her wing. Then the reader will have a pleasant episode in Ovid's account of his exile to those Scythian shores. Then he will find Varus fighting a cavalry battle on the frozen Sea of Azof, in winter, just where he had won a sea victory the summer before, — the scene this of the late victories of the Allies. So he will come cleverly down to the Alani, and with breathless interest find them driven out by the Goths, — who, to his regret, will be driven into the mountains by the Huns, — who, under the odd name of Aoultziagrians, will be reduced by the Khyatares. These Khyatares will be invaded by Khazars, who in some way will change into Khatyrians, which Khatyrians will be expelled by certain Kanglians, known also as Petschenegans. Petschenegans will give way to Komanes or Comanians, whom the excellently well informed reader will perhaps better recognize as Uzes, Paloutzes, or Polouzes. He will not be sorry to meet with this five-named tribe; for with their defeat by Mongol Tartars, he gets at least to a name he has heard before. A tribe of Circassians then established Kertsch, on the site of the ancient Panticapæum, at the extreme east of the peninsula. The Crimea soon became an independent Tartar monarchy, known abroad as Crim Tar-

tary, under the rule of its own Khans, and so remained till 1782, when it fell under Russian sway. If the Russians were Sarmatians, the reader will find them to be the descendants of the Amazons, whom the Scythians checked in their conquests by sending to them their young men unarmed. From their union sprang the Sarmatians, says Herodotus.

We do not propose to lead the intelligent reader through the quagmire of assertion known as history, out of which rise the reeds and grasses, of whose names, in this list, we have copied a few. We only suggest that in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and in Bidpay's or Pilpay's fables, in the occasional allusions to one and another king of Tartary, will be found the most entertaining narratives of what passed under their *régime*, in and out of the Crimea, and that these pleasing narratives are quite as authentic as any that are preserved for us.

More authentic, and very curious in some of its details, is the history of the little Greek republic of Cherson, which occupied all this time nearly the situation where Sevastopol now stands. This little state, often really independent, often neglected by Roman and Byzantine conquerors, because it was on a frontier, retained the usages of classical Greece, in arts and in government, longer than any other state among all the Greek colonies. It was established on the very spot where the virgin's temple stood, above the harbor of Balaklava, by Greek colonists from the opposite shore of the Euxine, as early as 600 B. C. They came from Heraclea, and this name is often given to the peninsula they colonized. It was defended against Scythian hordes by a series of fortifications carried across, by the line now so familiar to us, from the head of the bay of Balaklava to the head of the harbor of Sevastopol. Here were Greek letters and Greek arts. Till the recent Vandal destruction of the Museum at Kertsch, by English, French, and Turkish soldiers, vying with one another in barbarism, the relics of Cherson there collected were among the most valuable illustrations remaining of Greek sculpture and architecture. Long after the Byzantine Empire had commenced its downward course, Cherson still chose annually, in Greek fashion, its president or *archon*, who governed

the state under its old Grecian laws. So for two thousand years the little state endured, — more safe in its obscurity than it could have been made by the respect of ages. A little commercial point, with some periods of great renown, with some rulers of wonderful integrity, it has left just traces enough to make us yearn for its history. Venice has a history somewhat like it; but the long reign of Venice was not near so long as the existence of Cherson under a government really administered by her own citizens. More than once the resources of Cherson were brought in, just in time to assist Roman and Byzantine leaders, when they wanted aid the most. More than once, therefore, even from imperial gratitude, did the little Greek city receive privileges of commerce, which added to her resources in the future. In 988, the Emperor Vladimir of Russia attacked and conquered it. But in that conquest it had the honor of celebrating his baptism and marriage; and so far did it rally from defeat, that a century later it supported by its arms a pretender to the throne of Constantinople. Still its decline had then gone far. Soon afterwards the Genoese occupied the port of Balaklava, and we hear but little more of Cherson in history. When the Turks, in 1475 and the succeeding years, swept the Crimea, Cherson fell before their arms, and it has been since only a heap of ruins and a name.

Martin Broniovius visited those ruins about 1580. He was sent to the Crim Tartars as an ambassador by Stephen, king of Poland, and remained among them nine months. It was not a century since the Turks had taken possession; but the work of destruction seemed to him complete. The monastery of St. George was standing, as now; and he says that there was a great concourse of Christians there annually. But everything else was desolate. The city was wholly destroyed, though he adds, that there still stood walls and towers, built with amazing cost and labor. The royal palace or house was still standing, with magnificent gates and towers, and part of the city walls. But already the Turks were dragging away the great columns of serpentine and marble, carrying them even across the seas. Two great doors of Corinthian brass, which belonged to the monastery of St.

George, had been transported to Kiev, as a present to Vladimir the Great, who was baptized in that monastery; but his successor, Boleslaus II., had restored them, and when Broniovius made his visit they were there. Where are they now?

The work of destruction, begun so early, has left scarcely any trace of Cherson, except the one monastery, which preserved the name of England's patron saint till an English army should at last encamp around its walls. Mr. Koch, in 1844, observed only masses of stones lying on one another, and few remains of any masonry. He was told that a few years earlier there had been far greater masses, and that in another ten years they would totally disappear. This prophecy is probably verified already; for in none of the letters from the camp have there been any allusions to the ruins of Cherson. The monastery still stands. Prince Menchikoff says that the French army burned all its wood-work last winter for fuel. Let us trust that England has enough respect for antiquity, if not for her own patron saint, to check the utter destruction of the last relic of that commercial state, which, because it was free, withstood longer than any other state has done the assaults of time.

It is impossible to attempt here even a sketch of this little Cherson's history. Here is a scrap of its romance, which we give as we find it, not vouching for it. The authority is the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, not the best, nor perhaps the worst, of authorities. Best or worst, he tells us more of Cherson than any one beside.

It happened that the Chersonites had beaten very thoroughly the people of Bosporus, on the other side of the peninsula. By way of cementing peace with their humbled enemies, the president's daughter, Gycia by name, was married to the son of the defeated king of Bosporus. This stern condition was annexed to the marriage, that he should live in Cherson all his days, and never return to his home on any excuse whatever.

Things went well enough for a few years. But the president died. Gycia and her foreign husband, Asander, inherited his immense palace, and Asander began to find his

position, as a sort of constitutional prince-consort, a little wearing. Without consulting his wife, — an injudicious omission under any circumstances, — he undertook to relieve himself from his ornamental captivity, by secretly introducing an armed force from Bosporus, with which, on an anniversary which drew near, he might subjugate Cherson to his own countrymen again. These men he smuggled into the palace, — not in a wooden horse, but under the pretext of trade, — as the British government now smuggles army-recruits from Boston to Nova Scotia, on the pretence that they are railroad workmen. The plot was ripe, two hundred men in armor were hidden in one of the halls of the palace, when, unfortunately for the Bosporians and Asander, one of his wife's maids offended her mistress.

The girl was shut up in confinement. Of course the chamber chosen as a prison was directly above the hiding-place of the concealed troops. Of course the girl sat singing and spinning. Of course she dropped her distaff. Of course it rolled into a chink in the floor. Of course she had to take up a tile. And so, of course, she saw the concealed troops, sent for her mistress, showed them to her, and the secret was a secret no longer.

Gycia did not flinch. The question before her was between husband and country; and she decided for the country, as poor Asander found. Without consulting him, — an omission which seemed necessary under the circumstances, — she sent for the senate of Cherson, and to a secret committee revealed the plot, on one condition. This was, that when she died, she should be buried within the city walls; though Greek custom in Cherson required, very properly, extramural interments. The president and senate agreed to the condition; and, as the simplest method of putting an end to the plot, determined to burn the enemy in their lair. Gycia gallantly yielded both husband and ancestral palace to the flames. When the anniversary, for which all parties were now waiting, arrived, she gave a banquet to her husband, slipped out of the palace with her slaves, and locked every door of the palace as she passed. The order for conflagration was given. The building was fired on every side; and thus ended Asander's conspiracy.

The grateful Chersonites reared bronze statues to Gycia. But she was not so certain that they would make good the promise by which they had purchased her great secret. With a forethought, therefore, which has since been once or twice imitated, she pretended to die. A great public funeral was prepared; but, as Gycia had feared, the procession passed with her body without the walls. No sooner, however, had the bier passed the gate, than the indignant saviour of her country rose, and, to their dismay, exclaimed, "Is it thus the men of Cherson keep their promises to the defender of their freedom?" Struck with shame, the men of Cherson begged her pardon. As the king at arms promised George III. on his coronation day, they pledged themselves that all should be right another time; and they kept their word. They built a tomb for her in her lifetime, with a bronze statue over it; and in this tomb, when she really died, was Gycia buried.

These incidents transpired somewhere in the fifth century, if our imperial author may be relied upon. But some of the memorials of them existed in his day.

We have said that Cherson fell at last in the onslaught of Mahomet II. on the Crimea. But her real downfall was due not so much to the arms of Turkey as to her policy. She had rallied from other conquests; but from this there was no new birth. The same may be said of the whole Crimea. This garden of the East, whose granaries had fed Greece for centuries, — which had seen in her ports the fleets of the whole Mediterranean, — was ruined by the barbarous decree of the Turkish emperors, which closed the passage of the Bosporus. The commerce of the Crimea was at an end; and from that day to this it has had no letters, no arts, scarcely any people. For the last half-century, it has seen the mushroom growth of a few Russian colonies. But these have done nothing to replace its old resources.

It is strange, indeed, now that we read of English and French armies provisioned in the Crimea from America, — of Russian divisions held back because there are no resources in the Crimea, — to remember that in the great year of famine the Tauric Chersonesus sent to Athens 1,200,000 medimni of

grain, and that its annual export to that single port was 400,000 medimni. As the Italian states extended their commerce in the Middle Ages, their merchants established positions in the Crimea. Venice and Genoa were rivals in the ports, and their architecture remains in the Crimean harbors to this day. Under their auspices these harbors became the depots of the overland China trade. Two caravans arrived every year, one from Northern China, by the north of the Caspian at Tara, now known as Azof; the other from India, by the Persian Gulf and Bagdad, crossed the Caspian, and by the Phasis and Cyrus rivers, found its destination at Aktiar, the very harbor which is now Sevastopol. The first of these offered trade with some regions with which Europe has since had no direct communication. The second embraced advantages which compensated for a greater length of route, in its competition with more southern lines of communication. Early in the thirteenth century were established the commercial stations where Venice and Genoa carried on this trade.

The wars of Venice and Genoa, therefore, had their share of "news from the Crimea," and as to later nations, the exclusive possession of the commerce of the Black Sea was an object, for which they, like nations in later times, intrigued at Constantinople. Kaffa, a port which the Genoese had wrested from the Venetians, so throve, that it was called Little Stamboul. Sudak, from which that whole region was known as Sugdiana, fell into their hands. It was then that they established themselves at Balaklava. A pretty derivation for the pretty name of this pretty port of the old Læstrygonians makes it mean *Bella Chiave*, as if the Genoese had called it "the beautiful haven." The more accurate derivation, however, of Professor Pallas refers it to the Greek fortress, Pallakium; and Pliny names a Roman *civitas* of Placia here. Here, while their trade throve, the Genoese throve. They called the port Cimbalo, from the Greek colony Symbolon, the harbor of Cherson. And thus it is that we must add the name of the boy Christopher Columbus, who went to sea in the Eastern trade of the Genoese when he was but fourteen years old, to

the list of the distinguished men of every age whose liv s have been mixed in with the history of this Crimea. He, too, scaled the heights of the monastery of St. George, or, like Ulysses, lay off the port for a pilot. Scanty as are the records of his early voyages, we are still informed that he had visited "all parts of the Mediterranean, from Tanais to the Straits of Gibraltar." And he writes that he had sailed "*per tutte quelle parti.*" These are the evidences that the man whose life was to be spent in seeking a western passage to the Indies had watched in his boyhood the Eastern caravans, as they brought in their stores from Cathay, after the tedious journey which delivered them at the Genoese ports of the Crimea.

The Crimea became an independent Tartar state in 1440, and the name Crim Tartary, a terrible name for more than a century in Western Europe, then begins. It was not long, however, before the Sultan of Turkey, Mahomet II., invited in 1475 as an ally by the Genoese, who needed some support against the Tartars, swept the whole peninsula by his arms. By the end of this century the Tartar Khans had become tributary to the Porte, and so remained till the "annexation" of the peninsula with the Kuban to Russia, in 1782.

From Columbus to Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, seems to us in America a long step, so much had been wrought out here in the hundred years between the great admiral's last voyage to America and the English captain's first survey of our more northern shores. But in this Crimea a hundred years go for little. And when — by the same drift of destiny which seems to have swept so many men and nations round to the Crimea, were it only to look in at its harbors — John Smith, who was to be the hero of the settlement of our New World, took his look at this central fusion-ground of the Old, he made the preparation for his subsequent captivity with our Tartar tribes of Virginia by his servitude among those same Tartars who threatened the Genoese stations in Columbus's time. Smith's early enterprises were in the Emperor Rodolph's service, against the great Crim Tartar Khan, Gazi Gerai. Taken prisoner and sold as a slave, he was presented to the Tartar lady Tragabigzanda, whose name he afterwards gave to our Cape Ann in

Massachusetts. The shorter name, though an innovation, has taken hold on general favor, and we are left to suppose that Ann is the English for Tragabigzanda. She sent him, to keep him out of harm's way, to her brother in Crim Tartary. And so John Smith made the voyage which Iphigenia and Orestes, which Greeks and Persians, Romans and Byzantines, Ovid, Constantine, Justinian, Doria, and Columbus, had made before him, and which, alas! so many brave men make every day now. Smith, too, touched at Varna, crossed over and coasted along by the heights of Balaklava, entered the Straits at Kertsch, and passed up into the Sea of Azof. Very spirited and full of interest is his narrative. And there is a well-sketched picture of Cossack life. He was a slave at Nalbrits in Cambia, if any one knows where that was. It was in the dominions of the Crim Tartar, possibly within the Crimea, but more probably on the Asiatic side opposite.

Smith killed his master one day, and escaped in his clothes on his horse to a Russian post. The Russian governor received him most hospitably, and forwarded him to the next post, where he was in like manner assisted with great kindness. From post to post thus forwarded, after long journeying, he returned home. And so the same adventure which made a fugitive slave the founder of Virginia, and gave to him, to train him for his captivity among the wandering tribes of America, the experiences of a captive among the most celebrated nomads of the world, gave us also for our earliest hero a man fresh from the experiences of this Crim Tartary, which seems resolved to be one of the world's centres.

John Smith came to America, and because he did, the infant Virginia endured, lived, grew. John Smith founded the first of these United States. Within two centuries of his deliverance from the Crim Tartars, these United States, of which he was the first explorer, the first captain, the first hero, of whose oldest State he was the founder, paid off, quite unconsciously, his debt of gratitude to Russian officials, and any grudge he may have harbored against Crim Tartars. How little he foresaw this, as, for sixteen days, almost in Mazeppa's fashion, "he travelled in feare and torment," hoping to come in sight of some Russian garrison!

This is the way those debts were paid.

While Smith was planting his Virginia, and other men were planting other sister States, — while ships were sailing, towns growing, emigrants working westward, nations quarrelling, fighting, and making peace again, so that on the shore where he planted one seed at Jamestown thirteen States were got ready to unite and found an empire, — Crim Tartary remained Crim Tartary. Khans were born and died, — intrigued, quarrelled, fought, as their fathers had done before them. Russia watched the peninsula of the Euxine, as other great states had watched it before. Turkey held on to it as a prize she must not lose. By one intrigue and another, the Russian court ingratiated itself with Tartar Khans, and strove to weaken their dependence on the Porte. By one pretext and another, Russian armies in war-time found the way into the Crimea. But watchful Europe did not permit the growing power of Russia to take the tempting booty. A hundred years ago it was known as well as now how near was the old Cherson to Constantinople. In treaty after treaty, therefore, Russia gave up, because Europe would not have consented to her retaining, the prize which Vladimir had aimed at, and even seized. Charles XII. roused the Sultan Ahmed to war with Russia, by showing him a letter from the Emperor of Austria to Peter the Great, in which he bade him remove his Cossack tribes to the north of the Crimea, build fortresses on the Black Sea, and so one day "subjugate the Crimea, and even go farther." But that day did not come for nearly a century. The armies of Russia ravaged the peninsula. But with peace it was always restored again. There needed, strange to say, a young America before she could take it.

In 1774 the Khanat was made independent. Russia was to appoint the Khans, but still the Porte was to approve and crown them, to name the public officers, and to strike the coins. The treaty then made, however, was but a truce. Catharine waited, and when young America was born, her time came. "In better times, and when she wanted England," writes the English Minister at St. Petersburg in 1782, "she promised us relief in our disasters." But when England and

France were once embroiled in our American quarrels, Catharine boldly insulted England in the policy and principle of the armed neutrality. Then in 1782, — France and England still at sword's points, — she sent an army into the Crimea, to restore a deposed Khan. Prince Potemkin, her minister, felt his way most cautiously. Catharine herself hesitated, and at times almost withdrew. But no power interposed. "The Empress's plan," writes Sir James Harris, the British Minister at St. Petersburg, — "but let me entreat you to consider this as very confidential intelligence, — is to conquer the whole Crimea for herself. It is impossible that she can *sincerely* wish to see peace between us and our enemies, since the success of her projects in the East necessarily depends on the house of Bourbon being fully employed with its own concerns."

Fortunately for Catharine, England and the house of Bourbon were thus employed. The state had arisen into manhood, of which John Smith, the Tartar slave, saw the birth; and the first struggle of its manhood so occupied the house of Bourbon and the government of England, that Catharine's projects in the East succeeded. As the Russian court heard on one side accounts of successes in the Crimea, it listened on the other with dread to the news of negotiations at Paris. "The Empress fears peace" (between England and France), writes Sir James Harris, early in 1783, "as it will increase greatly the difficulties attending the execution of her plan, if not render it entirely impracticable."

Catharine was just in time in the Crimea. That she did not attempt more, was only because peace came when it did; for the Emperor of Austria receded from his support of her plans of farther conquest, when peace was certain, "from the apprehension of exposing himself to the united force of the two greatest military powers in Europe." She lost what she had wanted in Turkey itself. But Prince Potemkin had already his orders to annex the Crimea and the Kuban, and M. Bulgakoff his, to present a manifesto to the Porte to show why. The court of France, in view of all this, hurried towards a close the definitive treaty with England; hastened to remonstrate against the annexation of the Crimea; pointed

out "serious and incalculable consequences." The Empress was offended, but replied that the king of France was too late in his offer of intervention; "for the Crimea and Kuban were already in possession of the Empress." And so to Sir James Harris, when he expressed the hope of England that her warlike advances might come to an end, the ministers declared the impossibility of the Empress's retrograding. "Having taken the title of sovereign of the Crimea, she cannot abandon it."*

It was thus that, unconsciously to America, the appearance of the United States upon the stage of nations was the occasion of the annexation of the Crimea to the Russian empire. And so John Smith's debts were paid. The "serious and incalculable consequences" prophesied by the Bourbon minister are as serious and incalculable as ever.

ART. IX. — 1. HANSARD'S *Parliamentary Debates.* Third Series. Vols. 131, 132.

2. *Confidential Correspondence between the Russian and English Governments.* Presented to Parliament, March, 1854.

3. *Diplomatic Circulars of the European Cabinets in* 1854 *and* 1855.

4. *Papers relating to the Negotiations at Vienna on the Eastern Question.* Presented to Parliament, May, 1855.

5. *Speech of* EARL GREY *in the House of Lords*, May 25, 1855.

THE Queen of England thought it proper, on the 27th of March, 1854, to inform Parliament that the negotiations in which her Majesty, in concert with her allies, had for some time been engaged with the Emperor of all the Russias had terminated, and that she felt bound "to afford active assist-

* That Catharine was enabled to seize the Crimea because the Western powers were preoccupied, has always been evident. Lord Malmesbury's letters (Sir James Harris's), are of peculiar interest now, in showing that all parties at the moment were aware that this was her only easy opportunity.

ance to her ally, the Sultan, against unprovoked aggression"; — relying with confidence on the zeal and devotion of Parliament, and on the exertions of her brave and loyal subjects, to support her in her determination to employ the power and resources of the nation "for protecting the dominions of the Sultan against the encroachments of Russia." The Lords and Commons assured Her Majesty of their firm determination to co-operate with her in a "vigorous resistance to the projects of a sovereign whose further aggrandizement would be dangerous to the independence of Europe." Such was the programme, as developed in the Queen's message and the loyal address in answer to it, of a war which terminated a European peace of forty years, and which committed Great Britain to a long and dubious contest with the great Northern power which she had done so much to rescue from barbarism, and with which, trivial interruptions excepted, she had lived in amity since the days of Ivan and Elizabeth, a period of nearly three hundred years. At the same time the Emperor of the French announced the crisis of his Eastern diplomacy, and in the flush and prestige of unbroken fortunes at home tempted his star in a new and a broader field.

The combined resources of the three powers now at war with Russia made the odds against her seem overwhelming. England, assuming the sovereignty over one hundred and fifty millions of the human race, claiming the dominion of the seas, and boasting that her morning drums follow the sun round the earth; France, eager to add the triumphs of another generation to her fourteen centuries of military glory; their united fleets sweeping from the seas at the first breath of war every vestige of an enemy from Archangel to the Circassian coast; Turkey, two thirds of her subjects fierce with fanatic courage, calling from the depths of Asia the untamed hordes that had known no change since the Prophet, to rally to his standard in the final battle of Islam; — against these it appeared but the desperation of madness when, more haughtily even than he had borne himself with a single foe, the Romanoff took up the gauntlet.

We propose to inquire how far the alleged causes of this war are adequate and just, to show how its objects have

successively developed themselves with the progress of events, and how far they are by common consent secured, and to divine from the story of its varied fortunes whether its success has given or is likely to give the right of increased demands, or to impose the duty of greater concessions. In many of its aspects the subject is already exhausted, and the experience of the last two years must have brought such convictions to intelligent minds, as, by exempting from discussion certain propositions which at the outset might have required a process of demonstration, will permit us sensibly to circumscribe our present purpose. But we shall intentionally leave out of sight no incident or argument which can serve, however remotely, to aid us in the impartial judgment we hope to obtain and to establish.

When, in consequence of the refusal of the Ottoman Porte to sign a convention demanded by Prince Menchikoff, which should confirm a right of protection claimed under the treaty of Kainardji, and recognized in every general treaty between Russia and Turkey during three quarters of a century, and in order also to preserve an equilibrium, disturbed, as it was alleged, by the presence of a foreign fleet in Turkish waters, a Russian army crossed the Pruth, the four great neutral powers entered at once upon the task of mediation, and as the result of their labors presented to the Emperor of Russia the first Vienna note. To their surprise, it was unhesitatingly accepted. But the note, if not a blunder, was at least defective. In stipulating that Turkey should remain faithful "to the spirit and the letter of treaties" granting to the Greek Church "equal privileges with other Christian communities," it placed twelve millions of the Sultan's subjects in the same category with a few small bodies of Christians who had been by special firmans exempted from *political* allegiance to the Porte. When therefore the note was presented to the consideration of the Divan, the error was detected, and the text modified, with respect to equality of rights with other Christians, by the reservation, "being subjects of the Porte." The Emperor in turn refused to recognize the Turkish modifications; Count Nesselrode arguing, with a sort of imperial logic, that, if the modifications were important, the terms

were not those which his master had accepted; if not, that it was not becoming the dignity of Russia to submit to them. This arrogant spirit was not however shown towards the mediating powers, and soon after, at the German Conference at Olmutz, the Emperor expressed his willingness to accept the note fully and freely; not in the sense of the Russian circular, which had actually claimed the interpretation the Divan had pointed out as possible, but as those who framed it might see fit to interpret it in a special clause to be added to the original note. It has been found convenient occasionally to omit all mention of this first concession of the Emperor Nicholas. Properly or not, he had declined what he termed the dictation of the Porte, yet was willing to confide to the European powers the dignity and honor of his empire. But it happened that there was an irresistible pressure behind even a despot's throne. The contest had already excited the fiercest passions of Mohammedanism. The "Old Turk" party and the Asiatic tribes scorned every alternative but war; the "Ulemas" and "Softas" quoted texts from the Koran to prove that the time had come for the sword of Islam once more to strike the heretic; the uncouth and frenzied "Bashi Bazouks" threatened the Seraglio itself; and before the news reached Constantinople that the Emperor had abated his pretensions, war was already declared, and Omer Pacha occupied the line of the Danube with the advanced corps of an army of one hundred and thirty thousand men.

The events of the war, among which was the affair at Sinope, had not upon the whole been well for Turkey, when, in December of the same year, the ambassadors of the four powers were authorized to declare to the Porte, that the Emperor, not regarding the thread of negotiation as broken by the declaration of war or by the transactions which had followed it, desired only to see secured the perfect equality of rights and privileges granted by the Sultan and his ancestors to the Christian communities; and to inform the Turkish court that negotiations would be based upon, (1.) an evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian army, — (2.) a renewal of the treaties, — (3.) a firman confirming the *spiritual* advantages only of the non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte; and

Redschid Pacha undertook to have this note accepted by the Divan. Its reply was as haughty as if the armies of the Sultan were threatening St. Petersburg. The national council demanded that Moldavia and Wallachia should be evacuated as a *sine qua non*, and that the territorial condition of Turkey should not be changed; and the Porte declared that the treaties existing before the war, between itself and Russia, would not be renewed. From that time it was clear that the grand object of Turkey in declaring war was not primarily to drive the Russians back across the Pruth, nor yet to secure her own interpretation of a treaty; but, by the declaration itself, to rend away the fetters imposed on her at the close of previous wars, trusting to the chances of a contest begun under happier auspices, to recover an independence forfeited eighty years ago. It was a bold step, but in the determination to throw off finally and completely so much as a pretext for interference, the Turkish nation deserved and received a sympathy almost universal; and so far as the special claims of Russia are concerned, the war has for Turkey, by the consent of all Europe, already accomplished its object, and Russia has yielded every shadow of claim upon her that she ever possessed.

As it became daily more evident that the two Western powers were to be drawn into the conflict, their secret hostility to Russia threw off its disguises, and on the 17th of February, 1854, the British Ministry startled Parliament by the assertion, that in the Eastern Question "the Russian government by her agents and by herself had exhausted every modification of untruth, ending with a series of positive falsehoods." A charge so bold and distinct against an individual whose high personal character had previously been the admiration of Europe, could not end there. Rumors were already flitting about in the Continental capitals, and circulated freely at St. Petersburg, that there had been negotiations not long before between the Emperor Nicholas and the British Ministry, and that the attitude then assumed by England was not that which she now presented, with regard to propositions respecting contingencies in Turkey. With such particularity was the substance of these negotiations known, that an ex-

pression of the Emperor was quoted, which was found to have been actually used in a conversation with the British envoy. It was not forgotten, moreover, that in the winter of the preceding year the "Times" newspaper had argued the cause of Russia and assailed that of Turkey with such vigor and persistency, that Lord Palmerston afterwards charged it with having derived its "inspiration" from St. Petersburg itself. The papers relating to the Eastern Question had already been laid before Parliament at its request; and it was with no small surprise that Englishmen saw, in the response of the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* to what it termed the "brutal outrage" of Lord John Russell, the statement that that person held in his own hands the most full and frank declarations of the Emperor, confidentially made, which the English government itself had acknowledged to be moderate and just. Before the attention of Parliament could be directed to this counter-declaration, the "Times" took upon itself to retort, that in those negotiations the "Emperor of Russia had distinctly proposed to England" the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and that the proposition had been "indignantly rejected"; and Ministers repeated this charge. The knowledge of the "Times" was so accurate in relation to this matter, that, during the debate upon it afterwards in the House of Commons, Mr. Layard accused the government of having authorized the Russian articles in that journal the year before, in order to ascertain how such propositions as were really made would be received by the public. It turned out, however, that the "Times" only attempted the manœuvre upon its own account, its information having been derived from a discharged clerk in the Foreign Office.

When therefore it was answered, that the person who had made a charge of falsehood against the Emperor had in his hands the evidence of its falsity, it remained for Lord John Russell, unable to deny the existence of the papers, either to retract his words, or to attempt to substantiate them from the papers themselves. The former alternative might have suggested itself to an honorable but impetuous man; the British Minister chose the latter. The British Cabinet was compelled, therefore, to publish at least a part of the correspondence which

had been carried on between itself and the Russian government, and the whole world is free to determine if it was true that the Emperor had proposed to "dismember Turkey," and, what is a much more serious matter, if it was true that the propositions, such as they were, were "indignantly rejected."

In the year 1844, the court and the people of England hailed the imperial visit of their powerful ally with every mark of elation and enthusiasm, the *entente* became almost fraternal, and the bonds between the two countries were believed to be indissoluble. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Aberdeen directed the policy of the British government, all of them warm supporters of the Russian alliance; as the last-named statesman, now the only survivor, has declared quite recently, "every man ought to be, who valued the interests of England." After the Emperor's departure, Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, presented to the English government a paper, indorsed, "Memorandum founded on Communications received from the Emperor of Russia during his Majesty's Imperial Visit to England in June, 1844." This document was not kept with the archives, but transmitted with an explanatory note to successive Foreign Secretaries, whom Baron Brunnow never failed to remind of its existence. The paper was understood by all who received it officially to be a secret and definitive arrangement as to the future of Turkey, from which France was to be excluded. It stated that Russia and Austria were united by the principle of "perfect identity," and that, "if England as the principal maritime power acts in concord with them, it is to be supposed that France would find herself obliged to act in conformity with the course agreed upon between St. Petersburg, Vienna, and London." It is to be remarked, that a few years later the courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna transacted a little business on their own account in Eastern Europe, which would have made a complicity in any territorial re-arrangement originating with them distasteful to the people of Great Britain, and an impossible position to a minister of the crown. This was prior also, on the other hand, to the cordial hatred which sprang up between Austria

and England consequent upon Lord Palmerston's pulverization by Prince Schwartzenburgh. If, therefore, any proposals for partitioning Turkey were ever made, they were made then, and England, acquiescing in them for ten years, succeeded in that kind of business to Prussia, who seems to have retired from the partnership. This scheme, coming as it did to the knowledge of the French government, is a full and complete justification of its Eastern diplomacy, on which, true to the traditional and necessary policy of France, its Emperor had entered to prevent a nearer approach of Russia to the Mediterranean. We may surely pardon in her, too, something on the score of wounded national pride.

At the close of 1852 a change in the English government found Lord Aberdeen Premier, and Lord John Russell Foreign Secretary, and the entire new ministry was supposed to be not especially friendly to the person who had just accomplished a vigorous *coup d'état*, and was, with rapid strides, bringing France to accept the fact, with possibly the traditions, of the Empire. The English press, representing the popular feeling, in commenting upon the head of the French government and his acts, had plunged deeper into the sewerage of ribaldry and libel than it had felt called upon to do since it had upheld the British theory of the domestic affairs of Napoleon the First. Under these propitious circumstances, the Emperor Nicholas congratulated the British envoy, Sir Hamilton Seymour, upon the change, and requested him to convey to Lord Aberdeen, "for whom, during an acquaintance of forty years, he had entertained equal esteem and regard," the assurance that he hoped the ministry would be of long duration. The Emperor proceeded to say, that it was never more essential than then, that he and the English government should be on the best of terms, and these words he desired to be conveyed to Lord John Russell. In this and at subsequent interviews, he affirmed that Turkey was in a very critical state, and "might give a great deal of trouble"; that she was disorganized and falling to pieces, and that the British government were deceived if they supposed otherwise; that the fall would be a misfortune, and that it was "important England and Russia should have a good understanding, and neither take any

decisive step of which the other is not apprised." Sir Hamilton replied, that he was "rejoiced to hear this language, that this was his own view of the matter." The Emperor, moreover, stated candidly what arrangements respecting Turkey and Constantinople he would not permit, and requested an interchange of views, with which he does not appear to have been favored. It has been loudly proclaimed, that a bribe was offered for England's consent to the partition of Turkey; and there is a passage in the correspondence, which, taken by itself, that is to say, garbled for the purpose, looks extremely like such a proposition. The Emperor did say, that "if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire," England should take possession of Egypt and Candia, he should have no objection to offer. With regard to his own share, he appears only to have suggested that the provinces of European Turkey should be independent states under his protection. But the whole basis and theory of the memorandum and the correspondence being only an arrangement by which the fall of the Ottoman empire should not take at least Russia and England by surprise, the mention of Egypt and Candia belongs to the details of a general plan, certainly never objected to during a ten years' knowledge of the secret by England. Until the Emperor of the French moved so skilfully in the matter, there was not an intelligent person in England who did not think that, in the natural order and progress of events, the Mohammedan rule in Europe must shortly cease to exist; and there was no one who dared to say, that, having once fallen, that dominion ought to be restored. Not negatively alone, but positively, England and Russia were committed to this determination. It has happened since 1844, that England has created a vast commercial interest in the permanence of the Ottoman empire. On that principle, the weaker and worse the Turks' rule is, the better for England. Of course Russia can have no such interest. The Emperor Alexander has freely declared, at the recent conferences, that it is no part of his intention to uphold that empire at the expense of Russian blood, and we are disposed to pardon him if he has no better reason to assign for this avowal than that he does not think the advantages

to be gained worth the sacrifice. Concerning Russian designs upon Constantinople, the Emperor was sufficiently explicit. Disowning the fantastic ambition of Catharine, he declared that in any event his occupation would be but provisional; and the English government is not entitled to go behind that declaration. Its complicity in the antecedents of the case is too decided to permit the assumption, that it is for England to determine when the Emperor is to be trusted, and when not. While we have not for a moment doubted the traditional policy of Russia with regard to Constantinople, it is not to be denied that individual heads of the Russian Empire may waive or postpone that policy. And whatever Nicholas might have hoped from the friendship and acquiescence of England, even so late as 1853, his successor must see, by her desertion, at least the temporary frustration of the scheme.

The immediate cause of the embroilment was the right of protection insisted upon by the Emperor. We have already seen that the right, in a religious sense, was conceded by all the powers, and this correspondence shows that no government had gone farther than the English in admitting it to be incontestable. In 1829, Lord Aberdeen in fact asserted that Russia was entitled to put her own construction on her treaties. Lord John, after commending, in his despatch to the British ambassador, the "wise" and "disinterested" course which the Emperor had so long followed, admits this right to be "no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty"; and in the debate on the war-message, which he opened, he pertinently argues, that in some "exceptional" cases the Emperor was bound to give even political protection, and that therefore it was determined to take that privilege from him by establishing a new provision. Now it has not been denied that some exceptional cases had occurred requiring intervention, and Menchikoff's mission was to prevent their recurrence by treaty. The interpretation of the Vienna note must not be confounded with this first demand of Russia, which is the point of departure of the whole affair. Russia can hardly be blamed for taking more than she had asked, when it was offered to her by the first Vienna conference, and it is plainly shown from this correspondence, that England

had for ten years justified the position of the Emperor towards Turkey, and emphatically supported it during that very ministry. The matter had been anticipated in the memorandum of 1844, in which it was agreed that Turkey, having a bad habit of "endeavoring to free itself from treaty obligations, and the attempt of the other party to enforce their fulfilment being apt to create jealousy among the other powers," the arrangement then put in writing provided that no other power should in such case interfere. The English ministry well knew what was the purpose of the recent mission. Said the Emperor to Sir Hamilton, "I tell you plainly, Menchikoff is at Constantinople; I will not be trifled with; if the Porte will not consent to his demands, I will use force." The first class of demands concerned the Holy Places, and was settled by France yielding the privileges she had just obtained for the Catholics. England pretends that there was something more than the right of protection afterwards demanded, taking advantage of vulgar rumors which Count Nesselrode pronounced false. To inflame popular prejudice, Lord John stooped to assert that it was understood in the East that an army of four hundred thousand men had been offered to the Sultan without the knowledge of England, a force which therefore *might* be intended to act against her. This charge also is in strict harmony with the systematic misuse of arguments and terms which characterizes the department of the war which the British government and public at once took entirely to themselves, — the attack upon the personal character of the Emperor. The correspondence discloses the fact, that Nicholas did inform Sir Hamilton Seymour, months before, that he had offered the Sultan a large force, and Lord John and every one else knew that the offer was to enable Turkey to resist the importunity or menaces of France.

We have dwelt at length upon this secret correspondence, not so much to dispose of the charge of "falsehood," "duplicity," even "perjury," against a sovereign, to whom even death was no protection from ignoble assaults, but because it develops more fully than any other document the primary causes and objects of the war. Had we desired merely to ascertain whether these charges were true, we need only to

have stated, that they are traceable to two distinct and original sources, — Lord John Russell and the London Times; that the House of Lords almost unanimously scouted them with indignation; and that in the Commons and before the people, the men most esteemed by Americans proclaim now boldly, that it was England who deceived Russia, not Russia who played false with England.

It was during this amicable state of things at St. Petersburg, that, on the 28th of January, 1853, the French government also solicited a cordial understanding with England, not only to aid in settling the question of the Holy Places, but to "effect a steady opposition to the menace of war," indicated by the concentration of Russian troops near the Turkish frontier. We know nothing of the progress of this counter-negotiation beyond the fact that its final result was the alliance of March, 1854. But we do know that when the French fleet was summoned to the East, Lord Clarendon, the British Foreign Secretary, informed the Emperor of Russia, that "he regretted that the French fleet had sailed," but that the position of the French Government differed in many respects from that of the British. But we have no space to continue the long chain of evidence which establishes beyond controversy the fact, that it was not till months after the affair at Sinope that the Emperor of Russia had the faintest reason to suppose that the British government was not acting in perfect unison with him, or that it was possible for it to unite its policy with that of France. We trust, however, that we have established the basis for a correct appreciation of the relative position of the four countries at the end of March, 1854.

Nearly three weeks before the declaration of war, the largest and best fleet that had ever left the shores of England set sail for the Baltic, with every surrounding of confidence and enthusiasm. Led on their way by the sovereign herself, the hundreds of thousands who looked upon the gallant sight saw no clouds above, no obstacle to a deadlier blow than had ever been dealt to the marine or blackened the shores of an enemy.* Almost a shadow of regret was felt that this mighty

* The British fleet alone numbered 44 ships, 2,200 guns, 22,000 men, with steam of 15,000 horse-power.

armament, such as Nelson had never dreamed of, commanded by the most popular admiral in the service, was to be joined by another nearly as powerful from France, to divide the glory. Another combined Armada was already in the East, where, besides, to join the legions of France already pouring in, England had ordered thirty thousand chosen troops, — the flower of her army. As the heavy tread of column after column of stately guardsmen, erect and flushed with hope and pride, echoed through the streets, led by the scions of the great houses whose first triumphs were on the plains of Syria, the blood of the Englishman who bade them farewell might indeed thrill with the pomp and circumstance of war, — of war which *must* be glorious and successful. And to those richer in the almost romantic lore of feudal history, there came across the centuries the glories of the third Crusade, to tell how once before the ships of France and England had anchored in the Bay of Acre, and the same banners had waved over the young king Philip Augustus and the lion-hearted Plantagenet.

In the first treaty by which the Western Powers bound themselves to the support of Turkey, an article was inserted which secured to all the subjects of the Porte, without distinction of creed, complete equality before the law. Another separate and special treaty prescribed reforms so radical in their nature, that the head of the Mohammedan Church, the Sheik-ul-Islam, resigned, perhaps compulsorily, rather than "sanction measures tending to undermine the whole fabric of Islamism"; and at a stormy sitting of the Divan the "Old Turks" declared that it would have been better to yield at once to the Muscovites, who did not demand so much. But the influence of Redschid Pacha, and the pressing necessities of the case, compelled them to agree to the treaty. In the mean time an ultimatum was sent to St. Petersburg, demanding the evacuation of the Principalities before a certain date. A refusal, or the absence of any reply, would be equivalent to a declaration of war. The Emperor had left the capital; but Count Nesselrode informed the messenger, Hon. Captain Blackwood, "that no answer would be given

by the Imperial Court." * From evidence now transpiring from day to day, in the admissions of individuals connected with the governments of the allied powers, it is capable of proof that Russia could not have escaped this war, even had she acceded to the ultimatum. By another convention of the 18th of April, England and France disclaimed all exclusive advantages to themselves, and invited other nations to the alliance.

On the 9th of April, 1854, was signed at Vienna the celebrated protocol in which Prussia and Austria declared that the new attitude which France and England had taken was founded in right, and that the territorial integrity of Turkey and the evacuation of the Principalities ought to be the *sine qua non* of every proposition for peace. They engaged not to enter into any arrangements in opposition to these principles without having deliberated on them in common with France and England; but they assumed no kind of engagement, however indirect, to take part in the conflict. It was plain, even at that early period, that Prussia was restraining Austria, who was not herself inclined to active co-operation with the Allies, except in case of absolute necessity. The position of this power, with a frontier exposed to either belligerent, was more delicate in neutrality, more dangerous in war, than that of the rest of Germany; and we are prepared to see her coming upon the scéne cautiously, but with firm and decisive steps. The protocol of the 9th of April, examined carefully, commits the two German powers to no antagonism with Russia, even in principle. It establishes, in fact, nothing to which Russia had not already shown her willingness to accede conditionally. It was not inconsistent with her own professions, and we can detect nothing to which a Russian plenipotentiary might not have added his signature.

It was the prime object in the diplomacy of the neutral nations to make Central Europe a unit, unassailable in its neutrality, decisive in its final action. Austria had some aims of her own, which it was determined to secure by guaranty,

* "All honorable retreat was peremptorily cut off by an imperious summons, which Russia never before received in the whole period of her history, even at a time when a conqueror, at the head of armed Europe, invaded her terrritory." — Russian Manifesto, April, 1854.

and to some extent her interests coincided with those of all Germany. "Everybody knows what Austria wants," said Count Nesselrode; it was in truth no secret; she wanted the Principalities and the free navigation of the Danube. Accordingly, the first move in Germany was a treaty negotiated at Berlin by General Hess on the part of Austria, securing the aid of Prussia if she were attacked in the Principalities, or if a Russian army advanced to the Balkan. But upon analysis it was found that the treaty was imperfect, as it pledged the assistance of Prussia only in case Austria were attacked on territory then in her possession. Austria once in the Principalities, the engagement was good for nothing. And it was not until November 26, that a separate article was added, by which Frederic William bound himself to aid the Emperor of Austria if attacked in his dominions or in the Principalities. The Germanic Diet acceded to the first treaty on the 26th of July; to the separate article, December 9. The importance of the adhesion of the Confederation consists in the fact, that it controls an army of a quarter of a million, independent of the armies of the two great powers. Thus during the year 1854, while her statesmen were deliberately surveying the field, and awaiting indications for action, Germany was so bound together by treaties, that an attack on any member of its political family, by either belligerent, would have provoked the whole weight of its power, with an army of a million and a half of disciplined soldiers.

The siege of Silistria occupied the same place in the public attention during the spring and summer of last year which Sevastopol now fills. The town was invested by Prince Paskievitch on the 11th of May, and its successful resistance, while it gave the Turks a reputation they have almost lost by subsequent events, undoubtedly suggested to the Russians the hint of the gigantic earth-works, which have since made Sevastopol impregnable. The town of Silistria, lying upon the right bank of the Danube, is fortified on the land side by a semicircular earth-work, presenting a defensive line of about two thousand yards. This fortification alone resisted, in 1829, a Russian army encamped on the heights overlooking and commanding the town, at the distance of a thousand

yards, for thirty-five days. During the recent siege, the Turks themselves held these heights, intrenched behind detached earth-works, not one of which did the Russians ever succeed in carrying. An assault was attempted against the principal work on the 24th of May, and another at midnight of the 28th. In the last the garrison was surprised, and the Russians nearly got possession of the fortification. Foiled in these attempts, the besiegers resorted to more tedious but surer expedients. Four separate mines were sprung under the parapet, and an assault was made after each explosion. The Turks, however, listening to the progress of the miners, threw up another intrenchment, withdrew their guns, and mounted them on the new rampart, so as to command the breach. But Silistria was invested in the strictest sense, and consequently its fall was but a question of time. It is now thought it could not have held out forty-eight hours longer, when suddenly, on the 22d of June, the siege-works were arrested, and the next day the Russian army was in full retreat. The movement was effected in good order; the leading families of the Principalities withdrew with the head-quarters of the army beyond the Pruth, and Prince Gortchakoff issued a proclamation, inflated to a degree not warranted by his military success, announcing that the retreat was for strategic reasons, and that he would return. The true reason soon appeared. With the consent of the Allies, Austria had signed a convention with the Porte on the 14th of June, binding herself to hold the Principalities during the war, and to give them back to her at the restoration of peace. It must be confessed the affair was accomplished very leisurely. The evacuation was not complete till September, and it was ten weeks before an Austrian army descended from the North into Wallachia. It is commonly said, and very probably the assertion will soon be repeated, to make out a case of treachery against Austria, that Omar Pacha was prevented by her from following the Russians. The story, besides being untrue, is absurd. General Hess informed the Turkish commander that the Austrian arrangements should not interfere with his movements; but when asked his own opinion, he did not advise him to hazard a campaign in an open country against superior forces. The

truth is, that while no Turkish army has of late years exhibited any insane alacrity in fighting Russians in open field, at this time Omar Pacha's army was already disorganized for want of pay, supplies, and reinforcements. With the Austrian occupation the defence of Turkish territory in Europe was effected, and one object of the war had no longer to be sought.

In July the Austrian Cabinet informed the Germanic Diet that it saw an important element of pacification, and possibly a basis of negotiation, in recent communications from St. Petersburg, and while the Russian envoy at Vienna was announcing that the Emperor Nicholas was about to order a complete evacuation of Moldo-Wallachia, the *Moniteur* stated that notes had been exchanged indicating that Austria, as well as England and France, looked to "guaranties" from Russia to prevent a return of complications, and that, while France would not grant an armistice, she was disposed to treat upon the following bases: — (1.) Abolition of the Russian protectorate over Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia. (2.) Liberty of the mouths of the Danube. (3.) Revision of the treaty of 1841, in what concerns the limits of Russia in the Black Sea. (4.) Renunciation by the Emperor of Russia of all protectorate over Ottoman subjects. These articles, which are the originals of the "Four Points," were drawn up by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and were the *minima* of demands. France and England declining to make any overture in their own names, the proposals indorsed by Prussia and Austria in the note of August 8th were sent to St. Petersburg, and were rejected; upon which Austria, in the circular of September 30th, maintained the four "guaranties," but insisted upon the point, that she had not any more than Prussia engaged to enforce their acceptance by arms; and she withdrew her request for the immediate mobilization of the federal contingent, and her proposition before the Diet to have the four guaranties introduced into the Prussian treaty of April 20th.

The war had been heralded by a project which somewhat transcended these points, and we know of no better time to introduce it than in the interval which elapsed between the rejection of the August note and its conditional acceptance

in November. War was hardly declared, when a remarkable paper appeared, attributed to the hand of the Emperor Napoleon himself. It argued that, as diplomacy and long-suffering had failed to disarm an ambition threatening to Europe, the war, become inevitable, ought to be energetic and decisive. Its propositions were few and simple. Finland gives Russia the control of the Baltic, the Crimea makes her mistress of the Black Sea, and Poland renders her oppressive to Germany. It assumes that the weakness of the Cabinet of Louis XV. permitted the first dismemberment of Turkey, and the first partition of Poland, to the profit of Russia; that the revolutionary agitations of 1792 prevented France from opposing the second dismemberment and partition of Turkey and Poland, and that it was reserved for the France of 1854, "tranquil under a strong government," to repair the errors of the last century. The disinterested attitude of France and England, about which there could be no doubt, authorizes them therefore to open the question of a revision of the map of Europe. It was proposed to "suffocate Russia by throwing back the blood from the extremities to the heart"; the head of the Colossus being at Helsingfors, its right arm at Warsaw, its feet at Sevastopol. Therefore Finland was to be given back to Sweden, Poland was to be transferred to Prussia, and the Crimea and the Trans-Caucasus to be restored to Turkey. Austria was to be paid with the Principalities and Bessarabia, and was to transfer Lombardy to Sardinia. Compelled to restore the usurpations of a century, "the aggressor" only would suffer from an arrangement everywhere to be made at his expense. The "dismemberment of Turkey," suggested as a contingency, sinks to insignificance compared with this bold attempt to disorganize Europe. The pamphlet itself was "suppressed," but somehow it contrived to see the light, and not long after, the "Le Pays" newspaper argued the same points. Moreover, one or another of these several schemes has been under discussion ever since, as freely as if Russia were overrun by French soldiers. The question of authorship is not a very material one, but there have already transpired some events to indicate what was the ulterior aim of the war. (1.) Bomar-

sund and the Aland Islands, so important to Finland, were captured, and offered to Sweden, who declined the dangerous gift. (2.) Austria has got the Principalities, and has dallied an entire year with France and England. (3.) Russia kept in Poland two hundred thousand of her best troops, at a time when she could send only third-rate soldiers to the Crimea. (4.) Sardinia was seduced into the alliance, under the expectation that the war was to be a European one, and, probably with the hope of getting Lombardy, has sent its little contingent to die of cholera before Sevastopol. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that if Finland and Poland, the Crimea and the Caucasus, could have been got, they would have been kept. The document derives its importance, not from its *quasi* official character, but because it anticipates and includes all the expedients of chastisement and humiliation which have been suggested. It is not to be doubted that Russia at this moment owes the integrity of her empire to something else than a want of inclination on the part of her enemies to destroy its vitality. It is with questionable taste that England could demand the restoration of the annexations mentioned. In 1783 France solicited the union of England in a remonstrance to Russia against the acquisition of Kuban Tartary and the Crimea. Ministers replied, that his Majesty would make no remonstrance, and throw no obstacles in the way of the Empress, and they communicated the proposition of the court of Versailles to St. Petersburg, to gain favor with Catharine. So Turkey was dismembered, and the Caucasus and the Crimea were absorbed by Russia. In 1792 England, through Mr. Pitt, destroyed the confederacy which would have prevented the partition of Poland, to secure the aid of Russia against France. In 1815 she threatened Denmark with war and another bombardment of Copenhagen, if she presumed to resist the spoliation of Norway, which was given to Sweden to secure Alexander in the possession of Finland. It is hardly necessary to add, that these plans, as well as the "appeal to nationalities," which was once supposed to be something more than an unmeaning phrase, were very judiciously expunged from the programme some time before the last conference at Vienna.

Early in the autumn of 1854, Baron de Budburgh, the Russian envoy at Berlin, intimated that, while the Emperor Nicholas would not accept the four points, pure and simple, he was willing to consider them as bases of negotiation, and to enter into immediate communication on them with Austria. This was followed by an official announcement. The Emperor, affirming his constant love of peace and his good-will towards Germany, declared that, "yielding to the pressing recommendations of Prussia, and to spare Germany all division and embarrassment," he was cordially ready to accept the four preliminaries, reserving the right of an explanation of each; for example, that the "protection" indicated in the first and fourth points should be guaranteed by the Five Powers with a common understanding; that as to the second point he had never intended to obstruct the navigation of the Danube; that as to the third, a revision of treaties was demanded by actual circumstances and desirable for both parties. In view of the fact that the terms of peace had emanated from a general conference, Austria was not willing to enter alone into the discussion. We should hardly suppose that the prospect of pacification was materially aided by the subsequent declaration of the French and English ambassadors at Vienna, that, "in the march of events, the Allied Powers would reserve the right of giving to the four points an extension proportioned to the situation, and of adding to them many points commanded either by the sacrifices they had made, or for the security of Europe, menaced by the obstinacy of Russia."

A few days after the second treaty with Prussia and Germany was signed, Austria, having been constantly plied since the August note to join the policy of the Allies, went so far as to sign a treaty, which in our judgment, by the false expectations springing from it, has been productive of more mischief than any single event of the war. The treaty of the 2d of December was at once publicly announced in Paris and London to be an act of hostility to Russia, and the preliminary of an inevitable rupture between the two courts. From that time till the suspension of the conferences, Western Europe never ceased to hope that, if all Germany did not

join them, at least Austria would add her forces to theirs, and rumor specified the figure of her contingent to the Crimea. But we believe it was very far from the intention of Count Buol-Schauenstein, a diplomatist upon whom the mantle of Metternich and Schwartzenburgh has fallen, to commit Austria to any position likely to involve her in war, not of her own will, for ends which might be obtained without war. We believe that the sole object of the treaty of December 2, so carefully worded, was to secure to Austria an attitude of authority in the approaching conferences, from which she could better guard the interests of Germany and her own, and secure the prize she already held within her grasp. It is no part of our purpose to indulge, however cautiously, in speculation or in attributing motives, but this theory is the one best supported by the text, as explained by the antecedents and the results, of the treaty. Its hostility is only verbal. In case negotiations failed, Austria was to deliberate in common with the Allies as to the best means of effecting their object. It was frankly stated in Parliament, before its provisions were published, that there was nothing in it to preclude Austria from continuing her neutrality in any event. When Prussia was invited to accede to it on the condition of her ultimate co-operation, Baron de Manteuffel asked if the Three Powers were willing to interpret the basis, and was answered, No. The court of Berlin therefore held itself aloof, but sent Baron Von Usedom and General Wedel to London and Paris on a special mission, which failed.

Events marched, in the significant phrase of the French minister. When the Austro-Turkish convention rendered it prudent for Russia to retreat to her own soil, and left nothing farther to be done in defence of the territory of the Sultan, the allied commanders in the East were directed by their respective governments to procure all possible information respecting the strength of Russia in the Crimea, and to concert measures for the siege of Sevastopol; the English Minister of War adding in his despatch, "There is no hope of a safe and honorable peace until the fortress is reduced, and the fleet taken and destroyed." The torrents of grandiloquence which have deluged the war-literature and journal-

ism of the past year do not go beyond that simple phrase of the honest, if incapable, Duke of Newcastle. It was the creed of the nation, the latest and grandest object of the war. We shall not argue the question, if a durable peace might not have been secured without an aggression upon Russian territory, however such a moderate course might harmonize with the first purpose of the Allies. England, considering that Russia had never invaded her soil, and that she herself never had known the worst horrors of war, however often and ruthlessly she may have inflicted them on others, might have discouraged the enterprise. But while Russia by her own mode of warfare can claim no exemption from the ordinary hazards of a belligerent, certainly she could ask no favor from the heir of him whom a Cossack Emperor had dethroned. And besides, the expedition did not sail till the Emperor had rejected the August protocols. Conceding then the perfect propriety, under the circumstances, of the invasion, its expediency has been doubted. It is but a vulgar way of appreciating the merits of an enterprise, to look exclusively at results. Certainly it is not pretended that a citadel can be made absolutely impregnable. Had the enterprise against Sevastopol succeeded, it would have become historical as the boldest strategic operation the world has seen. It has failed, and failed in the hands of some of the best generals of the age. It was not within human foresight to know that in the service of the enemy was a young colonel of engineers, whose intuition and genius in a few weeks would transform the defenceless side of the city into a vast chain of earthen ramparts more formidable than the gigantic masonry on which millions had been expended, and against which they dared not advance. It would have been an insult to the common sense of both nations to have proposed originally an army of two hundred thousand men to take a single fortified city. At the same time, it is not to be questioned that the fatal habit of over-estimating their own military prowess, and underrating the courage, skill, and resources of the enemy, has contributed largely to the disastrous termination of the siege.* Both cabinets were confident of

* We write this in the middle of August, but we do not apprehend anything to make this expression premature.

success, and it was the universal opinion that Sevastopol would fall by a *coup de main*. The public were prepared for false intelligence, and it has been given them with a liberal hand from that day to this.

Holding with an invincible fleet the control of the Black Sea, with almost unlimited reinforcements within forty hours' sail, and no rear to protect, an army of sixty thousand men was landed on the western coast of the Crimea without accident or resistance, and in its march southward upon the fortress, found itself on the 22d of September in front of the enemy, posted in a powerful position on the left bank of a little stream opposite the village of Alma-serai. It was the first time the gallant forces of the two nations, whose hereditary rivalry never burned fiercer than in this contest for laurels in each other's presence, had met the despised and calumniated foe. The fleet accompanied the army along the coast, protecting its right wing, which consisted of the French, the Turkish contingent of eight thousand being placed between them and the British on the left. The Zouaves commenced the attack, and in an hour and a half had, with the aid of the firing from the fleet, got possession of the heights next the sea, and turned the enemy's left. The main body of the allied army, including the British division, then came into action, and in less than five hours the position was carried, and the Russian army was in full retreat. The balance of loss, we suppose, must have been against the retreating body. But the Russians retired deliberately, leaving only two disabled guns in the hands of the Allies, who bivouacked upon the field. Menchikoff withdrew his whole army in good order upon Simferopol, whence he commanded the rear of the Allies in case they should attack the northern forts. Victory was with the Allies, yet it was something that the inferior Crimean army had fought for five hours double their number of select soldiery, protected by a powerful fleet and possessed of the latest improvements in military science. The two causes of the failure of the campaign of 1854 since assigned by the Emperor Napoleon, were the sinking of the ships in the harbor of Sevastopol, and the retreat of Menchikoff to Simferopol instead of shutting himself up in the fortress. The

first liberated six hundred guns, with their gunners and ammunition, for the southern defences; the second compelled the invaders to sit down before these defences in regular siege.

From the point of departure intimated in the title of this article, the military history of the war is secondary, and subservient to the diplomatic. But it is of the last importance that the actual successes of the parties should be presented without disguise or misrepresentation. The theory which serves the purpose of a recruiting sergeant is not that to be presented to the intelligent and impartial judgment of a neutral nation. In every English disquisition on this war that we have read, a by no means unpleasant phantom of "British gallantry" has crept in and obscured the whole question quite as effectually as "Mr. Dick's" "head of Charles the First," in that most unsatisfactory of "memorials." We fancy that, if any little delusion once existed as to the courage and loyalty of the Russian soldier, it has long ago been dispelled; and it is not among the least of the triumphs of the brave fellows before Sevastopol, that their evidence, got from many a fearful encounter, has compelled a dastardly and ignorant press to retract its long-sustained libels. It was in truth but vilifying their own army to depreciate the valor of an enemy from whom it had suffered so much.

The army not being large enough to invest the city, as was said, but in reality, as we think, lacking the requisite force to attempt the *coup de main*, the reported success of which is now fastened historically in the guise of a "hoax" upon a mythical "Tartar," marched by flank towards the southern capes, the English by choice occupying Balaklava, the French much nearer the scene of operations holding Kamiesch Bay, which commands an observation of Sevastopol. The Allies found that new batteries had sprung up as if by enchantment. Fire was opened, on the morning of the 17th of October, from one hundred and twenty guns, including the much vaunted siege artillery of the French army. At about one o'clock the French division of the allied fleet commenced a bombardment of the marine forts, and within two hours the whole allied fleet was drawn up and in action, and continued to

fire till night. But it is now notorious, that by far the greater part of the vessels were anchored out of range. Although it was telegraphed home that the fire of the ships had silenced or blown up Fort Constantine and the Quarantine Battery, it was not thought prudent, from the accidents which happened on board the ships within range, to renew the marine attack, and the fleet has consequently not appeared upon the scene again. The French batteries, distant from the Russian six hundred yards, were silenced in a few hours; the English, firing from nearly double that distance, received little serious injury, and inflicted less, if any. The advantage at the end of the first day's firing was everywhere with the besieged, and continued with them during eight days, in which time one hundred and fifty thousand projectiles had been thrown into the city. On the 25th of October, it was shown that a large Russian army, independent of the garrison, was in the field, and the whole plan of the siege was changed. The British had intrusted their outposts to the Turks. Early on the morning of the 25th, the Ottoman heroes were driven in "like sheep" by a Russian detachment, and the four redoubts held by them were captured. The "Charge of the Light Brigade," now a luminous point in history, has had the effect of throwing into obscurity all the disasters of that day. But it is no longer denied that the battle of Balaklava was in every sense, in the fact and the results, a Russian victory. Liprandi's army kept possession of the redoubts, destroyed two of them, captured nine guns, remained drawn up on the field in order of battle only fifteen hundred yards from the British, and took and held the road leading into Sevastopol in one direction and into the mountains in the other; and to the loss of this battle is now candidly attributed much of the misery of the winter campaign. With the exception of a brilliant dash of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, which by silencing a Russian battery saved the remnant of the British horse from destruction, the brunt of the day fell upon the English army.

But it was not till after the "frightful hazards of Inkermann" that the besiegers became the besieged, and the truth came to be known. Then it was seen for the first time, by

the English government at least, that the army, for whose subsistence supplies had actually been demanded for "Malta and back," must winter without preparation in the Crimea. To the "soldiers' battle," in which the English lost one man in three out of the eight thousand who were engaged, and were saved only by the arrival of a French division under General Bosquet, succeeded the storm of the 16th of November.* In two days some thirty or forty transports were wrecked, and the crews and equipments of these, thrown on shore, captured by the Cossacks. The hundred gun-ships, the Henri IV. and the Pluton, were lost, and what was of more consequence than all, the transport ship Prince went down with all the winter clothing of the British army. Then the long Crimean winter set in, with its not half-told horrors. The heroes of three battles fought in rapid succession, in every one of which the honor of Old England had been upheld as bravely as by the mailed knights of the Crusades, ragged and starved, huddled together in muddy trenches, heart-broken with weariness and neglect, were taken out by dozens dead day after day; or, more shameful still, bloody and scarred with the lash for not fighting off sleep forty and fifty hours at a time, deserted in such crowds as to furnish a "strong contingent" to the Russian army. Less was known of the hardships of the French. From their perfect administration and their proximity to a convenient landing, it is to be supposed there was no actual suffering; but we learn from the speech of the Emperor himself, that they by no means escaped the misfortunes which more than decimated their allies.

The mishaps and misdeeds of the British campaign in the Crimea are purely local matters; we have nothing to do with the distribution of censure; it is quite sufficient to accept the parliamentary affirmation of Lord Derby, that "the campaign of 1854 was a total and disgraceful failure," and that of Mr. Dickens as to the popular conviction, that "thereby the country

* There are some discrepancies in the accounts of the battle of Inkermann which we shall not attempt to reconcile. That of the Allies is well known, some 10,000 Russians being killed out of 60,000 engaged. Menchikoff describes it as two sorties, in which 22,000 men were engaged, out of whom about 7,000 were killed or wounded.

is plunged in the deepest distress and disgrace." But an important truth has been elicited from the evidence before the Sevastopol Committee. It appears that the persons whose duty it was to keep government informed of the state of the army, for a long time sent mendacious reports which lulled the apprehensions of the War Office, so that when "correspondents" first revealed the actual horrors of the case, their statements were repelled by ministers as the malicious inventions of a "ribald press"; and it was not till they received confirmation of them from unquestionable private sources, that government ceased to deny them in the most indignant terms. And the dullest intellect now contrasts the bombastic inaccuracies of the allied generals, even of the brave St. Arnaud, with the modest, succinct, and faithful despatches of the Russian commanders.

Confining ourselves to such an outline of military and naval operations as will indicate the real proportion of success and defeat, and the consequent position of the belligerents with regard to negotiations for peace, we have little to say of the naval exploits of the Allies. Bomarsund was destroyed by a French force of some ten or twelve thousand men and a corps of engineers, its little garrison of two thousand made prisoners, and the fortifications, having been declined with the offer of the Aland Islands by Sweden, blown up. The fortresses of the Gulf of Finland and Cronstadt bade defiance to the great armament which whitened the waters beneath them far as the eye could reach. In a remote corner of the world, on the coast of Kamtschatka, the almost unknown fortress of Petropaulovski repelled an unforeseen attack of six English and French frigates, and drove back with loss a detachment of marines which had landed for the assault. The ravaging of a defenceless coast, burning and sinking of private property, destruction of fishing villages, though unhappily not at variance with the laws of maritime warfare, could necessarily be only imperfectly appreciated by the chivalry of Central Europe.

There is one event which is to be classed among the successes of the Allies, and which was an unhappy necessity of the triple alliance. But if it is true that there has been a

time when the act in question would have been differently viewed by Christian nations, the injury was amply recompensed by the terms of the treaty of alliance, and by the provisions of the "fourth point." We allude to the repression of the Greek insurrection. The Christian population of the southwestern provinces of Turkey took advantage of the war with Russia, and revolted against their hereditary tyrants, proclaiming boldly a renewal of the war of 1821. Oaths were taken that they would not lay down their arms till their oppressors were driven from the land. They declared that the war was holy and just, and that no one who considered the weight of their burdens would offer to defend their barbarian oppressors; "that they could no longer bear the violation of all law, the pillage of their property, and the dishonor of their daughters." The court of King Otho was suspected of aiding the insurrection, and he was threatened with a change of dynasty unless a complete neutrality were at once declared. A French division and an English regiment took possession of the gun-boats in the harbor, and landed on the Peiræus. The chivalrous queen, almost maddened at the sight, threatened to take horse, cross the frontier, place herself at the head of the army, and rouse the population to arms; and she was deterred only by the entreaties and even tears of the more placable king. A neutrality was extorted, the insurrection quelled, and the insurgent villages laid waste with fire and sword.

While we have detailed every material event likely to influence the question of peace, it is to be added, that preparations were making all winter for a decisive blow. Count Walewski has since admitted that "France and England lent themselves to negotiations at a moment when it appears that the active pursuit of the war ought to be the principal object of their care and attention," which, the Russian journals maintain, accounts for the fact that the negotiations were delayed till the Allies could try the chance of another campaign; and explains also the extreme reluctance with which their envoys could be brought to enter into the preliminary discussions. On the 28th of December, Count Buol-Schauenstein, the Earl of Westmoreland, and the Baron de Bourqueney drafted

a protocol, specifying precisely the sense to be attached to the four points; and Count Buol took the document to Prince Gortchakoff, and asked him if he was ready to accept those conditions without modification or reserve. The Prince requested fourteen days in which to communicate with St. Petersburg; but five days before the expiration of the time, he announced that his master adhered to the four guaranties as defined and explained in the ultimatum. As the Russian circular of August 28th had declined the note of the 8th, on the ground that its proposals involved the material and moral abasement of Russia, we may infer that the explanations contained nothing humiliating. It was understood, in fact, that no allusion had been made to Sevastopol or the fleet. Prussia, being denied a seat at the Conference, consoled herself with the sympathy of the Germanic Diet, which accepted all her propositions concerning the federal army, and rejected those of Austria. She at the same time refused to allow a French army to pass through her territory.

At the preliminary meetings verbal explanations were made on each point; the Russian envoys stating that they would reserve discussion upon their interpretation until the official opening. Meantime an event occurred which for the moment baffled all the calculations of diplomacy. Almost without warning, the Emperor Nicholas died. The unbending man, whose pride was something more than the dignity springing out of his relations to a great and loyal empire, was taken away, and the rancor of his enemies could no longer denounce *him* as an obstacle to the repose of Europe. The "personality" of the war ceased. The more respectable journals in England returned to the language of civilized life; the hideous caricature in a weekly print, which shocked and mortified the better portion of the nation, was not repeated; and the theatrical manager whose dramatic announcement of the death of the Emperor caused the innate brutality of at least *his* audience to betray itself in tumultuous applause, was compelled to disown his share in the proceeding even at the expense of truth. The French police rigorously interfered with such rejoicings in Paris, and the Moniteur significantly announced, that "a great nation like France does not rejoice

when *death* strikes down an enemy, powerful as he may be." The new Emperor Alexander II. asked the blessing of God and the aid of his subjects in his endeavors "to raise Russia to the highest degree of glory, and to realize the wishes of Peter, Catharine, Alexander, and Nicholas."

The conference opened at last on the 15th of March, less than a fortnight after the death of Nicholas. The Western envoys repeated the determination of their governments to "pursue the career of sacrifice" (that is, to carry on the war) till the four points should be placed in the public law of Europe, and they reserved the right of making special conditions over and above them as the interests of Europe might require. Prince Gortchakoff trusted that they had a common object in wishing to secure a general peace, which, he added, could not be lasting or have any practical value unless honorable to both parties, and he declared, moreover, that if it were attempted to impose conditions incompatible with the honor of Russia, he would not consent to them, however serious might be the consequences of refusal. Lord John Russell recognized this as the only condition on which the negotiations could proceed, by declaring in Parliament before his departure for Vienna that it was not the intention of the two courts to propose any conditions injurious to the honor and dignity of Russia. It remains to be seen if the governments and people of France and England did or did not entertain the expectation that the war they were engaged in would terminate in the humiliation of Russia. It is to be seen also if on their part there was any hope or any desire that the Conference should enunciate peace, and upon whom rests the responsibility of its rupture, — an act which prolongs the misery of war to an indefinite extent, has produced new combinations, and justified new conclusions and sympathies.

The first two points referring almost exclusively to German interests, the Western envoys did not enter deeply into their discussion. Yielded freely and unreservedly by Russia, there was yet considerable delay in arranging the details of their settlement. With respect to the first, Russia consented to the abrogation of all the rights and privileges wrung from Turkey in a series of successful wars. Her exclusive protec-

torate over the Principalities was abolished, their future condition was to be regulated by a special act of the Porte maintaining their civil and religious liberties, and Prince Gortchakoff and M. de Titoff were very earnest in insisting that their franchises should be in no way abridged. The second point was still more easily settled. Russia asserts that it is not diplomacy, but assiduous labor, day by day, that is to remove obstacles accumulated by the silent efforts of nature. In this spirit it was determined that the navigation of the Danube should be regulated by the principles applied in 1815 to the great navigable rivers of Europe. Russia gave up her quarantine at the Sulina mouth, and promised not to erect fortifications between the channels of Sulina and St. George. The free navigation of the river was to be protected by a commission established by all the powers. These two points the Emperor still regards as definitely settled, and has informed all the German courts that he intends to adhere to them so long as Germany preserves its neutrality, notwithstanding the rupture of the conference.

The third point has grown out of the war itself. It is one of those ulterior objects which the act of war justifies a belligerent in making a condition of peace, but which the other party is not morally bound to accept as if it were an original *casus belli;* all its moral support, therefore, must be derived from unmistakable and signal success. It is not pretended that this point commanded such a prestige at Vienna, and its acceptance by Russia, even as a point of departure, is a gratuitous concession. The basis was drawn up by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and it was first alluded to in public a little while after the Austro-Turkish convention. The third point is really twofold, and has been divided into a first and second part. The first part proposes to connect Turkey with the European equilibrium. An article was promptly agreed to, by which the contracting parties severally engaged themselves to respect the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, and to guarantee the observance of the contract, pronouncing any act of a nature to infringe it "an event of European interest." It was, moreover, unanimously established, that, if a conflict should arise between

the Porte and any one of the powers, the two states before resorting to force should offer to the other powers the opportunity of preventing such an extremity by pacific means. Thus an explicit engagement was made by Russia, in common with the other powers, not to attack Turkey in any event without the knowledge, and virtually the consent, of the rest. The communication of any difficulty to the two great naval powers, for instance, to which Russia pledges herself before committing an act of war, will enable them to fill the Black Sea with their ships; for the plan which Russia proposed to settle the second part was to open that sea, or to close it, giving the Sultan power to call in foreign navies at any time. Over and above this engagement, every guaranty made to secure the object of the first part of the third point is therefore supererogatory. The assumption that Russia intends to play false to her treaty obligations, is an argument against all treaties with her, and if the assumption were well founded, it would justify the employment of every means to cripple and disable her, so as to deprive her of all power to inflict injury in any direction.

The second part of the third point was intended to be the peg upon which the Western nations were to hang all their "additional demands" having reference to the interests of Europe. Had Sweden joined the Allies and accepted the Aland Islands, the interests of Europe of course would have required the restoration of Finland. Had Central Europe departed from its neutrality in their favor, the same high considerations would have demanded the annexation of the Grand Duchy of Posen to the Prussian crown. Had Sevastopol fallen, the exalted morality which presided at the dictation of these terms of peace would have seen no hope for civilization till the Crimea, which had relapsed into Christianity, was restored to the religious and political advantages of the Crescent, and Russia, whose political existence seems to be an unaccountable mistake, would have been compelled to export her wheat and her barbarism at a single undefended port, which, as often as it exhibited an undue commercial activity, could be laid in ashes by a small fleet and at a trifling expense. We are writing sober words. These projects,

in detail and as a whole, for arresting the civilization of Russia, and throwing her back upon her original barbarism, have been promulgated by the press, the literature, and the statesmen of France and England. It was not until the complete and ignominious failure of the first campaign, that the discussion of them ceased to encourage and inflame the hopes of the populace of the two nations. Events had *retrograded.* Not even Sevastopol was mentioned at Vienna.

The great event for which the conference had been so long delayed, took place during the sitting. Profiting by the errors which had caused the unfortunate result of the first bombardment, the French had intersected the whole space before them with parallels, and were within two hundred yards of the Russian works. With no less confidence than before, the least sanguine of the besiegers had not the temerity to suppose that the city could resist the storm ready to burst over it, and preparations were again made for the assault. Before daylight on the 6th of April, nearly four hundred mouths opened their fire, at the rate of one hundred and twenty rounds a day each; the heaviest weight of metal ever thrown in a siege. The Russians, surprised, did not reply for nearly an hour, which enabled the besiegers to correct their "practice," but then replied with such vigor as to demonstrate that they still retained a superiority, though comparatively not so crushing as in October. The defence received no injury not immediately repaired; the Allies at no moment gained a superiority of fire, took not a single position, nor destroyed a single work. So little annoyed was the garrison, that in a few weeks they commenced a new work of counter-approach. The second bombardment continued ten days; no breach was effected nor battery silenced, and consequently no assault could be attempted. The failure was not lost upon even the allied plenipotentiaries, as will appear in the sequel.

Foreseeing the difficulties in "limiting the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea," which was the aim of the second part of the third point, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Lord John Russell, and Ali Pacha had been sent to assist at the deliberations, while the Russian envoys were also awaiting

further instructions from St. Petersburg. Austria and Russia proposed to go on to the fourth point, — the protection of Christian subjects of the Porte; but France and England absolutely refused. Count Nesselrode has ventured to explain the significance of their refusal. He asserts that, while Russia was ready to accept unreservedly the interpretation of the Allies on this point, the settlement was such an infringement of the independence of the Sultan, that his ambassador would have remonstrated, and the odium of the rupture would have been thrown upon Turkey. However this may be, it is not the less true, and it is not the less to be kept out of sight, that this point, being the original cause of war, was the one on which Russia had expressed her willingness to yield finally and fully all the rights and claims, "moderate and just in themselves," "prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty," for at one time insisting upon which she had become involved in this war. By applying to the third point an interpretation she had, in general terms, already declined to accept, the opportunity was taken from her of showing so much of a desire for peace as consisted in an unqualified retreat from the attitude which had provoked hostilities in the first instance.

Prince Gortchakoff, declining the initiative in proposing a solution of the second section of the difficult point, announced that he would take into serious consideration any means not of a nature to infringe the rights of sovereignty of the Emperor of Russia in his own dominions; and to a question of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, he stated that "Russia would not consent to the strength of her navy being restricted to any fixed number, either by treaty or any other means." It was then that Lord John's unlucky allusion to Dunkirk elicited the sarcastic retort, that "a first-rate power could hardly accept such limitation, except after a long series of disasters, and that the case of Dunkirk could in no way be applied to the position of Russia." Excluding a single point from discussion, the Russian envoys were ready to examine all other modes of settlement. We have already affirmed, that, having yielded every other point insisted upon by the Allies, Russia was under no sort of moral obligation to limit her

forces by land or sea. Every argument, like that for instance of Count Buol, resting upon the assumption that the Euxine is a closed sea, is radically fallacious, in the fact that at any moment it can be opened and filled with the enemies of either Russia or Turkey. The security of Turkey, so far as it can be made dependent upon treaties, was already guaranteed in the most solemn manner. If it is assumed that Russia intends to break one treaty, why not another? It was demonstrated in Parliament that nothing was easier than for Russia to evade an obligation to limit the number of her ships of war. We will not detail the various shifts, reflecting so much credit as they do upon the ingenious casuists who suggested them. At the conference, Prince Gortchakoff read a paper to show that Turkey was in no danger from the naval forces of Russia. He then proposed, (1.) that the Dardanelles should be open to the military flags of all nations; or, (2.) that they should be closed at the pleasure of the Porte. The Allies refused to consider these plans, and the Russian envoy announced that his instructions were exhausted.

The diminution of the Russian preponderance may be effected in two ways, — by equipoise or by limitation. The first is included in the Russian proposition. The objections to this plan, as presented by the Allies, are, that it is unsafe, and that it is burdensome; the first of which objections is untrue, the second fallacious. It is not true that Russia, being only the third naval power of Europe, can in a circumscribed field, under the surveillance of the other powers, so develop her strength, as to defy and attack their navies combined with that of the Ottoman empire (for a concert of the European powers is supposed in each of the other guaranties); and it is a fallacy that it would be burdensome for the Allies to spare two or three vessels from their overgrown navies to observe Russia in the Euxine. England and France would thus be put to no additional expense whatever. The idea of safety lurking at the bottom of the plan of limitation, supposing it to be honest, is, after all, that Russia, with two or three ships more or less, in a time of profound peace, bound by solemn treaties to keep that peace, can suddenly,

and before the lightning can flash a warning to the Mediterranean, take and hold possession of an empire of thirty-five millions of subjects, distributed on two continents, and sure of the support, in case of such an emergency, of an armed hemisphere, and its two millions of bayonets; a proposition which few minds can hear stated with patience. There can be no other construction than just this of the "guaranty" involved in the limitation of the Russian navy to a fixed number.

But is it possible that so transparent an absurdity could have obtruded itself into the programme of the over-matched plenipotentiaries of Western Europe? By no means. If the drift of this plain narrative, now drawing to a close, shall have been comprehended in all its relations, it will be seen, without any reasoning of our own, that an object of war, ulterior to Ottoman independence and integrity of territory, has been developed in the diplomacy of the self-styled friends of Turkey, and so far the enemies of Russia. That object is to cripple and to humble the power with whom they fortuitously found themselves at war. Incompetent to accomplish the physical feat, it remained only to intimidate or inveigle Russia into an act of self-abasement, as an offset to their own failure in the attempt to gain a purely military triumph. It counted for nothing then, in this view, that all the objects for which the war was begun were gained, and that all the additional demands which sprang up in its progress were yielded. Few persons have ever doubted that it was expedient and proper for Turkey to take up arms for the abrogation of treaties which contained the elements of her own destruction. No one has doubted that it was just and necessary that France and England should aid her in accomplishing that object. The only question to be determined is, whether those powers have not transcended the legitimate purpose of the war.

We have proceeded thus far upon the assumption that the Emperor of Russia, without having, in a strict sense, been vanquished in the conflict, has conceded four out of five (separating the third point into its two parts) of the conditions of peace; and that those four conditions are so closely con-

nected with the whole end to be attained, as entirely to obviate the necessity of the fifth. It is not reasonable, therefore, to demand that in addition he shall consent to a proposition which, useless and superfluous in the sense of security, by common consent, notwithstanding the fallacies and sophistry intended to disguise its true character till the moment of its concession, is derogatory to the dignity and honor of his empire. But there is something to be added, which makes the responsibility of those who are relentlessly prolonging this war for an unlawful object more terrible in the eyes of the civilized world.

It is now beyond dispute, that terms of peace were proposed by the Austrian plenipotentiary at the conference, which in the opinion of every member of that conference, not excepting the Turkish ambassador, were equally efficacious and honorable. Those terms rest upon the principles both of equipoise and limitation. It is beyond dispute, too, that the Austrian government declared that, if they were not accepted at St. Petersburg, it would consider it a cause of war; and Russia now declares that she would have so accepted them. The governments of England and France have repudiated the act of their envoys, and declared that the war shall go on to the bitter end. And that end for which a quarter of a million of men are engaged in daily and murderous war, for which defenceless coasts, and the peaceful marts of commerce, and temples of art, and quiet homes, are ravaged with a merciless barbarity unparalleled in the history of civilized warfare, is — tell it not in Christendom — that by transferring two ships, more or less, from the Euxine to the Baltic, the great Russian nation shall confess it has been beaten in the conflict.

The question, which party ought to receive the sympathies of the American nation, is one into the discussion of which we do not propose to enter. It has been our only aim to present such a series of incontestable facts as will enable every candid and intelligent mind to determine for itself what has been right and what has been wrong in the whole matter, from beginning to end. The vulgar notion, that everything that one nation does is well done, and everything that another does

is wrong, is an element not likely to obtrude itself upon such a mind. Time has already stripped the subject of its theatricals, and torn away its shams. Many a noble sentiment in the manifesto has sunk into a senseless phrase, and the fustian declamation which heralded the contest has lost its fashion in the capitals of Europe, and, like other last year's goods, is consigned exclusively to the provincial markets. It is a matter of individual taste and habit of mind to determine, if we, as Americans, are required to be more sensitive guardians of the honor of France and Great Britain than were their own representatives at Vienna, — than now are the great statesmen of England, who, as ministers of the crown, decided for the war, — than is the fallen minister of Napoleon III., who during the long and tedious controversy has shown himself to be the only match in Western Europe for the clear-headed and thorough-bred diplomatists of Russia and Germany.

Art. X. — 1. *Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late* Amos Lawrence; *with a brief Account of some Incidents in his Life.* Edited by his Son, William R. Lawrence, M. D. [Not published.] Boston. 1855. 8vo. pp. 307.

2. The same. [Revised.] Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 359.

"It costs him no sacrifice or self-denial to be generous," is our first thought in abatement of the praise bestowed on a rich man who is free and bountiful in his charities. But observation has shown us, and persons who have made trial of both narrow and large fortunes have assured us, that the willingness to give is wont to decrease with growing wealth, so that those who have little more than a competence are ordinarily the most beneficent. We are in no danger of ascertaining by experiment, and can therefore only claim our birthright privilege of conjecture, what it is that clenches

the full hand, and turns the key on the overflowing coffer. It may be that a sincere fellow-feeling is essential to the development of the benevolent instinct, and that it is almost impossible for Dives so to lower the flight of his fancy as to get a lifelike view of Lazarus at his gate. Or it may be that beneficence, in order to be spontaneous and active, must flow from a thankful consciousness of dependence, as the beneficiary of the Supreme Giver, and that wealth detaches man from his fellows by first isolating him as regards his Creator. However this may be, we have learned to look with peculiar veneration on the almsgiving of the very rich, as involving severer trial of principle, and demanding sterner self-discipline, than the benevolence of poorer men. Yet, were liberal giving a habit first taken on with the acquisition of great wealth, and were it the only seeming virtue, we should doubt its genuineness as a virtue, and should be disposed to regard it as a mere whim, fortunate indeed for the community, but of little significance or worth as a moral phenomenon. We want to know its genesis and its setting, to trace its natural growth and its harmony with the rest of the character.

For these reasons, we are thankful for the volume before us. It carries us back to the farm-house of Mr. Lawrence's birth, and the village store of his first apprenticeship. It exhibits a charity noble and active while the young merchant was still poor. And, above all, it reveals to us a beautiful cluster of sister graces, a keen sense of honor, integrity which never knew the shadow of suspicion, candor in the estimate of character, filial piety, rigid fidelity in every domestic relation, and all these connected with and flowing from steadfast religious principle, profound sentiments of devotion, and a vivid realization of spiritual truth. We thus cease to be surprised by the constancy and magnitude of his contributions to the cause of humanity and piety. He could not have done less, and yet remained in other respects the man he was. His character opens upon us as singularly symmetrical and natural, and therefore as not exceptional, though rare because the higher grades of moral excellence are attained by few.

Amos Lawrence was born in Groton, Massachusetts, in

1786. His father had served in a company of *minute men* during the war of the Revolution, and for the residue of his life was a substantial farmer, often employed in municipal affairs, and universally respected by his fellow-citizens. Both his parents were Christians worthy of the name, and their house was one of those genuine New England homes so fruitful in men of healthful example and commanding influence in church and state. He acquired the rudiments of his literary education at the district school and the village academy, and at thirteen years of age commenced his clerkship at a small store in Dunstable, whence he was, after a few months, transferred to a larger store in his native town. Almost at the outset of his apprenticeship, he manifested his independence and his strength of principle by the then unprecedented resolution to abstain from the intoxicating liquors he was compelled to vend, and which, with their choice of savory condiments, his fellow-clerks were permitted and encouraged daily to prepare for their own indulgence. He at once acquired and maintained the undivided confidence and respect of his employer and his customers; "and the character for probity and fairness which accompanied him through life was here established."

On becoming of age, Mr. Lawrence went to Boston, and after a few days received and accepted the offer of a clerkship in a respectable house, in which he was soon invited to become interested as a partner. This tempting proposal he declined, from disapprobation of the principles on which the business was conducted. The firm shortly afterwards failed, and he was appointed by the creditors to settle their affairs. This work accomplished, he hired a small store in Cornhill, and commenced business on his own account. He was without property, having left Groton the possessor of but twenty dollars. It tells volumes of the character of both father and son, that his father at this time, unsolicited, mortgaged his farm for a thousand dollars, and carried the money to Amos for his assistance at the outset of his career; and that Amos, too conscientious to involve the family at home in the risks of his new enterprise, declined making use of the money at first, loaned it where it could not be lost, invested it in his

own business only when he became able fully to secure it, and repaid it as soon as the mortgagee was willing to receive it. His success, moderate during the first year, was afterwards rapid almost beyond precedent. One of his first steps, after he became firmly established, was to take as an apprentice his brother Abbott, then a lad of fifteen. On Abbott's majority, the brothers became partners in business, at first sole and subsequently senior members of the firm of A. & A. Lawrence & Co., which was dissolved only by the death of the elder brother, on the day preceding that which had been assigned for its legal dissolution.

The mercantile life of Mr. Lawrence is worthy of our special and emphatic comment. His own estate, among the largest in New England, and the still greater amount of property in the possession of his copartners, grew from the legitimate profits of a regular business, — from value actually conferred on goods in one stage of their transmission from the producer to the consumer. There were no gambling speculations, no attempts at monopoly in any department, no arbitrary or underhand measures for securing the control of the market, no operations of business that could provoke the censure or disesteem of the most jealous rival. The transactions of the firm were characterized by perfect openness and fairness; those in its employ were liberally compensated, and often permanently provided for; and debtors were treated with the full measure of forbearance and leniency which their cases respectively might demand or merit. In fine, the controlling influence of Christian morality was conspicuous in all things, as if the express purpose had been to reverse the sacrilege of the old Jewish traders, and to invest the "house of merchandise" with the sacredness of a temple, at least of Justice and of Charity. So far as the senior partners were concerned, (and by the admission of all, they have given character, no less than name, to the firm,) their prosperity was owing, in part, to an urbanity which invited, and a fidelity which justified, implicit confidence; in part, to that intuitive judgment, that simultaneous feeling of the pulse of markets near and remote, and that executive tact, which, combined, constitute mercantile genius, and confer preroga-

tives analogous to those which await poetical or artistical genius; in part, to the habit referred to by Mr. Lawrence himself in the following terms: "The secret of the whole matter was, that we had formed the habit of promptly acting, thus taking the *top of the tide*, while the habit of some others was to delay until about *half-tide*, thus getting on the flats, while we were all the time prepared for action, and ready to put into any port that promised well."

It is often alleged that business cannot be successfully conducted on the highest moral principles, and by men of rigid, minute conscientiousness. And this statement has in it an element of truth; yet "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." There are no doubt many members of the mercantile profession, whose only prospect of success is by meanness and trickery, who yet may crawl into wealth, and grovel into chief places at the stock-board; for low cunning can command numerous resources which an honorable spirit would spurn. In the world of mind, the Creator has dispensed natural endowments and capacities with the thrift of omniscient wisdom. He has fitted for mercantile pursuits no greater number of men than the world needs to conduct its exchanges. But in the prevalent disgust for manual labor, unqualified men, untrained men, men incapable of being worthily trained for commerce, rush into its ranks, impede its circulation, arrest goods in their passage between the termini of production and consumption, and levy *black mail* on the community. Indolence that would rather starve than labor, stolidity that would preclude either of the learned professions, and luxurious habits or longings that could not be satisfied with frugal gains, are often the sole qualifications for what is miscalled a mercantile life, and in such cases what terms itself commerce is merely swindling sheltered by the imperfection of the statute-book. But men of this class are no more rightfully assumed as the exponents of the avocation they disgrace, than are the pettifoggers that infest the wharves and hang about the police-offices of some of our great cities legitimate types of the profession that has been adorned by the severe sanctity of a Jay, the profound wisdom of a Marshall, the versatile genius of a Story. Nor yet is

commerce chargeable with the sordidness of a somewhat more honest, yet hardly more honorable, class of men, whose self-consciousness relates wholly to their property and their mercantile position, and who never think of themselves as rational, moral, accountable, and immortal beings, but simply as representatives of certain sums or agencies in the street or on 'Change.

Commerce is intrinsically a noble profession. In the physical universe there is nothing more sublime than the circuit of the waters, by which the treasures of the ocean reservoir float in clouds, fall in showers, roll in torrents, flow in streamlets and rivers, refresh the field, clothe the forest in robes of praise, make the wilderness to rejoice, and throw around the vast globe their zone of gladdening ministries. The same office is performed by commerce in human society. Man, limited by the resources of his own spot of earth, is savage, brutish, and wretched. Before he can begin to adorn or to enjoy life, he must say to the North, "Give up," and to the South, "Keep not back." He needs the products of every climate and soil, while they, in their profusion, crave consumers all the world over; and it is only by their circulation, as in a life-tide, from shore to shore and from land to land, that the gifts of God can be made availing. For this end the world has been fashioned; — the waste of waves, as a highway for the wealth of nations; the bays, inlets, and rivers that indent the rock-bound coasts, as avenues of access for the food that sustains, and the varied appliances of taste and comfort that adorn and elevate, human life; the very stars of heaven, as finger-posts and milestones on the else trackless path. He who ministers in this grand system of distribution holds a priestly office, nor is there a trait of character which can make human nature venerable or lovely which does not sit easily and naturally on one who bears this priesthood. Thus has it been ennobled and made illustrious by leading merchants in our own city, — the dead and the living; and they have shown, too, that its highest prizes were to be won without the sacrifice of uprightness, probity, or generosity, — of liberal culture, the amenities of home, or the courtesies and hospitalities of society. It is believed that,

with hardly an exception, distinguished mercantile success in our community has been achieved where it was best deserved, and has been borne so meekly, enjoyed so moderately, and used so munificently, as to remain unenvied.

Mr. Lawrence continued in active business till the summer of 1831, and had then been for many years at the head of his profession in New England, both as regarded the magnitude and extent of his operations, and his reputation for sagacity and energy, — exerting powers which in a leading department of public finance or administration would have insured for him a national and enduring fame.

"At this period," says his biographer, "the manufacturing interests had become of vast importance in this community; and the house of which Mr. Lawrence was the senior partner had identified itself with the progress of many of the great manufacturing corporations already created, or then in progress. With such pecuniary interests at stake, and with a sense of responsibility for the success of these enterprises, which had been projected on a scale and plan hitherto unknown, it may be supposed that his mind and energies were fully taxed, and that he could be fairly ranked among the working-men. While in the full tide of active life, and, as it were, at the crowning point of a successful career, the hand of Providence was laid upon him, to remove him, for the rest of his days, from this sphere of honor and activity to the chamber of the invalid, and the comparatively tame and obscure walks of domestic life. Ever after this his life hung upon a thread; and its very uncertainty, far from causing him to despond and rest from future effort, seemed only to excite the desire to work while the day lasted. The discipline thus acquired, instead of consigning him to the inglorious obscurity of a sick-chamber, was the means of his entering upon that career of active philanthropy which is now the great source of whatever distinction there may be attached to his memory. His business life was ended; and though he was enabled to advise with others, and give sometimes a direction to the course of affairs, he assumed no responsibility, and had virtually retired from the field.

"On the 1st of June, 1831, the weather being very warm, Mr. Lawrence, while engaged in the business of his counting-room, drank moderately of cold water, and soon after was seized with a violent and alarming illness. The functions of the stomach seemed to have been destroyed; and for many days there remained but small hope of his recovery. Much sympathy was expressed by his friends and the public, and in such a manner as to afford gratification to his family, as well

as surprise to himself when sufficiently recovered to be informed of it. He had not yet learned the place which he had earned in the estimation of those around him, as a merchant and a citizen; and it was not unlikely a stimulus to merit, by his future course, the high encomiums which were then lavished upon him." — pp. 72 – 74.

From this period Mr. Lawrence was incurably an invalid, for a large part of the time able to take moderate exercise daily, but liable to frequent attacks of sudden illness, during which consciousness was at first suspended, and its restoration followed by extreme debility. His digestive functions were so far impaired, that life was preserved only by a degree of abstinence which seemed to threaten its extinction by atrophy. The following letter, written in 1852, will show how scantily one whose bounty daily spread the table for many a thankful family, all the country over, was compelled to furnish his own.

"My own wants are next to nothing, as I live upon the most simple food, — crusts and coffee for breakfast; crusts and champagne for dinner, with never more than three ounces of chicken, or two ounces of tender beef, without any vegetable, together eight ounces; coarse wheat-meal crusts, and two or three ounces of meat, in the twenty-four hours, — beginning hungry, and leaving off more hungry. I have not sat at table with my family for fifteen years, nor eaten a full meal during that time, and am now more hale and hearty than during that whole period." — p. 269.

Mr. Lawrence's liberality, both for public objects and in private charities, had, from the commencement of his mercantile career, kept even pace with his growing wealth; but, when relieved from the cares of business, he commenced a course of systematic beneficence, employing all of strength that he had in the discharge of the large stewardship made his by the blessing of Heaven on the enterprise and industry of his earlier years. After the year 1842, he would not suffer his property to increase, and his expenditures were not infrequently in advance of an income ranging from sixty to more than one hundred thousand dollars. Unostentatious of his alms though he was, and most ready to give where no echo of his benefaction might reach the public ear, yet his private memoranda now render it certain that he bestowed at least

seven hundred thousand dollars in various charities. But not indiscriminately. He sought out worthy objects, examined claims for relief, and knew how to dismiss with needed advice or merited rebuke the undeserving mendicant. But did he inquire after an old friend, and learn that he had fallen into decay as to his worldly estate? The next express carried him a substantial memorial of younger days. Did he hear of a straitened country pastor, or a self-denying home missionary? The good man was forthwith gladdened by the receipt of apparel for himself and his family, books for his library, and a bank-note to replace the *deficit* of salary. Did tidings reach him of a bereavement that left a widow or orphans penniless? Though the dead and the living were alike unknown to him, except by the obituary record, a letter of kind condolence with immediate relief was not infrequently followed by the supply of pressing needs at regular intervals, or by permanent provision for the education and establishment of the children. Was he told of a young man struggling for an education, with a stout heart, against penury and manifold discouragement? He dispensed to him aid at once prompt and kind, yet so wisely stinted in measure as never to compromise his manliness, or to supersede the necessity of self-help to the utmost of his ability. He was a constant purchaser and distributor of good books, often procured the printing of editions of religious tracts for his own sole use, and one favorite tract, on the theme dear to his thought above all others, — the awakening to the recognitions of heaven, — he kept constantly in type, and, through his numerous friends, dispersed many thousands of copies over the whole country. His carriage was daily stocked with books adapted to every mode of taste and capacity, which were handed from the windows to friends and acquaintances, dropped among groups of children, or left at some of the numerous schools at which he was a welcome visitor.

"Two rooms in his house, and sometimes three, were used principally for the reception of useful articles for distribution. There, when stormy weather or ill health prevented him from taking his usual drive, he was in the habit of passing hours in selecting and packing up articles which he considered suitable to the wants of those whom

he wished to aid. On such days, his coachman's services were put in requisition to pack and tie up 'the small haycocks'; and many an illness was the result of over-exertion and fatigue in supplying the wants of his poorer brethren. These packages were selected according to the wants of the recipients, and a memorandum made of the contents. In one case, he notifies Professor ——, of —— College, that he has sent by railroad 'a barrel and a bundle of books, with broadcloth and pantaloon stuffs, with odds and ends for poor students when they go out to keep school in the winter.' Another, for the president of a college at the West, 'one piece silk and worsted, for three dresses; one piece of plaid, for M. and mamma; a lot of pretty books; a piece of lignum-vitæ from the Navy Yard, as a text for the support of the navy; and various items for the children: value, twenty-five dollars.'

"To a professor in a college in a remote region, he sends a package containing 'dressing-gown, vest, hat, slippers, jackknife, scissors, pins, neck-handkerchiefs, pantaloons, cloth for coat, History of Groton, lot of pamphlets,' &c.

"Most of the packages forwarded contained substantial articles for domestic use, and were often accompanied by a note containing from five to fifty dollars in money." — pp. 62, 63.

One of Mr. Lawrence's most interesting and beautiful charities is described in the following paragraph.

"During the autumn of this year, [1846,] Mr. Lawrence purchased the large building in Mason Street, which had, for many years, been used as the Medical School of Harvard College, with the intention of founding a charitable hospital for children. He had heard of the mode in which such institutions were conducted in France, and believed that a great benefit would be conferred on the poorer classes by caring for their sick children when their own poverty or occupations prevented their giving them that attention which could be secured in an institution of this kind. The great object was to secure the confidence of that class, and to overcome their repugnance to giving up their children to the care of others. The plan had not been tried in this country; though in France, where there exists a much larger and more needy population, the system was completely successful. Although but an experiment, Mr. Lawrence considered the results which might be obtained of sufficient magnitude to warrant the large outlays required. He viewed it not only as a mode of relieving sickness and suffering, but as a means of exercising a humanizing effect upon those who should come directly under its influence, as well as upon that class of persons generally for whose benefit it was designed. His heart was ever open

to the cry of suffering; and he was equally ready to relieve it, whether it came from native or foreigner, bond or free. The building which had been purchased for the object, from its internal arrangement, and from its too confined position, was found less suitable than another, in the southerly part of the city, where an open view and ample grounds were more appropriate for the purposes; while there was no cause for that prejudice, which, it was found, existed toward the project in the situation first thought of. With characteristic liberality, Mr. Lawrence offered the Medical College, now not required, to the Boston Society of Natural History at the cost, with a subscription from himself of five thousand dollars. The offer was accepted. An effort was made by the Society to raise by subscription the necessary funds; and the result was their possession of the beautiful building since occupied by their various collections in the different departments of natural history. The large house on Washington Street was soon put in complete repair, suitably furnished, provided with physicians and nurses, and opened as the Children's Infirmary, with accommodations for thirty patients. The following spring was marked by a great degree of mortality and suffering among the emigrant passengers who arrived at this port; and consequently the beds were soon occupied by whole families of children, who arrived in the greatest state of destitution and misery. Many cases of ship-fever were admitted; so that several of the attendants were attacked by it, and the service became one of considerable danger. Many now living in comfort attribute the preservation of their life to the timely succor then furnished; and, had no other benefits followed, the good bestowed during the few weeks of spring would have compensated for the labor and cost. This institution continued in operation for about eighteen months, during which time some hundreds of patients were provided for. The prejudices of parents, which had been foreseen, were found to exist, but disappeared with the benefits received; and the whole experiment proved conclusively that such an institution may be sustained in this community with vast benefit to a large class of the suffering; and it is hoped that it may one day lead to an establishment of the kind on a larger scale, and with a more extensive organization and means of usefulness. In this experiment, it was found, from the limited number of beds, that the cost of each patient was much larger than if four times the number had been provided for, and so large that Mr. Lawrence decided that the same amount of money could be made to afford relief to much larger numbers of the same class of sufferers applied in some other way. He was a constant visitor at the Infirmary, and took a deep interest in many of the patients, whose varied history had been recited to him; and in after-years, as

he passed through the streets, many an eye would brighten as it caught a glimpse of the kind friend who had whispered words of consolation and hope in the lonely hours of sickness." — pp. 175 – 178.

Mr. Lawrence, in his assiduous attention to the daily claims upon his bounty, was not unmindful of the institutions and enterprises on a larger scale that proffered just demands on public munificence; but as to these, he was solicitous to bestow his gifts, not in the currents of popular charity, but where the streams lagged or ran low. His donation of ten thousand dollars was essential to the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. His brother William having commenced in his lifetime, and completed by his will, an ample endowment for the Groton [now Lawrence] Academy, at which the brothers had all finished their school education, he bestowed twenty thousand dollars, in part for land and repairs, in part for library and apparatus, in part for aid to poor students, and in part for four scholarships at Bowdoin and four at Williams College, to be filled by meritorious scholars from the Academy. In addition to the scholarships thus permanently endowed, he subscribed four thousand dollars to a fund raised for the establishment of Bowdoin College on a surer foundation as to its means of permanent usefulness. His interest in Williams College was first called forth by its straitened pecuniary condition; and, besides building its beautiful and commodious library, which bears his name, he for a series of years met its needs as they came to his knowledge, till he had become its benefactor to the amount of between thirty and forty thousand dollars, and virtually its second founder.

Mr. Lawrence's life was saddened by frequent bereavements, which he met with serene resignation and trust, and which, together with his own conscious nearness to death, contributed to sustain a sense of close and happy communion with the spiritual world. His sorrows, while they found relief on the one hand in his sight-like religious faith, on the other hand sought added solace in the fresh exercise of sympathy with the needy and afflicted. We have never met with a more touching epistle, and nothing could be more characteristic of the writer, than a note to his partners a few

days after the death of his only daughter, called away in the bloom of womanhood and the maturity of spiritual beauty and excellence, leaving twin children on whom she had hardly looked when her summons came, and sending him her hasty farewell, — "Give my love to father, and tell him I hope we shall meet in heaven."

"Dear Partners, — The weather is such as to keep me housed to-day, and it is important to me to have something to think of beside myself. The sense of loss will press upon me more than I desire it, without the other side of the account. All is ordered in wisdom and in mercy; and we pay a poor tribute to our Father and best Friend in distrusting him. I do most sincerely hope that I may say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.' Please send me a thousand dollars by G., in small bills, thus enabling me to fill up the time to some practical purpose. It is a painful thought to me that I shall see my beloved daughter no more on earth; but it is a happy one to think of joining her in heaven." — p. 144.

Mr. Lawrence's charity was not confined to almsgiving, but, as fully as can be looked for in one not wholly free from human frailty, covered the entire ground of St. Paul's unrivalled description of the queen among the sisterhood of the virtues. He was slow to think evil, hopeful for the race and for the individual, thoughtful of the rights and the sensibilities of others, fond of diffusing happiness in the thousand little ways which cost no coin except from the heart-mint, and which are often a truer index of character than mere pecuniary munificence. He was comprehensive in his sympathies. Consistent and persistent in his political creed, he yet maintained the most friendly relations with persons at the widest variance from him. Devotedly attached to the church of his first choice, he numbered among his intimates members and ministers of all our leading denominations, and entered with the warmest interest and the most cordial co-operation into whatever might tend to the growth and honor of our common Christianity and the harmony of its disciples; and many were the friendships cemented through his agency, and the mutually kind opinions established by his mediation, among those whose ecclesiastical positions were related to each other as Jerusalem and Gerizim.

He was a man of distinguished native ability, and his talents were kept bright, and were perpetually multiplying, by assiduous use. In his mercantile life, he was always equal to every emergency, and wielded an influence over others which could have been maintained only by decided and recognized mental superiority; and as a philanthropist he was no less judicious than benevolent, reading characters at a glance, weighing deliberately the plans commended to his furtherance, and asking counsel of a calm judgment before he yielded to the first impulses of a kind heart. With few early advantages of education, he attained by extensive and thoughtful reading a truly liberal culture, and often surprised his friends by the keenness and justness of his opinions on such books and subjects as seemed exclusively under the cognizance of professed scholars. He had not a logical mind, and seldom entered into the details of an argument; but his intuitions were singularly clear, profound, and accurate, indicating a higher reason than ratiocination, a moral nature in harmony with immutable laws and eternal truth, and the possession of such definite convictions and beliefs as afforded safe tests for new opinions and measures submitted to his consideration. He was by no means fluent in speech, but held the pen of a ready and graceful writer; and many of his letters of advice and consolation are models in their kind. His correspondence was large and various, — with statesmen, scholars, and divines, with distinguished foreigners, with his beneficiaries, with the young, with the afflicted; and it did equal honor to his head and heart. As a fair specimen of his epistolary style, we may quote his letter to Robert Barnwell Rhett, Esq., of South Carolina, under date of December 12, 1849.

"My dear Sir, — Your letter of Nov. 30 reached me in due course, and gave me unfeigned pleasure in seeing my hopes confirmed, that the practical common sense of South Carolina was returning, and that the use of their head and hands was getting to be felt among the citizens, as necessary to their salvation as common brethren in the great family of States. Without the use of those trusts placed in their hands by our common Father, the State will not be worth the parchment on which to draw the deeds fifty years hence; and I most earnestly pray God to guide, guard, and save the State from their childishness in their

fears that our Northern agitators can harm them. I spent the winter of 1819 in Washington, and heard the whole of the debate upon admitting Alabama and Missouri into the Union. Alabama was admitted, Missouri rejected; and I made up my mind then that I would never interfere until requested by my brethren of the Slaveholding States, which resolution I have carried out from that day to this; and I still hold to it. But I would not have admitted Alabama then or Missouri on the terms they were admitted. We of the North have windy, frothy politicians, who hope to make capital out of their ultraism; but in the aggregate, they soon find their level. Now, of the point to which I desire to come, I do earnestly desire your State to carry out your prophecy, that, in ten years, you will spin all your own crop of cotton; for we of Massachusetts will gladly surrender to you the manufacture of coarse fabrics, and turn our industry to making fine articles. In short, we could now, if you are ready, give up to you the coarse fabrics, and turn one half of our machinery into spinning and weaving cotton hose; and nothing will help us all so much as specific duties. The whole kingdom of Saxony is employed at this moment in making cotton hose for the United States from yarns purchased in England, and made of your cotton. How much better would it be for you and for us to save these treble profits and transport, by making up the cotton at home! Think of these matters, and look at them without the prejudice that prevails so extensively in your State. A few years ago, I asked our kinsman, Gen. ——, of your State, how the forty-bale theory was esteemed at that time. His answer was, 'We all thought it true when it was started, and it had its effect; but nobody is of that mind now.' Still, I believe, when an error gets strong hold of the popular mind, it is much more difficult to eradicate it than it is to supply the truth in its place. If I know myself, I would not mete to you any different measure from what I would ask of you; and I must say to you, that your State and people have placed themselves in a false position, which will be as apparent to them in a few years as the sun is at noonday. My own family and friends are in usual health; and no man this side heaven enjoys earth better than I do. I do pray you to come and see us. I hope to see your son at Cambridge this week."—pp. 217–219.

We should do injustice to the subject of this sketch, did we not speak emphatically of his religious character. Profound reverence for the Scriptures, a loving sense of the Divine presence, affectionate trust in his Saviour, and the constant recognition of the Christian standard of obligation, were

manifest, in no ostentatious profession, but in those thousand ways in which sentiments nearest to the heart continually betray themselves in the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, unstudied words, and spontaneous deeds. We have never known a person who seemed to live in closer intimacy with the unseen world, or whose departure from the scene of earthly duty seemed more literally a "going home." In this connection, numerous as our quotations have already been, we cannot forbear adding a portion of the letter to his son, announcing the decease of the daughter already referred to.

"At three o'clock, on Monday morning, the 2d instant, her pure spirit passed out of its earthly tenement to its heavenly home, where our Father has called her to be secured from the trials and pains and exposures to which she was here liable. It is a merciful Father, who knows better than we do what is for our good. What is now mysterious will be made plain at the right time, for 'He doeth all things well.' Shall we then, my dear children, doubt him in this? Surely not. S. was ripe for heaven, and, as a good scholar, has passed on in advance of her beloved ones; but beckons us on, to be reunited, and become joint heirs with her of those treasures provided for those who are found worthy. We are now to think of her as on the other side of Jordan, before the same altar that we worship at, without any of the alloy that mixes in ours; she praising and we praying, and all hoping an interest in the Beloved, that shall make all things seem less than nothing in comparison with this. We have had the sympathy of friends; and the circumstances have brought to light new friends, that make us feel our work here is not done. I feel called two ways at once,—S. beckoning me to come up; the little ones appealing to the inmost recesses of my heart to stay, and lead them, with an old grandfather's fondest, strongest, tenderest emotions, as the embodiment of my child. Her remains are placed at the head of her mother's; and those two young mothers, thus placed, will speak to their kindred with an eloquence that words cannot. I try to say in these renewed tokens of a Father's discipline, 'Thy will be done,' and to look more carefully after my tendency to have some idol growing upon me that is inconsistent with that first place *he* requires; and I further try to keep in mind, that, if I loved S. much, *he* loved her more, and has provided against the changes she was exposed to under the best care I could render. Let us praise God for her long life in a few years, and profit by the example she has left. The people of her own church are deeply afflicted, and not until her death were any of us aware of the strong hold she

had upon them. Some touching incidents have occurred, which are a better monument to her memory than any marble that can be reared. . . . . .

"This morning opens most splendidly, and beautifully illustrates, in the appearance of the sky, that glorious eternity so much cherished in the mind of the believer." — pp. 142 – 144.

Mr. Lawrence's death was the fitting close of such a life. No lingering decay, no sad appendix of weary infirmity, was suffered to intervene between his career of active duty and the hour when it was said to him, "Friend, go up higher." December 30th, 1852, was the last day of his life. In the evening he talked of death, and of the needed preparation for it. He led the devotions at the domestic altar. His last words were kind inquiries about a poor family that he had recently relieved. He was seen in his bed in the attitude of silent prayer. "The voice at midnight came." He was suddenly seized with one of his usual attacks of disease, and from the quiet sleep of nature passed, with but the interval of a few moments, into the sleep in which he rejoined those previously translated from his earthly household, and was united with the company of the redeemed in heaven.

The volume before us is compiled with pious care, chiefly from Mr. Lawrence's correspondence, diary, and memoranda, with the needed connecting thread of narrative. It is a beautiful memorial of filial affection; and may it prove for more than one generation a pledge that the record shall be often rewritten in virtues and charities worthy such a parentage and ancestry.

Since we commenced this paper, public demonstrations of sorrow, fervent eulogy, and the deep grief of many hearts, have borne witness how noble, how strong, how true, how good a man was called to his reward when Abbott Lawrence died. The leading traits of the two brothers were the same; in the elder mellowed, and, it may be, at some points touched to finer issues, by the discipline of illness and affliction; in the younger, energized, and developed in hardier proportions, by more stirring scenes, by the collisions of the political arena, the excitement of foreign travel, and the grave responsibilities

of diplomatic service. But Abbott Lawrence, in his brilliant successes, in his arduous trusts, never swerved from the severe simplicity of an upright, kind-hearted, conscientious, Christian man. His keen and commanding intellect was under the control of lofty principle and benevolent purpose. Our country has had no more worthy or more honored representative abroad, no more loyal office-bearer in her councils, no more faithful and exemplary citizen in the relations and duties of common life. Our University is indebted to him for an endowment, for which coming generations must revere his memory; and to him chiefly do we owe it, that the first name of the age in natural science is enrolled in its corps of professors, and is to be for ever identified with the exploration of our lakes and mountains, and the analysis of the types of animated nature peculiar to our Western Continent. His life-work was well done; and the serene peace, and the "hope full of immortality," which irradiated its closing hours, affix the attestation of a more than human approval to the unanimous voice of a bereaved community.

Art. XI.—1. *Short Account of the Ganges Canal.* Roorkee. April, 1854. 4to.
2. *The Delhi Gazette.* April 12th, 1854.

In the number of our journal for October, 1853, an account was given of the works for irrigation, undertaken by the British government, in the Northwest Provinces of India, and especially of the great Ganges Canal, then in progress of construction. Since that time this magnificent work has been mainly completed, and is now in successful operation. Its opening took place on the 8th of April, 1854, and was celebrated in a manner worthy of the peculiar interest of the occasion. The celebration was indeed of a character so unique, and the work which it inaugurated is of such grand proportions and such noble design, that an account of it can hardly be without interest, even to the most distant and

matter-of-fact reader, while to those to whom the Ganges is still the mysterious river of the farthest East, a stream of the imagination rather than of reality, taking its rise in the golden mists of the morning, and flowing through the untracked regions of fancy, it will give a new delight, and one not incongruous with old associations, to learn of its becoming invested in our days with a double sanctity, and to hear of the pomp with which it at last began to bestow a return for the gifts and offerings that had been lavished upon it by generation after generation of worshippers.

"The great motive," says the Short Account of the Ganges Canal,* "by which the British government was led to sanction the Ganges Canal in the first instance, and to carry it forward from its commencement to its close, with all the resources in men, money, and materials that could be procured, was to secure to its people, in the country between the rivers Ganges and Jumna, an immunity from the pains and losses that famine brings with it. The country is inhabited by nearly six millions of souls." The motive was an ample one; for twice every year does the whole huge mass of population in these densely crowded provinces stand trembling, as it were, on the brink of a famine. If the rain fails in July and August, their summer crops perish. If the rain fails in December and January, their winter crops die. In a country where the means of internal communication are poor and scanty, where agriculture, developed by no labor-saving arts, produces little more than is needed for immediate consumption, and where, consequently, the greater part of the people have no reserved stores to fall back upon in seasons of distress, the failure of the crops is followed by famine in its most frightful aspect. The protection against these evils afforded by canal irrigation had been shown in the last great famine, that of 1837 and 1838, along the lines of the small canals then in operation. The cost of this famine to the government in the unirrigated districts, in money spent and in land-revenue remitted, was not less than five millions

* Several thousand copies of this pamphlet were printed in English, Oordoo, and Hindi, for distribution among the crowds who assembled to join in the celebration.

of dollars, and it became obvious that the construction of works which should secure the country against a repetition of such calamities was a matter of the highest importance as well to the government as to the people.

The proposal to use the waters of the Ganges in irrigating the districts most exposed to famine was, however, one involving so many difficulties, and was so stupendous a design, even if there had been no peculiar difficulties to surmount, that it is not surprising that its energetic and able originator, Colonel (now Sir Proby) Cautley, K. C. B., should for a long time have found it difficult to gain the adherence of the government to his plans. With untiring perseverance and clear foresight he urged the importance and the practicability of the work. At length it received the needed sanction; but new obstacles intervened, and it can hardly be said to have been fairly in progress till 1848. After that time, under the efficient and liberal administration of the Marquis of Dalhousie, it advanced rapidly and with every aid to its completion.

Starting from Hurdwar, where the Ganges breaks, a rapid, pure, and plentiful stream, through the range of Sub-Himalayas, known as the Sewalic hills, it is, when fully completed, to draw from the river 6,750 cubic feet of water per second, out of about 8,000, which constitute at this point the whole average volume of the stream. The most formidable obstacles to the construction of the canal occurred within the first twenty miles of its course, in carrying it across the line of Himalayan drainage between Hurdwar and Roorkee, a station which has been constituted the engineering headquarters of the work. From Roorkee it stretches southward down the dry plain between the Ganges and the Jumna. Pouring out fertility and abundance, it throws off immense branches both to the right and left, and continues its prosperous course till its diminished flow re-enters the Ganges at Cawnpoor, having traversed, with its branches, a total distance of 898 miles. The cost of this immense work, "from the period of its commencement to the time when its full accounts will be settled, cannot fall much short of fifteen millions of rupees," or seven and a half millions of dollars, and on this sum the direct and indirect annual returns to

government, in water-rent and in increase of land-revenue, may fairly be estimated at not less than fourteen per cent. A work, the largest of its kind in the world, adapted for navigation as well as for irrigation, provided with every appliance that skilful and forethinking science and long experience could devise to secure its greatest efficiency, designed not less for the benefit of a remote future than of the present age, — it is not surprising that its progress and completion should have excited general and deep interest throughout India, both among the English and the natives.

During 1853 the main body of the canal was so far finished, that it was determined that its formal opening should take place in the course of the next year, and that it should be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. Meanwhile the health of Colonel Cautley, who had superintended the execution of his design from its commencement, had given way, after thirty years of active service, and his return to England before another hot season became imperatively necessary. It was consequently decided that the opening of "his immortal work," as it was well termed by the Governor-General, should take place in the spring, and the 8th of April, 1854, was fixed upon as the day of the celebration of which Roorkee was to be the scene. The motive for the selection of this place, instead of the actual head of the canal, lay not merely in the fact that it was the engineering head-quarters of the canal, the seat of the new College of Civil Engineering, and of the great workshop, or factory, from which the Northwest of India is supplied with the more important articles required to meet the varied demands of the public works, but also in the fact, that at this point are the most important and striking works belonging to the canal. It is here that the canal crosses the valley and bed of the Solani River. For this purpose a continuous embankment was thrown up, of sufficient solidity to support the vast stream that was to flow upon it. "It is about three miles in length, protected throughout with masonry walls, having steps on their water faces for the convenience and comfort of the people. But it was requisite to make provision for passing the Solani River, which is one of the great drainage lines of the Sewalics, through

this embankment, and hence arose the necessity for the Solani masonry aqueduct, the most stupendous work on the whole line of the canal. This is in point of fact a bridge over the Solani, of fifteen arches, each having a span of fifty feet."* On this great work, "the greatest of its kind in the world," not less than a million and a half of dollars have been expended. The volume of water which this aqueduct has to support is so enormous, that the utmost solidity and massiveness were sought in its construction, so that its piers and arches have an almost Cyclopean character.

On the bank above the natural river, and above this great stone-bed of the far larger artificial stream, stands Roorkee, — the appropriate place for the approaching ceremonies. As the time fixed drew near, every preparation was made for the successful opening of the work in which so many interests were engaged. The fame of the great undertaking, and of its near completion, had been spread throughout India by the multitudes of pilgrims who annually resort to Hurdwar to purify themselves in the sacred current, and to carry away the water to the farthest regions of the country. From the most distant parts of India pilgrims came up this year, not only to visit the holy places, but to be present on this occasion, when the revered Ganges was about to leave her ancient and hallowed channel for one formed for her by the hands of strangers. In the first days of April the town was crowded. English officers began to come in from all quarters, and from immense distances, — from Calcutta on the east, Indore on the south, and Mooltan on the west. The young Maha Rajah Scindia, whose name perpetuates the remembrance of a bold enemy, of hard fighting, and the desolation of war, came from Gwalior, his remote and famous city, to witness and take part in the celebration of this work of peace. On every side, the roads were dusty with travellers.

On the first of April,† the real opening of the canal took place at Hurdwar, and the water flowed down about ten miles, and was then passed off at one of the great dams.

* Short Account, p. 8.

† We derive our information concerning the events of this and the subsequent days from a private narrative, as well as from published accounts.

This first letting on of the water was attended with no ceremony, but was marked by a remarkable incident. Hurdwar, as one of the holiest places in India, is peopled by devotees, priests, and religious mendicants, many of whom had regarded the progress of the canal with mingled feelings of selfish dislike and superstitious abhorrence. They dreaded less it might interfere with their gains from the liberal piety of pilgrims, by lessening the reputed sanctity of the town, and they looked upon it as an impious work offensive to the mighty Gunga herself. It had been feared that some of the more fanatical among them might undertake to interfere with violence at this last moment. But fortunately they chose a different course, and on this occasion ten Fakeers led the working party of their own accord, and thus settled the religious question by accepting the canal as an undeniable fact.

On the 7th, the water was brought down to the Solani aqueduct, to be ready for the proceedings of the next morning. So great and eager was the crowd at Roorkee, that the natives lay in large numbers through the night on the canal banks, and in the dry parts of the bed of the Solani. At dawn the whole multitude were in motion, and by five o'clock the troops that had been ordered up from other stations to grace the occasion began to take their positions. "A quarter past six on the morning of the 8th," says the private account to which we have referred, "was fixed for the commencement of the ceremony, but long before daybreak vast crowds of people were pouring, in several broad streams, down to the aqueduct embankments. The interior slopes of these were lined by our own work-people, to the number of more than thirty-five thousand men; and a gay and striking sight it was to see the long lines of stout forms, each clothed in garments of nature's own providing." Beneath the aqueduct on the side toward the station, a large awning had been erected for those "who," to use the words of the programme of the day, "as being of Christian birth and connection, will wish to take part in the religious ceremony, together with his Highness the Maha Rajah of Gwalior, and such other native chiefs and gentlemen as may be specially in-

vited." From this awning to the house occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Provinces, Mr. Colvin extended double lines of cavalry. "The infantry were on the tops of the aqueduct parapets, stretching down their length in two red lines. The artillery were stationed on a high piece of ground not far from the awning. And all round, as far as the eye could reach, was mass on mass of gayly clad natives, carpeting the scene with red and yellow and green and white turbans and dresses."

The number of the crowd was estimated, from actual enumeration of a portion of it, at fully five hundred thousand souls! Such numbers as this, and as that which we just now mentioned of the work-people ranged on the embankments, are so enormous, that they might almost seem the products of Oriental exaggeration, were it not that the East is still the land of wonders, and the luxuriance of the tropics is in nothing more displayed than in the thickly sown myriads of their sunburnt races. In no other land is a great throng of people so picturesque as in India, and even India herself has seen few more striking assemblies than this; for in it are gathered the representatives of a hundred tribes, distinguished as well by differences of form and feature, as by the gay and motley varieties of dress. From the Punjaub have come resolute looking Sikhs, bearing themselves with the air of those too recently conquered to be used to subjection, and too proud to bend. From the south and east have come dark, supple Bengalis, slight in frame and submissive in look, "physical cowards, but tenacious as leeches in moral strife." Nepaul sends her Goorkhas, small, but tough as the dried hides of their round shields. Rohillas, Afghans, Mahrattas, and delegates of other races near and far, have assembled from their separated homes. From the inner recesses of the Himalayas have descended Calmuc-faced Thibetans and wild dwellers on the hills. Distant Persia and far-off Tartary, and even still remoter lands, are represented in this congress of the East. On foot, on horseback, drawn by cattle in all kinds of carriages, on elephants covered with showy trappings, in palanquins, on unwieldy camels, one by one, or in troops, Hindoo and Buddhist, Parsee and Mussulman,

Jew and Christian, have met together to welcome the birth of the new stream.

At a quarter past six the Lieutenant-Governor arrived, amidst the discharge of artillery, at the awning, in which the canal officers, three or four hundred English ladies and gentlemen, and a few distinguished native guests, had already assembled. The religious services at once commenced, with the reading of appropriate selections from Scripture, whose familiar and sacred words gave consecration to the scene and the work over which they were pronounced.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hand, upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

The reading of these words was followed by a prayer. It is difficult to conceive of a more impressive service than this. A few hundred Christians in the heart of a foreign country, surrounded by many thousand heathens, are dedicating to God the work of civilization which they had undertaken for the benefit of these unenlightened multitudes. In the light of that early morning, under the shadow of the eternal hills, they stand as the missionaries of the religion of peace and good-will.

The service being concluded, the company moved from the awning to the top of the aqueduct, and "Mr. Colvin took his place by the nearest gate, he holding one level and Goodwyn* the other. When the signal was given, they and all the men at the other gates simultaneously gave way; down

* Captain Goodwyn, the very able Executive Engineer of the Northern Division of the Canal.

the eight gates went with a great boom on the aqueduct floor, and the stream bounded forward in a fine bold wave. The band instantly struck up 'God save the Queen'; the artillery commenced its royal salute. The Lieutenant-Governor led the way in three hearty cheers, and one cheer more for Cautley. The cry spread among the crowd, and half a million voices shouted welcome to Gunga-jee, and for half an hour the great mass of human beings swayed to and fro under intense excitement." All through the day the natives pressed forward to see the new-flowing stream. Two days before, thirty-five thousand tickets had been given out to the work-people, men and women, entitling them to receive after the ceremony portions of sweetmeats, of which the natives are extravagantly fond. The sweetmeats were stored in depots upon the aqueduct, and after the opening were distributed to all who held tickets. The hot hours of midday passed without any special excitement, but in the afternoon there was a succession of games, which had been arranged for the amusement of the people, and in the evening there was a beautiful display of fireworks, a show in which both Hindoos and Mohammedans especially delight. At the same time, the great mass of buildings on the high ground above the canal, the bridge across the river, and the arches of the aqueduct, were illuminated with innumerable lights, and stood out in lines of fire against the dark sky. Floating lamps were set upon the water, and borne along by the current in "ever lengthening lines of gliding light." So closed the public festivities of this memorable day. The canal had commenced its perennial and prosperous course.

Late in the afternoon of the 8th, a dinner, at which the Lieutenant-Governor presided, was given to about a hundred guests. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Colvin rose and spoke as follows:—

"I now have, gentlemen, to propose to you the main toast of the evening, 'Lieutenant-Colonel Cautley and the officers of the Ganges Canal,'—and in doing so I may very unaffectedly say that I am oppressed by the magnitude of my subject. Were I to attempt to enter into details of the varied and difficult and vast constructions which have been created by the skill and energy of Colonel Cautley and the assist-

ants acting under him, my powers of explanation and fitting appreciation would, I feel, fail me. . . . . One remark I may boldly make, that here at least we have an answer, which no detractor can gainsay, to the old reproach, that the British have left no permanent mark upon the soil of India to attest the power, the wealth, and the munificence of their nation.

"To Colonel Cautley, gentlemen, belongs the rare felicity of having been concerned alike in the first mere general conception and in the ultimate triumphant accomplishment of a project of such stupendous extent and magnitude. The merit of the survey, of the design, and of the manifold minor expedients, is fairly his."

Mr. Colvin went on in a speech that showed equal good taste and good feeling, which our limits do not allow us to quote. On his resuming his seat, amid hearty cheering, Colonel Cautley rose, and replied with admirable modesty.

"As the chief of the Ganges Canal Department, I have to express to you, Sir, my warmest acknowledgments for proposing the health of myself and the officers of the Ganges Canal, and to the company for the manner in which they have received your toast. I feel most gratefully the terms in which the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to allude to the successful accomplishment of this work. I attribute this success to two causes; first, to the constant encouragement given us by the supreme and local governments; and secondly, to the zeal, energy, and willing aid given to me by every officer on the canal, but especially by the Executive Engineer of the North Division and his deputies. Our greatest difficulties and heaviest works have been situated in that division.

"You have just heard the progress of our works eloquently described, and among the names that have been mentioned there are two requiring special notice from me. The first is that of Lord Dalhousie, and, in reference to him, I have to mention that, almost immediately after his Lordship's arrival in India, he wrote to me desiring that, on all matters connected with the interests of the Ganges Canal, I would correspond with him direct. I have ever since continued to do so, and have received at his hands an amount of assistance and encouragement, in every form, to which I am unable to do justice. I was at the same time in the most constant and closest communication with Mr. Thomason,* of whom I may say, that he was not only the friend of the

* The Honorable James Thomason, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Provinces, whose death in 1853, just as he had been appointed Governor of the Madras Presidency, was a very heavy loss to India.

canal, but for very many years my own personal friend also. When cordially supported by two such men, my success is not remarkable. . . . . Among the acts for which I am most indebted to them is the appointment of Captain Baird Smith,* the distinguished author of 'Italian Irrigation,' whose name is familiar to this company as my successor in the direction of these works. . . . . .

"I must, in conclusion, draw your attention to the interesting fact, that my first letter on the subject of the Ganges Canal was addressed to Mr. Colvin, private secretary to Lord Auckland; my last words, publicly spoken on the same subject are addressed to Mr. Colvin in his place as Lieutenant-Governor of these Provinces.

"Gentlemen, I have not another word to say."

This simple and manly speech was received with the warmest applause. Colonel Cautley's task was done; his triumph was complete. On the 20th of April he left Roorkee and proceeded to Calcutta to embark for England. At Calcutta he was greeted with public honors, and since his return home his services have been gratefully recognized. The victories of peace, harder and nobler though they be, are not, however, so loudly applauded as those of war. But happy he, who, at the close of active life, can look back on the successful accomplishment of such an object of his labor! Happy he, who, whether honored or neglected, remembered or forgotten, has the consciousness that ages hence he will still be by his works among the benefactors of mankind!

The canal could not have been left in better hands than those of Colonel Baird Smith, the successor of Sir Proby Cautley. Under his direction, it has advanced rapidly during the past year toward its full completion. The great portion of it already in operation has stood well the tests of actual service, and answered every expectation of its practical utility. In Colonel Smith's charge, the powers of the canal will be developed to their utmost for good.

A new era has commenced for India, — an era of intelligent and liberal government, — of government which regards and cherishes the interests of the governed, and finds its own interests correlative with theirs. The internal resources of the country are developing; railroads are stretching inward

* Now Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Smith.

from its coast; the telegraph has brought its chief cities within an instant of one another; and Western energy is on all sides invigorating the country with a new life. Since the commencement of this year, the government has contracted for a loan of about fifteen millions of dollars solely for purposes of internal improvement.

Wise, upright, religious men, who recognize that the only justification of the English occupancy of India is that it should be for the good of her people, are doing all that lies within their power to remedy the evils of past misgovernment; to do away bad systems of revenue and taxation; to overcome the injurious misunderstandings which differences of birth, education, customs, language, and religion produce in the intercourse between rulers and ruled; to spread the blessings of education and of equal justice; and in every way to elevate the character and improve the condition of their subjects. Their progress is slow, meeting often with discouragements, but it is sure. Every thoughtful man who has travelled through India, and compared the condition of the states under native rule with that of the English dominions, would rejoice to know that every native power had fallen, and that the whole vast peninsula was brought under English rule. Miserable as have been the pretexts, and bloody as has been the course, of many of the English wars in India, they have been in the end of greater advantage to the conquered than to the conquerors. English conquests and annexations, even if undertaken from simple motives of ambition and lust of land, have not been disgraced by riveting the chains of old abuses under the false pretence of liberal government. The extension of free institutions does not mean in the East enlarging the area of slavery, whatever its meaning may be in the West.

But as one who has been in India long enough for observation cannot deny the general benefits which have resulted from the English rule, so he cannot deny, at the same time, that this rule has been administered in many cases with bitter consequences of evil. All that can be said as yet is, that there is a balance of good in its favor, and that this balance is daily increasing. The spirit of the supreme and the local

governments is gradually becoming enlightened, and the tone and character of both the civil and military services are improving. India is no longer looked upon, by those whose lives are cast in it, as a country to be fleeced. No rich nabobs come home now to be laughed at on the stage, ill-tempered, yellow with jaundice and curry, jingling their ill-made fortunes in their pockets. Such crimes as those upon which Burke poured out the vehement lightning of his indignation belong to a past age. Men stimulated to exertion by the vast field that is open before them, and encouraged by seeing the speedy good results of their work, devote talents, energy, life itself, to the service of India, and die in harness in the prime of their days and at the summit of usefulness, like Thomason and Elliott, or give up work and return home with health broken, but with the sense that it has been sacrificed in a good cause, like Cautley. The night in which false religion, tyranny, and war have enveloped India, is giving place to the day of Christianity, good government, and peace. We see, indeed, only the dawn of this new day. But the glow of the morning is in the East, and the first streaks of light are reflected brightly in the flowing waters of the great Ganges Canal.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Cleve Hall.* By Miss Sewell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

There is perhaps nobody who writes stories now, (except Mr. Phœnix, our agreeable contemporary of "The California Pioneer,") who dares say at the end of a tale, "This story has no moral." The religious novel, for better or worse, takes the precedence in literature. And of the religion of novels, or the novels of religion, Miss Sewell has a right, from her length of service at the altar, to be described as the high-priestess.

It is a little remarkable, that, whereas everybody regarded her as the sole author of the books which were ascribed on the title-page to her and her brother, now, when "Cleve Hall" appears as her work only,

there should be such traces of another hand in it, as to make many readers think that she contributed the religious and didactic portions, and some other writer the melodramatic parts, — the smugglers, and, in general, the excitement. We doubt, on the whole, whether this suggestion is quite fair to Miss Sewell, who certainly has very remarkable power in story-telling, which, in a new walk, may assume such vivacity and spirit as to surprise even those who know her best. Now "Cleve Hall" certainly does exhibit her in a somewhat new walk. As if she had abandoned to Miss Yonge the especial "Church of England Novel," — and with some reason, — she has written a book quite free from the peculiar machinery of the established church, — a book which other Protestants can read with complacency. She has laid herself out, and as we think very successfully, in delineating different shades of character, all of which we should pronounce good, and even estimable, if we saw them in life, while very different from one another. Very much harder is this delineation than the cool subdivision which describes Mrs. Percival as a fool, Agatha Percival as weak and wicked, and Margaret Percival as self-denying, stained with no fault but a transient insubordination to a church which was represented in her own home by an unprincipled man. The peculiarities of "Cleve Hall" seem to us to constitute an improvement on the system pursued in Miss Sewell's other novels; and if this be not the best of her books in the novel-reader's eye, — as perhaps it is, — it is certainly the best intended, on any standard which includes an estimate of its moral.

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2. — *Maud, and other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson, Doctor of Civil Law and Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

One must hesitate before he accepts the wreath of the Poet Laureate; for from that moment it seems as if the poet most loved, even most petted, were given over, as if he were a politician, to be food for unkind, biting comment, which he would have been wholly spared had not the Queen chosen him as her own. We are certain we have heard unkind things said of "Maud," which would never have been said had Mr. Alfred Tennyson been a plain D. C. L.

Now there is no doubt that this poem is a charming rosary, strung of beads, very unlike one another, of playful, or sad, or meditative poetry, always poetry, and always natural, fresh, true, and new. Have we — if we study our rights carefully, — have we any right to ask more than this? Has any one promised us that "Maud" shall have a

beginning, middle, and end? Has any one promised us that it should have a finished *dénouement?* Indeed, do we often get that same desideratum, a finished *dénouement*, in the every-day world, to which, after all, poetry is, in some sort, bound? Is not our impetuous demand for more of "Maud," — our blank disappointment that the curtain falls where it does, — an evidence that we have gone to the opera for the story, — and not for the music? We have our music, our fascinating poetry; — the bits of it are all woven into our memories, so that we shall never lose them; — and shall we turn to the poet who has sung them to us, and say, "What happened then?" — as if he were only a story-teller in a café at Broussa?

For people who want to have stories told them which shall bring out everybody and everything all square, we recommend constant perusal of the tales of these very Eastern story-tellers. We rejoice once a year in going through the Arabian Nights, — always with new joy, and always delighted at the end of each story to be told that "they passed a most comfortable and agreeable life, until they were visited by the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions." But we are catholic still in our tastes, and we do not think it fair to demand that Mr. Tennyson shall bring round his exquisite Maud and her lover to precisely such a haven. Indeed, as life itself is not all haven, — we do not see why it should be necessary that he should bring them into any haven at all.

The private history of the poem is probably this. Mr. Tennyson seems to have conceived the idea of it, meaning that it should be at least a longer work, probably more elaborate, than he has made it. He wrote away happily at it, we should infer, at two or three several times. But the story got involved beyond the possibility of any disentanglement by ordinary laws; — the first enthusiasm was over, and the poem then, if we guess its history aright, lay *perdu* for years in the author's portfolio. Time passed, and he became Laureate. One and another occasional poem were at last to be published. Once more he drew out "Maud," and was really surprised to find how exquisite were some of its best passages, — and wondered if he could do so well now. "Certainly they are worth publishing," we imagine him saying to himself; — and so there is hurried on a clumsy postscript about the Russian war, and the whole is sent to press.

For ourselves, we are gratified with what we have; and will not complain that we have no more.

In the same volume, "The Brook" is a charming little idyl. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" makes one of the minor pieces, in the form in which posterity will know it, for posterity accepts a poet's own

second editions, and forgets what he put in the newspapers. Still, we cannot but regret that a sober second-thought should have cut out the lines, which are the appropriate motto of the whole war;—

> "Not though the soldier knew
> Some one had blundered."

There is enough left in all the poems, however, to show that a Laureate is not kept at all in fear by the court. There are very spirited passages, which would teach good lessons to any government in Europe or America.

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3. *Wealth and Beauty. A Poem; read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, July* 19, 1855. By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1855.

THE recurrence of the anniversaries of the college literary societies is now so regular, and these anniversaries are now so frequent, as to make quite a remarkable feature in the literature of a year. They are a good deal laughed at by people who think they gain reputation by laughing at what exists; and "Phi Beta oratory" is sometimes spoken of as a type of turgid, pompous, and useless declamation.

We have no such opinion of it; and we believe, moreover, that the recurrence of these exercises is having a very happy effect in widening the sympathies and interests of the men of different colleges, and gradually creating a catholic spirit among them, to which little else in our college system tends. The eagerness of these different mock societies to obtain speakers who will call a large audience together, breaks down the spirit of clan, which would restrict them to some one of their own set or sect. No one can see the result without perceiving that much more is gained than the amusement of an hour. This year, for instance, Mr. H. W. Beecher addresses the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, and Mr. F. D. Huntington the branch at New Haven. From the Orthodox pulpit there comes to Cambridge a man all alive with just the freshness and liberality which Unitarian bigots think impossible among Orthodox surroundings. To the Orthodox college there goes a gentleman, of whose address we have been told that its profound and earnest religious drift mightily stirred the whole assembly, and showed to them, in turn, how unjust the idea which Orthodox bigots entertain as to the range of what men call the Liberal pulpit. Wendell Phillips at Dartmouth, R. W. Emerson at Amherst, and, in other years, Horace Bushnell at Cambridge, are all illustrations of the way in

which the committees of the literary societies can act, and often do, in showing people that those on the other side of dividing hedges are not so black or so extravagant as they have been described.

We call these "mock societies" with all due respect. It is true that the undergraduate members, in some of the colleges, keep up a boyish *esprit du corps* regarding them; but afterwards the societies exist only once a year, when a body of gentlemen get together to hear an oration, and a poem, if a poet have been found, and to dine together. These are not even literary men. There are not more than a few dozen men in the country, who can profess that their lives are devoted to literature. But on this day doctors, preachers, editors, politicians, schoolmasters, lawyers, engineers, and all sorts of people, who in their boyhood were in college, get together, and for the day pretend to be "literary men." No one is deceived. They are not deceived themselves. But it is like a well-played charade for a few hours, and for a few hours all who meet enjoy their share of the performance.

At Cambridge, this year, Mr. Beecher delivered an admirable address on Mirthfulness. We are truly sorry that it has not been published. Mr. Hurlbut, one of the few literary men whom we do have, and one of the most accomplished of those few, read the well-conceived and very spirited poem which we have named above.

Our own impression has always been, that a successful Phi Beta Kappa poem is an impossibility, — reserving for ourselves the right to say, however, that genius can accomplish impossibilities. Mere talent cannot. Nor can the clever maker of verses of society, nor the well-bred builder, who knows how to make pentameters rhyme, and to put in a metaphor in every fourth line, an undisguised simile in every third, a joke in every fifteenth, and a humorous allusion to women's rights, the Maine Liquor Law, and Redding's Russia Salve between the jokes. Everything in verse, except the best poetry, is wretched torture, on these occasions. We separate Mr. Hurlbut's poem by a wide distinction, then, from the great mass of such performances, when we say we consider it admirable.

To take his own words, it is a contrast between the "two natures in the mould of man"; the "two worlds of glory," — the world of Beauty and the world of Wealth; the Rome of Art, and the Carthage of History. A fine series of pictures, in which are woven pleasant memories of travel, and of a poet's travel, and pleasant memories of reading, and of a poet's reading, set off these two worlds against each other, and show

> "How heavy, or how vain,
> Life quite divorced from either of the twain."

So well is the contrast drawn, that we are sorry Mr. Hurlbut feared that his readers would miss the moral, and tried to put it in by itself at the end. True, all audiences are stupid, even the best. The intelligence of an audience, by some strange law, never seems to rise higher than that of the dullest man who sits in it. But still Mr. Hurlbut might have been confident that the lessons he had made all history teach, would not need especial interpretation at the end. The contrast he draws teaches his lesson all along, and with a point that cannot be eluded.

In noticing the Cambridge "Phi Beta," we cannot but regret that the address and poem delivered before the "Alpha Delta Phi," the same week, are not in print, and thus subjects for our review. Both Mr. Carter's oration and Mr. Cutler's poem were well worthy of publication. The beautiful closing lines of the poem were printed in a newspaper at the time; we copy them below, sure that they will please our readers now, and equally sure that twenty years hence we shall be glad to have put on record our high opinion of the genius of the young author.

"To-day is man's; the Past and Future, God's.
All the hoar ages died to give it birth,
And all the Future hangs upon its deed.
Morn, launching from the green horizon's shore
His radiant bark, while all the forest tips
And all the air are bright with pennons gay,
Calls to his twilight sister round the world,
'To-day! To-day!' And she, with rosy cheek,
Waves white-armed farewell from her dusky car,
While, like a setting star, behind the hills
Her voice sinks silverly, 'To-day, To-day!'
Earth takes the warning on her thousand tongues.
The little flowers whose duty is to bloom,
The busy streams that bear away the hills,
Ocean with all his harmony of shells,
And mountain torrents, shout aloud, 'To-day!'

"This is the strain to which the forest bowed,
And gray old mountains bounded like the roe.
This is the charm that tuned Amphion's reed,
Gave life to stones, and raised the Theban walls.
This is the magic of Aladdin's ring, —
The noble music of all worthy deeds!

"Hear it, O heart! Throw doors and windows wide,
And let the light and voice of morning in!

Who careth where the shades of night are fled?
Who waits To-morrow's far, uncertain dawn?
To-day, to-day, the sun is on the hills.
Go forth, O hero! resolute and strong.
Work while the day is given, and, working, sing.
And though, amid the clashing instruments
Of earth's great orchestra, men heed it not,
No feeblest voice shall pass unheard of God!"

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4. — *The History of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 611, 666.

WITH the style of these volumes we are not disposed to find fault; for it has the two traits which we deem essential before all others to a good narrative style, — perspicuity and vivacity. There is, indeed, it may be, too much of the *schoolmaster* manner, — the appearance of *writing down* to the comprehension of partially developed minds; yet it is by no means improbable that this appearance is an illusion wholly subjective, and growing out of our didactic associations with the brothers Abbott. The apparatus of maps and engravings for the illustration of the history, is, so far as we know, unequalled, and of itself gives great value to the work, which at the same time bears every other indication of faithfulness and thoroughness in the collection and arrangement of materials. Yet we regard the book as false in its rendering of facts, and as of injurious moral tendency. Why we think so, we had intended to say in our present number; but the esteemed contributor who has this task in charge craves three months' grace, and will present his strictures in our January issue.

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5. — *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. *With a Selection from his Letters,* edited by MRS. AUSTIN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. 24mo. pp. 378, 511.

THIS Memoir has enabled us to do tardy justice to the memory of a man whose character we had grossly misjudged. We had thought of him chiefly as a wit, a *bon vivant,* and a clerical *roué.* We have

learned to regard him as one of the most high-minded, conscientious, and generous of men. For much of his life he remained in honorable, contented, self-denying poverty, unwilling to purchase preferment at the cost of principle, or to creep into it by sycophancy. For many more years his income yielded but a frugal competency for a man and a family of liberal tastes and numerous relations with society. And when, late in life, he became comparatively rich by the demise of his brother, he manifestly prized his fortune mainly for the good which it enabled him to do. His stout heart, his sunny temper, his strenuous industry, his manly fortitude, his self-forgetting kindness, under adverse fortune, have called out our warm admiration, nor does he seem to us any the less a saint for his hatred of cant and his habit of laughing off his troubles instead of whining under them. Even in his profession, he would bear being judged by a very high standard; and while he was a parish priest, the record of his life shows him to have been, in every form of service and influence, and without sparing himself, perseveringly faithful both to the worldly and the spiritual interests of his parishioners, uniting and discharging with equal assiduity the offices of physician, magistrate, pastor, and preacher. His wit was but the salt of his life, and of a life which was often in sore need enough of such a condiment, both for himself and his household; and it is only because the salt was so pungent and racy, that it was gathered up as fast as it was scattered over a perpetual sacrifice to God and duty, which the world at large could not see till it was consummated.

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6. — *Mathematical Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Mathematical Science. Comprising Definitions of all the Terms employed in Mathematics; an Analysis of each Branch; and of the Whole as forming a single Science.* By Charles Davies, LL. D., and William G. Peck, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 592.

We have tested the completeness of this Dictionary by looking for a considerable number and variety of titles, under all of which we have found statements or discussions succinct without being obscure, and sufficiently thorough to render the work a reference-book for proficients as well as pupils in mathematics. We have found, too, more than the title promises, — valuable treatises on the practical applications of mathematical science, especially on navigation and surveying, and several essays on the construction, theory, and working of mathematical

instruments. We recommend this book, not only because it has a recondite and learned aspect, but because from turning over its leaves we see that it is just such a book as we have needed for more than a score of years, (yet without supposing that it would ever be made,) and as we anticipate using frequently to our own satisfaction and profit.

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7. — *The Magic Word.* By ALTON. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 16mo. pp. 183.

WE have been asked (not by the author directly or indirectly) to notice this beautifully printed volume of poems, the first of which gives its title to the whole. We can do nothing better for it than to quote the first stanza, which, as to originality of thought, power of expression, and euphony of versification, seems to us a fair index of the author's poetical ability.

"There is a word — the *word* of words,
To which a charm is lent,
That keeps the universe alive,
This word — ENCOURAGEMENT.
'T is like a main-spring to the world,
That, with a sovereign sway,
Whene'er the ball would cease its course,
Impels it on its way."

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8. — *The Christian Life, Social and Individual.* By PETER BAYNE, M. A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 528.

MR. BAYNE is a writer of no ordinary power and merit. With occasional instances of overwrought expression and excessive ornament, his style is generally graceful and always strong, and abounds in passages of rare brilliancy and beauty. His object is to refute the pantheism and the hero-worship of the Carlyle school, by exhibiting, in the first place, those elements of Christianity which are essential to the highest individual and social development, and, secondly, by demonstrating historically the indebtedness of the noblest types of humanity in Christendom to specific Christian ideas, principles, and impulses. In prosecution of the second part of this design, he introduces biogra-

phies of Howard, Wilberforce, Budgett, John Foster, Arnold, and Chalmers. These sketches are drawn at once with a bold and a delicate hand, and are admirable specimens of argument so embodied in fact as, without the show of reasoning, to retain its undiminished weight and efficacy. At the same time, as mere sketches of personal history and character, they are clear, discriminating, comprehensive, and full, and that of Howard especially we regard as the best memoir of him that we have ever read.

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9. — *Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life; or, The Sunday-School Teacher.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 190.

The thesis of this book is the obvious, yet neglected axiom, that the teacher who would train Christians should be a Christian. It commends itself to the religious public by its sincerity and earnestness, its simplicity and directness, its tokens of keen observation and large experience in the author, and its aim, one of transcendent moment to our churches and to individual souls.

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10. — *Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands.* Depicted by Dr. C. Ullman. The Translation by the Rev. Robert Menzies. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1855. 8vo. pp. 416.

The body of this volume contains the lives of John of Goch, and John of Wesel, with the ecclesiastical history of their times grouped around their names; while the Appendix performs the same office for the lives and surroundings of Hans Böheim and Cornelius Grapheus. It is especially a valuable contribution to the history of Christian dogmas, while at the same time it aids in retrieving from oblivion men whose action upon the popular mind at once transmitted its impulse to the Reformers, and prepared a congenial soil for their tilth. John of Goch, without exciting suspicion or incurring persecution as a heretic, promulgated a theology which might be defined as pure Augustinianism free from the accretions of later centuries, and gave currency to notions opposed to the exclusive and arbitrary control of the hierarchy, and

leaning towards the idea of the common and equal priesthood of all Christians. John of Wesel, coinciding with Goch in his Augustinianism, was chiefly conspicuous for his attacks on the system of indulgences, and on the corruption of the clergy; but left a stain on his memory by a feeble and manifestly insincere recantation when on trial for heresy. Hans Böheim was an unlearned and fanatical reformer, a herdsman-prophet, in Eastern Franconia, and, before he perished at the stake, had kindled the fierce popular excitement which issued in the Peasant War. Cornelius Grapheus, secretary of the city of Antwerp, a learned man, whose "Querimonia," written in prison, is one of the purest specimens of modern Latin versification, was indefatigably zealous in propagating Goch's doctrines in the Netherlands, but, worn by long confinement, sought freedom at the cost of integrity by renouncing and condemning all beliefs at variance with the standard of the Church.

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11. — *History of the Council of Trent.* From the French of L. F. Bungener. Edited, from the Second London Edition, with a Summary of the Acts of the Council, by John McClintock, D. D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 24mo. pp. 546.

A candid and faithful history of the Council of Trent has not till now been accessible to the public generally, and yet the professed and (with unessential exceptions) the actual identity of the Romanism of to-day with the Tridentine decrees attaches prime importance and value to such a history. The book before us unites accuracy and minuteness of detail with pictorial vividness of narration and rhetorical grace and beauty. Dr. McClintock's "Summary" is just what is needed for reference, and has the merit equally of lucidness and of brevity.

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12. — *The Constitutional Text-Book: A Practical and Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, and of Portions of the Public and Administrative Law of the Federal Government. Designed chiefly for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges.* By Furman Sheppard. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 324.

A book like this can of course lay no claim to originality, when its entire ground has been covered by such men as Rawle and Story. But

we believe that the author has succeeded in preparing a text-book on the Constitution, which is better adapted for educational purposes and for the use of non-professional readers than any preceding treatise of the kind. His exposition is terse and clear. It embraces numerous administrative details, and presents the actual working of the public law. It institutes, for the purpose of illustration, frequent comparison of our Constitution with the British. It is marked throughout by a wise conservatism, which shuns all latitudinarian constructions. Its value is also enhanced by a Comparative Chart of the State Constitutions, containing on a single sheet materials which, in any but a tabular form, would fill a volume.

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13. — *Modern Mysteries Explained and Exposed.* By Rev. A. Mahan, First President of Cleveland University. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 466.

This book has for its subject the various forms of modern necromancy. It presents substantially the views maintained in our April number. It exhibits ample proof that the alleged communications of departed spirits extend no farther than the consciousness of the medium or the knowledge of the consulting circle; that opposite responses may be obtained on the same subjects, in accordance with the varying mental states and opinions of the parties concerned; and that, by the intense action of his own mind, the questioner may procure at pleasure false, self-contradictory, and absurd answers. It is too late to deny the intrusion upon our age of phenomena lying outside of our recognized systems of material and spiritual philosophy. By refusing to them a place within the realm of possibility, and denying to them a physical cause, we only give the wider license to the insane and impious superstition which is peopling our mad-houses, and promises also no slight contribution to the working force of our penitentiaries. President Mahan's theory includes, we believe, all the authenticated facts which furnish ground for this superstition. We are glad to find that Dr. Bell of the Somerville Asylum, in a paper read at a recent meeting of his fraternity, maintained views in strict accordance with those advocated in our journal, and now supported by the extensive induction and cogent reasoning of the book before us.

14. — *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness.* By CATHARINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. pp. 192, 29.

THE *perfervidum ingenium* of the Beecher family renders it hardly necessary that its members should prefix their names to their books. We certainly could have guessed the parentage of this had it been anonymous. It relates mainly to the prevalence of what, by a Hibernianism almost Anglicized, we are wont to term "ill health" among American women, its causes, its concomitant evils, its ominous import for coming generations, and its remedies. We cannot but trust that Miss Beecher unconsciously exaggerates the evils she laments and deprecates; for, as an invalid, and as an *habituée* of divers hydropathic and other sanitary establishments, she must, within the last few years, have been in peculiarly intimate conversance with what of disease and infirmity exists. But if a tithe of her estimate on this head does not exceed the truth, — nay, if the facts within her own personal knowledge on which she grounds her inductions are not overstated, (and we cannot for a moment believe that they are,) — it is time that the alarm were sounded, and we are thankful that it issues from a voice that will make itself heard. The book ought to be in the hands of every mother in the country, and some of its suggestions certainly merit the grave heed of the medical profession.

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15. — HOVEY'S *Magazine of Horticulture. Contributions of* WILSON FLAGG. 1853 – 55.

WE have received a volume of Mr. Flagg's Essays on Scenery and Landscape Gardening, published from month to month in Hovey's Magazine. These papers indicate an artist's eye and a poet's susceptibility, careful observation of nature, and familiarity with the canons and models of constructive and ornamental art. Withal, they are written in a highly attractive style, marked by simplicity and *naïveté*, and adapting itself with an easy grace to the theme in hand. We are surprised that a writer so well deserving of notice should be so little known; and we take pleasure at once in doing him justice, and in directing attention to the valuable and ably edited, yet inadequately patronized journal, to which he is one of the principal contributors.

16. — Bishop Butler's *Ethical Discourses; to which are added some Remains, hitherto unpublished. Prepared as a Text-Book in Moral Philosophy; with a Syllabus, by* Dr. Whewell. Edited, with an Introductory Essay on the Author's Life and Writings, by the Rev. Joseph C. Passmore, A. M., Professor of Mental Philosophy in the College of St. James, Maryland. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait, Desilver, and Butler. 1855. 12mo. pp. 375.

We have been surprised to find that these Discourses are less generally read by scholarly and thinking men than they were twenty years ago. They are undoubtedly the greatest ethical work ever written in our language, and have been the chief agency in supplanting the utilitarian philosophy of the last century, and in establishing man's essential constitution and the immutable laws of consciousness and experience as the basis and standard of moral obligation. We are glad of the appearance of this edition, which is well edited and admirably printed. The Introductory Essay shows that Mr. Passmore is no less accomplished as a writer than skilful as an editor, and, in fine, all the prefatory and supplementary matter contained in the volume is adapted to enhance its interest and value.

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17. — *Land, Labor, and Gold; or Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land.* By William Howitt. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 441, 426.

We are sorry that we have not room for an extended analysis of this book, undoubtedly the most trustworthy sketch of Australian life that has yet appeared. One of the author's leading purposes is to exhibit the needs of the Australian colonies, the inefficiency of their present political administration, and the expediency of granting them constitutions, under which they may administer their own affairs, conduct the plans of internal improvement essential to the development of their resources, and hold under due restraint as heterogeneous a population as that of Noah's Ark. The work is in the form of letters, and evidently is a republication of letters actually written; for its only fault is the very repetitiousness and redundancy which would result from one's forgetting in a subsequent what he had written in a previous epistle. With this exception, the author fully sustains, and sometimes perhaps exceeds, his previous reputation as a descriptive writer.

18. — *The English Orphans; or, A Home in the New World.* By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Author of "Tempest and Sunshine, or Life in Kentucky." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 24mo. pp. 331.

We have not seen Mrs. Holmes's previous novel; but with this we have been charmed, and so have a pretty numerous circle of discriminating readers to whom we have lent it. The pathetic element which runs through large portions of the story is highly wrought, yet stops short of mawkishness, and would constrain even reluctant sympathy so far as it goes. The comic vein is worked with equal success, and with equal moderation. The characterization is exquisite, especially so far as concerns rural and village life, of which there are some pictures that deserve to be hung up in perpetual memory of types of humanity fast becoming extinct through the agency of steam and telegraph. The dialogues are generally brief, pointed, and appropriate to the interlocutors. The plot embraces numerous actors and some difficult postures of circumstances, yet seems simple, so easily and naturally is it developed and consummated. Moreover, the story thus gracefully constructed and written involves without parading, and inculcates without obtruding, not only pure Christian morality in general, but, with especial point and power, the dependence of true success on character, and of true respectability on merit, and the absurdity of the plutocratic notions which in some quarters are beginning to deform American society.

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19. — *Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and Kindred Papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman.* By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. With an Introduction, by Horace Greeley. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

No true word on the themes treated of in this volume can fail to awaken a deep interest. It comes to every home with its voice of counsel, perhaps of warning. The treatise which occupies the first half of the volume whose title is given above, was published by Margaret Fuller, shortly before her departure for Europe, and at that time was widely read and much valued by thoughtful persons, many of whom did not agree with its solution of one of the great problems of the age,

but sympathized with its noble and pure spirit, and admired its unmistakable genius. The first edition, we learn, was soon exhausted, but the author's absence from the country prevented another edition at that time, and her tragical death by shipwreck, which is so well remembered by the public, still further postponed its republication. We are now indebted to her brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, for a new edition, carefully prepared, and enriched by papers, previously unpublished, on the same general theme. Every page is loaded, we had almost said overloaded, with thought, and the subject is one which the writer had so near her heart that it commanded her best powers and warmest sympathies, and cannot fail to instruct and interest the reader, even when there is not perfect agreement with the views advanced. There was much in the social position of Margaret Fuller to qualify her to speak wisely on this subject. Her Memoirs show her to have been surrounded by a very large circle of female friends, married and unmarried, with whom she occupied the most confidential relations. She had, too, a quick sympathy and a generous heart, which made her feel as her own the experience of others.

The general aim of the book is to elevate the standard of female excellence and usefulness, and to point out the means by which these may be promoted and their obstacles removed. While the writer clearly distinguishes the diversity of the sphere and characteristics of woman from those of the other sex, she would open for her every mode of activity for which she finds herself adapted, widening much her present range of avocations. The gross and selfish sentiment, seldom avowed in theory, but too often exhibited in practice, that woman is made solely for the advantage and service of man, is indignantly and justly rebuked, and woman is exhorted to live *first* for God, ever remembering herself to be an immortal spirit, travelling with man on the same pilgrimage to eternity, and preparing for that state where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels." The marriage relation, like every other, is one of those positions which, to be filled worthily, requires one to be ever noble and holy, and should never be lightly viewed; but its duties are not all that requires the earnest activity of woman, nor can even these be fulfilled without culture of both mind and heart. Viewing marriage and the relation of mother growing out of it as of the most sacred consequence, the writer impresses us with the importance of preparing for and fulfilling these relations with the most elevated motives. And here she finds enough to reprehend in the general customs of society. Parents are too apt to shape the whole education of the daughter so as to make her attractive to the other sex, and this by the conferment of showy and superficial accom-

plishments, as if it were the last of all misfortunes for a female to fail of being married, and as if her fate after that event were of comparative insignificance.

Wherever society is unjust to woman, the author is eloquent in her indignation. She severely deals with that social unfairness, which makes of woman, as soon as she falls, a hopeless outcast beyond the pale of sympathy or reformation, while the serpent who has been her ruin is hospitably received and permitted the opportunity to do more of the work of destruction, and even to make his boast of the evil he has done. At the same time, she attributes this state of things to the want of a proper public opinion among women, who ought to make the seducer aware that he has fallen with his victim, and to exclude him, no less than her, from respectability.

The views of the writer are illustrated by many shining examples, from both ancient and modern times, of true women. The author, while acknowledging the sphere of woman not to be identical with that of man, does not yield to the common notion, that woman is without equal intellect, or that it is improper to cultivate it. She holds that woman has a mind as noble as that of man, and is entitled to every fair opportunity to store it with useful knowledge, and to develop it in a legitimate exercise of its powers. In short, woman is, in her view, a *soul* preparing for eternity, and while on earth her position should be so noble, and the employment of all her powers so definite and earnest, as to call forth what is highest in her nature, and to fit her for a sphere yet wider and nobler in eternity.

The "Kindred Papers," which the Editor has judiciously selected, and which occupy some two hundred pages of this interesting volume, afford not merely a varied and enlarged expression of intellectual endowment and culture, but — exhibiting as they do the author herself as a daughter and sister, then as a wife and mother, and in all other relations as a faithful and true woman — furnish a valuable illustration of her principles, and give additional interest to what she has written.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Library of Select Novels. No. 198. Constance Herbert. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. No. 199. The Heiress of Haughton; or, The Mother's Secret. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

"Moredun." A Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co. 1855.

Harper's Story Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 9. Timboo and Fanny. No. 10. Harper Establishment. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

The Jubilee of Lawrence Academy, at Groton, Mass., July 12, 1854. With a General Catalogue. New York. 1855.

The Unholy Alliance: an American View of the War in the East. By William Giles Dix. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1855. 24mo. pp. 257.

A Discourse delivered before the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, July 17, 1855. By W. G. Eliot, D.D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

Republican Quarterly Review. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: James M. Law. July, 1855.

Review of the Testimony taken before the Second Inquest on the Body of John Robbins, who was shot in Portland, June 2d, 1855; together with Remarks on the Report of the "Investigating Committee," appointed by Mayor Dow and the Aldermen, June 9, 1855. Portland. 1855.

Reports of the Board of Visitors, Trustees, Superintendent and Treasurer, and Building Committee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, June Session, 1855. Concord. 1855.

The Sabbath-School Service and Hymn Book. With Appropriate Tunes. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855.

The Story of the Campaign: a Complete Narrative of the War in Russia. Written in a Tent in the Crimea. By Major E. Bruce Hamley. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 24mo. pp. 184.

The Cymry of '76; or, Welshmen and their Descendants of the American Revolution. An Address: with an Appendix, containing Notes, Sketches, and Nomenclature of the Cymbri; by Alexander Jones, M. D. To which is added a Letter on Eminent Welshmen, by Samuel Jenkins, Esq., and a Brief Sketch of St. David's Benevolent Society. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Co. 1855.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, for the Academic Year 1854 – 55. Georgetown. 1855.

Indian Irrigation. Being a short Description of the System of Artificial Irrigation and Canal Navigation in India, with a Proposal for carrying the same into Effect by Private Capital. By Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Grant, late of the Bombay Engineers. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854.

On the Physical Geography of Hindostan. By Dr. George Buist, Bombay. Edinburgh. 1854.

Inauguration of the Maine Law in New York. An Oration, delivered in Dryden, Tompkins County, N. Y., July 4, 1855. By Samuel J. May. Syracuse. 1855.

The Character and Influence of American Civilization. An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Lowell, July 4th, 1855. By Augustus Woodbury. Lowell. 1855.

Physical Education. A Lecture, delivered before the Teachers of Hamilton and Butler County, Ohio, on several different Occasions. By A. A. Livermore. Cincinnati. 1855.

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INDEX

TO THE

EIGHTY-FIRST VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

Abbott, John S. C., his History of Napoleon Bonaparte, noticed, 549.
Akhulgo, siege of, 400.
Alcuin, teacher of Charlemagne's children, 128 — the companion, teacher, and correspondent of the Emperor, 131.
Alma, battle of, 499.
Allen, Z., his Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, reviewed, 159 — his theory, 160.
Alpine scenery, described by Horace Binney Wallace, 238.
Ambrose, St., article on, 414 — his election as bishop, 415 — his conflict with idolatry, 417 — with heresy, 419 — with despotism, 421 — his rebuke of Theodosius for the massacre of Thessalonica, 422 — his funeral oration over Theodosius, 423 — his death and funeral, *ib.* — his character as a theologian, 424 — as a moralist, 425 — as a preacher, 427 — as a poet, 428 — his services in behalf of church music, 429.
American society, article on, 26 — in the days of Washington, 29 — contrasted with the present, 35.
Arab character, Professor Upham's estimate of, 208.
Armknecht's Sacred Psalmody, reviewed, 414.
Art, Professor Upham's criticisms on, 204 — its meaning and method, article on, 212 — its uses, 216 — its province, 221 — Grecian and Italian, 223 — symbolical, not imitative, 229 — popular appreciation of, 436 — development of, 439 — Egyptian and Ninevite, 441 — Grecian, 442 — Gothic, 443 — rules of, 444.
Athens, Lord Carlisle's first impressions of, 106 — condition and prospects of, 111.

Balaklava, harbor of, described, 459.
Barker's History of the Crimea, reviewed, 458.
Barry, John Stetson, his History of Massachusetts, noticed, 277.
Bayne, Peter, his Christian Life, noticed, 551.
Beecher, Catharine E., her Letters to the People, noticed, 555.
Bell, James Stanislaus, his Journal in Circassia, reviewed, 389.
Böhringer's Ecclesiastical Biography, reviewed, 414.
Brookes's Club, 17.
Bungener's History of the Council of Trent, noticed, 553.
Burnap, George W., his Christianity, its Essence and its Evidence, noticed, 283.
Butler's Ethical Discourses, Passmore's Edition, noticed, 556.

Carlisle, Earl of, his Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters, reviewed, 91 — his character, *ib.* — his route of travel, 92 — extracts from his Diary, 99 *et seq.* — his opinions of Greece and her government, 110.
Carlton Club, rules of, 22.
Cathedrals of Europe, described by Horace Binney Wallace, 240.
Cautley, Colonel, projector of the Ganges Canal, 533 — his speech at its opening, 540.
Charlemagne, article on his private life and household, 112 — his ancestry and birth, 116 — his queens and mistresses, 122 — his visits to Rome, 126 — his coronation as Emperor of the Romans, 127 — his children and their teachers, 128 — his daughters and their lovers, 129 — his learned pursuits, 131 — schools instituted by him, 135 — his palaces, 136 — his church-building, 137 — his dress and diet, 138 — his country-seats, 142 — his court, 143 — his reception of the Byzantine envoys, 146 — of Arab embassies, 147 — his administration, 151 — his last illness, will, and death, 154.
Cherson, republic of, its foundation, 467 — its ruins, 468 — its traditions, 469.

Christian Life, treatise on the Beginning and Growth of, noticed, 552.
Churchill's Mount Lebanon, reviewed, 69.
Circassia, article on the war in, 389 — classical associations with, 390 — divisions of, 391 — manners and character of its inhabitants, 392 — Russia's claims upon it, 393 — resisted, 394 — its warriors, 409 one of their war-songs, 410 — its present condition and prospects, 412.
Claude Lorraine, in landscape, 451 — his Roman Campagna, 452.
Club, Ben Jonson's, 1 — its rules, 3 — The Kings', 7 — of Ugly Faces, *ib.* — King's Head, 8 — White's, 15 — Brookes's, 17 — the Carlton, 22.
Clubs of London, article on, 1 — the earliest, *ib.* — management of, 11 — names of, 15.
Correggio, in landscape, 450.
Crimea, article on its history, 458 — classical traditions concerning it, 459 — invaded by Scythians, 464 — becomes a Tartar monarchy, 466 — its connection with American history, 473.
Cutler's Poem before the Alpha Delta Phi, quoted, 548.

Daniel's Thesaurus Hymnologicus, reviewed, 414.
Davies and Peck's Mathematical Dictionary, noticed, 550.
Drake, Francis, 290, 295, 307 — his character, 310.
Dramatic art, Victor Hugo's theory of, 336 — classic and romantic schools of, compared, 337.
Druses of Lebanon, their religion, 82 — their numbers, 83.
Dublin, N. H., History of, noticed, 279.
Dundas, club anecdotes of, 16.
Dunning, club anecdotes of, 19.

Eginhard, his chronicles of Charlemagne, 113 — the Emperor's secretary and tutor to his children, 128 — reputed lover of the Emperor's daughter, 130.
El Dorado, Sir Walter Raleigh's search for it, 320 — general belief in its existence, 321 — probable truth concerning it, 322.

Flagg, Wilson, his contributions to Hovey's Magazine, noticed, 555.
Flanders, Henry, his Lives of the Chief Justices, reviewed, 346 — merits of the work, 361.
Fox, John, his escape from Moorish captivity, 299.
Foxton, E., her Poems, noticed, 261.
French language as a vehicle of thought, 329 — its literature compared with German and English, 330 — its contributions to various departments of thought and culture, 332.
Fry, Mrs. Elizabeth, Dr. Sprague's interview with, 201.

Ganges Canal, article on the opening of, 531 — object of, 532 — course and magnitude of, 533 — ceremonial at the opening of, 535 *et seq.*
Gerizim, Mount, Prime's description of, 196.
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, his voyage to Newfoundland, 314 — his disastrous homeward voyage, 315 — his death and character, 316.
Golowin, Russian commander in the Caucasus, 405.
Gregorovius, Ferdinand, his Corsica, noticed, 275.
Grenville, Sir Richard, his desperate engagement with the Spanish fleet, 302 — his death and character, 304.
Griswold, R. W., his Republican Court reviewed, 26.
Gymnastics, article on, 51 — their origin, 54 — Greek, *ib.* — Persian, 57 — Roman 58 — in the Middle Ages, 60 — recent testimonies to, 61 — in Sweden, 63 — Mr. Langdon's system, 64 — uses of, 65.

Hawkins, Sir John, engages in the African slave-trade, 296 — is knighted for his success in it, 297 — his fate and that of his family, 298.
Hawkins, William, his voyages to Brazil, 292.
Hitchcock, President, his theory of physical laws, 179.
Holmes, Mrs. Mary J., her English Orphans, noticed, 557.
Homer's supposed reference to Balaklava, 459.
Howitt, William, his Land, Labor, and Gold, noticed, 556.
Hugo, Victor, his writings reviewed, 324 — his personal history, 325 — his first appearance as an author, 327 — his character as a novelist, 333 — as a poet, 334 — as a political writer, 338 — his *Napoleon le Petit* described, *ib.* — extracts from it, 340 *et seq.*
Hurlbut, William Henry, his Phi Beta Kappa Poem, noticed, 546.

Iphigenia, a priestess in the Crimea, 461 — in Tauris, chorus quoted from, 462.

Jarves, James Jackson, his Art-Hints, reviewed, 436 — quoted, 439 *et seq.* — worth of the work, 457.
Jay, John, his Life by Flanders, 346 — his parentage and early life, 350 — his political career, 351 — his diplomatic services, 352 — his course in France, 353 — his judicial administration, 354 — his character, 355.
Jonson, Ben, his club, 1.

Kavanagh, Julia, her Grace Lee, noticed, 263.
Kingsley, Charles, his Westward Ho! reviewed, 289 — his character and works, *ib.*
Koch's Crimea and Odessa, reviewed, 458.

Langdon, C. E., his Gymnastics, reviewed, 51 — his system described and commended, 64.
Lawrence, Abbott, character of, 530.
Lawrence, Amos, article on the Life of, 514 — his early life, 515 — his mercantile character, 517 — his loss of health, 520 — his charities, 521 *et seq.* — his mental character, 527 — his religious character, 528 — his letter on the death of his daughter, 529 — his death, 530.
Lebanon, Mount, article on, 69 — its extent, 73 — its population, 74 — its religious sects, 77 *et seq.*
Ling's system of Gymnastics, 63.
London. See *Clubs*.

Madden, R. R., his Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington, noticed, 257.
Magic Word, by Alton, noticed, 551.
Mahan's Modern Mysteries Explained and Revealed, noticed, 554.
Maiden Fish-Tamer, Professor Upham's Lines on, 210.
Maronites of Lebanon, their creed, 77 — ecclesiastical government, 78 — their orders of monks, 80.
Maurice, Frederic Denison, his Lectures on Learning and Working, reviewed, 244 — his character and labors, *ib.* — his plan of a Workingmen's College, 248.
McCormick's Camp before Sevastopol, reviewed, 458 — his description of Balaklava, 459.
Mercantile profession, its intrinsic dignity, 519 — its character in Boston, *ib.*
Morell, John Reynell, his Russia and England, reviewed, 389.

Neander, Dr. Sprague's description of his lecture-room, audience, and lecture, 200.
Newfoundland, discovery and settlement of, 313.
Norton, Andrews, his Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, noticed, 281 — his Translation of the Gospels, noticed, 282.

Oliphant's Russian Shores of the Black Sea, reviewed, 458 — his description of Balaklava, 459.
Ossoli, Margaret Fuller, her Woman in the Nineteenth Century, noticed, 557.

Page, as an artist, 438, 454.
Park, Professor, his theory of physical laws, 184.
Persistence of Physical Laws, article on, 159 — hypotheses relating to, 176 — reasons for maintaining, and objections answered, 179 — President Hitchcock upon, *ib.* — Professor Park upon, 184.
Pfaff's German History, reviewed, 112.
Prime, Rev. Samuel Irenæus, his Travels in Europe and the East, reviewed, 194 — characterized, 195 — quoted, 196.

Quotations, Collection of Familiar, noticed, 280.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, his expedition to Florida, 317 — his Virginian colonies, 318 — his search for El Dorado, 320.
Reed, Henry, his Lectures on English Literature, noticed, 252.
Rhett, Robert Barnwell, Amos Lawrence's letter to, 529.
Roorkee, ceremonies at, on the opening of the Ganges Canal, 535 *et seq.*
Russia. See *War in the East*.
Rutledge, John, his Life by Flanders, 346 — his early success at the bar, 356 — his entrance upon political life, *ib.* — his conduct with reference to revolutionary movements, 357 — his Chief Justiceship, 360 — his insanity and death, *ib.*

Salvator Rosa, in landscape, 451.
Schamyl, his early adventures, 399 — his military exploits, 400 — his personal traits, 404.
Selwyn, club anecdotes of, 18.
Sevastopol, siege of, 500 *et seq.*
Sewell, Miss, her Cleve Hall, noticed, 543.
Sheppard, Furman, his Constitutional Text-Book, noticed, 553.
Silistria, siege of, 491.
Smith, Colonel Baird, in charge of the Ganges Canal, 541.
Smith, John, a prisoner in the Crimea, 474.
Smith, Rev. Sydney, Lady Holland's Memoir of him, noticed, 549.
Smith, William, his Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, noticed, 268.
Smyth, William, his Elements of Analytical Geometry, noticed, 267.
Sophia, mosque of St., Lord Carlisle's description of it, 101.
Sprague, Rev. William B., his Visits to European Celebrities, reviewed, 194 — characterized, 198 — quoted, 200, 201.
Stanley, Arthur P., his Historical Memorials of Canterbury, noticed, 271.
Sterne, Laurence, article on, 361 — incongruous associations with, 362 — his life, 363 — his temperament, 365 — his correspondence, 370 — his sermons, 373 — his Tristram Shandy, 376 — his Sentimental Journey, 377 — his position and claims as an author, 384 *et seq.*
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, her Mayflower, and Miscellaneous Writings, noticed, 276.
Sufism, its origin and progress, 396.

Tennyson's Maud, and other Poems, noticed, 544.
Tilten's promise as an artist, 438, 454.
Tintorelli, in landscape, 451.
Titian, in landscape, 450 — his Danaë, 455.
Troy, topography of, discussed, 102 — Lord Carlisle's description of its vicinity, 103.
Turkey. See *War in the East*.

Turkish dinner, Lord Carlisle's description of, 99 — rulers and people, character of, 104.

Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar, noticed, 280.
Ullman's Reformers before the Reformation, noticed, 552.
Upham, Professor, his Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral, reviewed, 194 — characterized, 203 — quoted, 204, 206, 208, 210.

Veredey's German History, reviewed, 112.

Wagner, Friedrich, his Schamyl and the Caucasus, reviewed, 389.
Wagner, Mazitz, his Caucasus, reviewed, 389.
Wallace, Horace Binney, his Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, reviewed, 212 — his life and character, 219 — his descriptions of Alpine scenery, 238 — of European cathedrals, 240.
War in the East, article on the diplomatic history of, 477 — causes of, 478 — engagement of France and England in, 481 — diplomacy connected with, 489 — events of, 491 — proposed terms for the suspension of, 493 — American interest in, 513.
Wayland, Francis, his Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, reviewed, 150 — characterized, 165 — quoted, 168, 170, 178.
Westward Ho! by Kingsley, reviewed, 289 — its character and contents, 290.
White's Club, 15.
Willard, Sidney, his Memories of Youth and Manhood, noticed, 282.
Workingmen's College, organization and arrangement of, 248.
Woronzoff, commander-in-chief at Tiflis, 407 — his conduct in the Caucasus, 411.

JUN 5 1998